THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 12

SEPT. 17, '27

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C. E. Scoggins — Octavus Roy Cohen — Courtney Ryley Cooper — James Warner Bellah
Horatio Winslow — Princess Marthe Bibesco — Charles Brackett — Kenneth L. Roberts

Life's Battle Is Fought in the Morning

Meet It With Delicious Hot Food that "Stands By" You Through the Most Important Working Hours of Your Day

Within 4 Morning Hours 70% of the world's important work falls

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QUAKER OATS

Chic Hosiery Colours

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in Paris

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Several of the new Lucile shades may be worn with a colourful composition such as this. Here Mlle. Edel Julsoye chooses the colour Collette in a popular Lucile Holeproof stocking. This stocking is available in smartly sheer chiffon and service weights of pure thread silk throughout. Free from streaks and shadows and dyed by a non-fading process. Full-fashioned — slenderizing and alluringly transparent. In America, $1.95.

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. . .

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WHITE FOX

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

WHY, no, I would not say it was so quiet here. Maybe it seems that way right now, because the stamps have just quit roaring and the smelter is shut down; but there is always something. The clap-clap-clap of women's hands making *tortillas* for their supper, kids playing bullfight somewhere, a peon somewhere plunking a guitar and singing sad to rest himself—I like to sit and listen. Huh? Well, you cannot blame them much for sounding sad. Indians, I mean. I was just thinking about that. You see them now, just peons, dirty and stupid with four hundred years of being servants, and you do not realize.

But when you see a fellow like this boy Ixtacci' ——

Wow! Hear that? Jamie has fell and bumped his nose or something. My partner's son—that blue-eyed pup that nailed me by the leg while Jimmy was asking me if I could put you up. Quite a yell for a little fellow, huh? He will have a voice like Ixtaccicoyotl if he keeps on. But he is not a cry-baby, sir. Not so, Bolivia! He just lets out a roar to let you know it is no fun to have your nose bumped, but he will be laughing in a minute. He takes that after Jimmy and Gene too.

Gene is his mamma—that short-haired girl that waved to us from Jimmy's porch. How do you feel about women having haircuts, sir? And wearing boots and pants on horseback? I hear they are all doing it back in the States.

Well, I am glad to hear you say so. You are liable to see Gene doing it if you stay around here, and I did not want you to get the wrong idea. She is all right, Gene is. When she first come down here, four-five years ago, she had the natives looking cross-eyed; but they found out she is all wool and a yard wide. Huh? Yes, she is right pretty, I reckon; but you do not notice it when you are used to her. That girl could make friends with a Gila lizard. After supper we will stroll over to their house and you will see.

Maybe she will play something for us. Gene, she can fairly make a piano stand up on its hind legs and talk. Sure she has got one; a big one, too—big as a billiard table. You would not think it could be packed by mule, but it comes apart.

Those kids are nothing if not up-to-date. You ought to hear them get to joshing; it is a circus, though it might not make much sense to you. Myself, I have got the hang of it pretty good. Only now and then they run up to the States and come back springing new ones on me—like this last time, telling me about White Fox. Both talking at once; I had to wait till they run out of breath.

"Well," I says, "I can see you are tickled, but just tell me this: How did he get along?"

"He knocked them for a row of oil cans!" says Jimmy.

No, I mean ash cans; oil cans is just the opposite; I remember now. Oil cans means the New Yorkers sat there like a bump on a log at first; ash cans is what happened finally.

"They thought he was all wet," says Gene, "until ——"

"—— He gave that fat bozo the air," says Jimmy, "and did his stuff. And then ——"

"—— Oh, boy!" says Gene.

Not calling me a boy, which I am near three times as old as she is; it means she cannot think up words to tell me what bust loose. "Bozo" seems to be a new word for Italian, and "give him the air" means take him by the seat of the pants and throw him through it.

That is the way those kids talk half the time—especially if they are tickled about something, which they generally are. And when you come to think of it, why not? Sometimes you cannot help what happens, but the world does not come to an end. The Indians think Jimmy is quite a boy, because he laughs and makes allowances when they do not know any better. That is the Nahua name they call him—Laughing White Man. Themselves, they do not do much laughing. They are more gloomy in their dispositions.

All young folks seem to be great joshers nowadays. Take this moving-picture actress, Miss—what is her name?—Dolores Something; Spanish, she claims to be, but all the Spanish she knows is what she has picked up in California. They tell me she just claims it because she has got long black eyes and it is supposed to be romantic. Well, it may be romantic in the States, but Spaniards are no treat down here. Not so, Bolivia! She was right glad once to be joshed in plain American. She is quite a josher; but I can't explain. A little too much of a good thing, if you ask me. Calling a naked Indian by a pet name and talking baby talk—vampiring him, Jimmy calls it, which he says it is no fair outside of office hours. Of course, she does not have an office; it means she is a famous flirter in the pictures.

All You Could See Was Smoke and Horses Rearing and Men Squirming and Yelling and Hitting at Each Other

Yes, she is the one I mean. But mostly she just calls herself Dolores, like she was the only girl named that. I reckon she does not know the woods is full of Doloreses down here.

Excuse me if she is a friend of yours. White Fox, he is a handsome fellow, and I reckon she did not know he was engaged to Naya. That is the way with tenderfeet. They do not realize that things go on before they come and will go on somehow when they are gone. Jimmy, he says she thought God built these hills for her to act in front of.

Sure she was here. How come you did not hear about it, sir? That was how they got hold of White Fox in the first place.

Oh, then I have been barking up the wrong tree entirely. I thought maybe you was after him yourself. I did not like to ask your business, but there has been two fellows here already, and Jimmy says it is my turn to argue with you. And I was going to say—I would not let a white man go fooling around Ixtaccicoyotl now if I could help it. You would not live to lay an eye on him, the way he feels.

Oh, that is the same fellow; ish-toc-cee—white, coyotl—fox—White Fox. He is an Indian out here in the hills. That is, he passes for an Indian. But Ix-tacci——

Listen! Gene is trying to play some of his music now. She cannot do it; she has not got the centuries behind her. She can play white man's music to a fare-thee-well, but in her heart she is not fierce and wild and sad. Thunder is not the voice of God to her; only electricity popping between the clouds. Storms do not talk to her about old kings and the feet of warriors like the rushing rain and the screams of captives dying in the sacrifice. She does not think a moving picture is a part of her, like White Fox does.

Reach me that bottle, will you? Help yourself.

II

YES, sir, we are getting up-to-date around here. When I first came prospecting in these hills, just a young fellow, you did not see a white man once in a coon's age—not unless you call a Spaniard white. But nowadays the world is getting small. Even a tenderfoot can ride from Orendain like you did. And can you see that dim notch in the far rim of the basin, just west of those twin peaks? That is where a railroad is coming through from California. They are already laying steel this side of Tepic—or Nayarit, they call it now; the politicians have give back the Indian name.

You know, the Indians think their day is coming back. Four hundred years the Spaniards ran this country, and it was not fashionable to be an Indian; but now it is all the rage in politics. You cannot be a politician without some Indian blood. Even peons are impudent to Spaniards; and these ignorant hill tribes, they take it serious. They think the stars have got something to do with it.

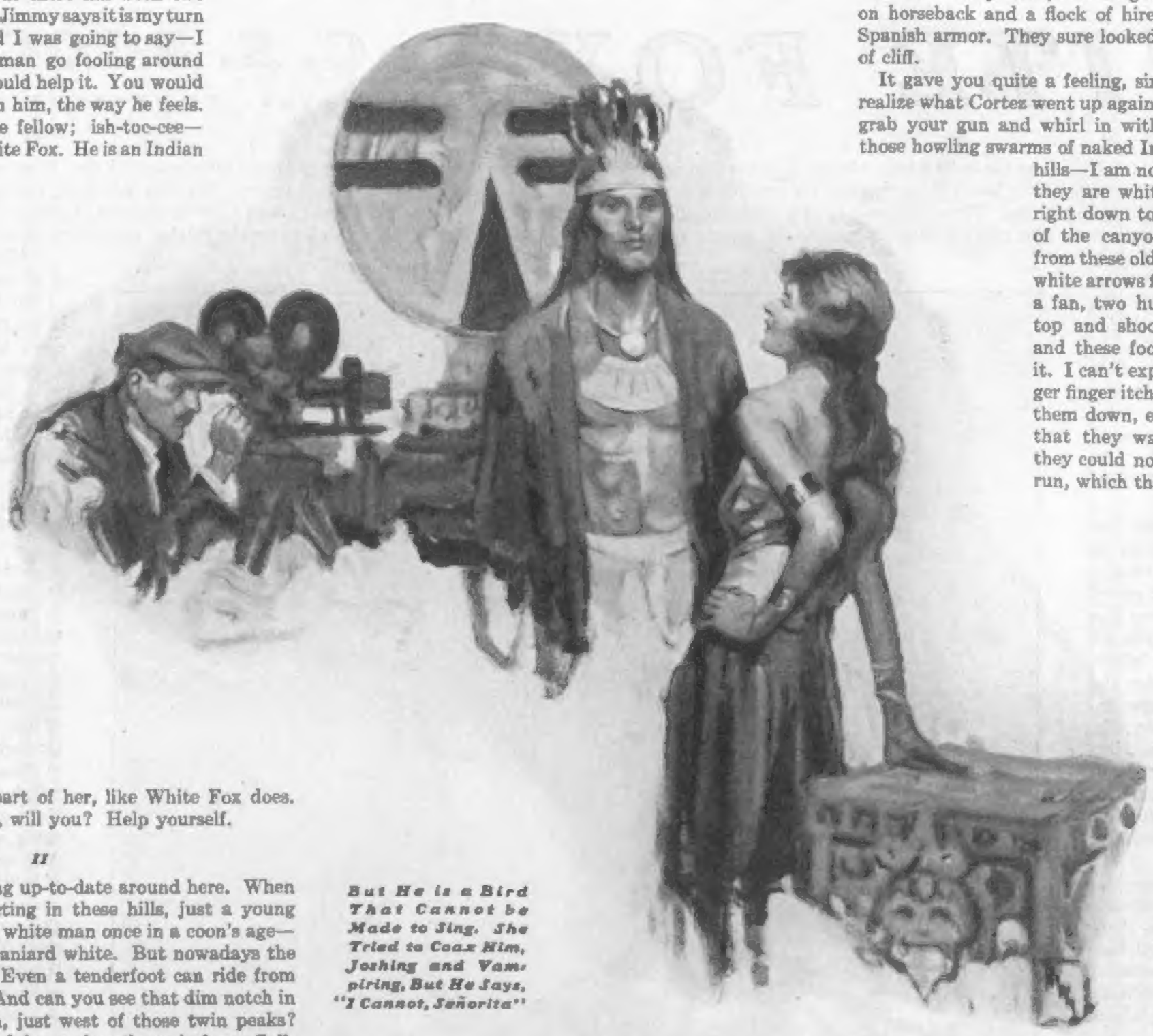
They are a superstitious outfit. They claim the stars foretold the Spaniards' coming in the first place, to punish them for going back on one of their gods, and now they think their punishment is nearly over. Poor old Guatamo always preached it, telling them to cheer up, the stars was coming right again. He prophesied the fall of Diaz, that turned this plague of revolutions loose, almost to the day. Not that it proves much. Any man that has been president thirty years is about due to peter out, stars or no stars. But it sure boosted old Guatamo's stock. Up to that time, far as I know, he never showed himself to any ——Huh?

No, he did not claim to be a prophet—not exactly. He claimed to be descended from the Aztec kings. Maybe he was; or maybe he was just a crazy old fellow that stumbled on the cave where these old gods was hid, fifty or a hundred years ago, and fooled himself into believing it. I reckon it does not make much difference. It does not cost much to be king of nothing.

He knew he could not buck the politicians; all he did was pray. He was a kind of pitiful old coot. Wrinkled and shriveled till he did not look human, and all crippled up—some fellows caught him once and burned his feet up trying to make him tell about the Aztec gold. You cannot blame him much for hating white men. You cannot help feeling sorry for him, with white men getting so thick you cannot curse a cat without getting hairs in your mouth.

But did you ever see a day come back? No, sir, the world keeps moving on.

These actors came through from Tepic in automobiles, and they fairly zipped around. Automobiles are quite a thing, huh? They pretty near shut down every hacienda and mining camp in this district, which the peons just naturally quit work and came flocking down to see. And they did not run them off; they hired them. These moving-picture outfits must have money to burn. They paid two bits a day for all the peons they could get, and sent word to the pueblos back in the hills that they would pay forty cents for bow-and-arrow men. Forty cents American; it was more —— Huh?



But He is a Bird That Cannot be Made to Sing. She Tried to Coax Him, Joshing and Vamping, But He Says, "I Cannot, Señorita"

Yes, quite a few of the hill tribes still use them. Too poor or too ignorant to buy guns. That was one reason the actors picked this basin, so they could get real bow-and-arrow men.

Drink hearty, sir! Excuse me if I seem to laugh. They got them—like the fellow got the bear. I could have told them it was liable to happen, but they did not ask me. They did not ask Jimmy. Not so, Bolivia! We did not have a thing to do with it. They had a California Mexican interpreter, and he knew it all.

It was supposed to be Cortez conquering the Aztecs. They herded them out on a hill above a canyon four-five miles from here and told them to come charging down when the whistle blew, and stop at a certain ledge and fall down on their knees. I saw the interpreter showing them; you know, they was supposed to think white men was gods. Well, that was all right, far as it went. Most of the Aztec army was tame peons, hired to strip naked and wave war clubs and yell, and used to taking orders from anybody with shoes on. But two-three hundred of them was hill tribes, and how could you tell them it was just a moving picture, when they never saw one?

They thought the day had come—the day poor old Guatamo always prayed for, when the stars will tell them to kill off the white men and bring back the glory of the Nahua nations.

Yes, this interpreter, he knew it all. He made them quite a speech through a big funnel, but he forgot to ask how many of them understood Spanish. He took their barbed arrows away from them and gave them bushels of white-feathered sticks, which would take a dandy picture but would not go through a man. But did you ever see a man-size arrow hit? Barb or no barb, sir, it will fetch you quite a whack. It will knock you dizzy, and you will be pie for a war club any time in the next few minutes.

Jimmy and me and Gene rode out to watch. It is a bend in the canyon, a cliff straight up on one side and a river at the bottom, and these bare hills swinging like the sun side of a bull ring. You cannot tell me Cortez was ever fool enough to march into a place like that—not enough cover for a jay bird and no place to run.

But here they come, marching along the river, the actors on horseback and a flock of hired Mexicans in old-time Spanish armor. They sure looked puny under that sweep of cliff.

It gave you quite a feeling, sir, at that. It made you realize what Cortez went up against. It made you want to grab your gun and whirl in with the Spaniards against those howling swarms of naked Indians pouring down the hills—I am not fond of Spaniards, but they are white men when you come right down to it. Yells roaring up out of the canyon, gunshots and smoke from these old-fashioned muskets, and white arrows flickering—flickering like a fan, two hundred yards across the top and shooting down to a point, and these fool actors in the thick of it. I can't explain; it made your trigger finger itch, seeing the arrows mow them down, even before you realized that they was falling down because they could not help it. They tried to run, which they was not supposed to, being conquerors. Jimmy, he started in to laugh.

"'Come one, come all!'" says he. "'This rock shall fly ——'"

Something about a rock running away before he will; it is poetry.

I felt right sorry for the horses, but it did look funny—these actors falling off their horses and tumbling around like a lot of iron bugs. Some of them flopped into the river and waded out to their necks and turned their backs and took it, white arrows whacking their helmets and spitting all around them. I reckon armor is no help in swimming.

Then Gene grabbed Jimmy's arm and kind of moaned. Because the Indians came to the ledge where they was supposed to stop and poured right over it and jumped on them with war clubs and rocks.

Well, sir, I did not know what to do. You cannot sit upon a hill like a fellow at a bullfight and see white men knocked in the head, but I did not know what to do. I did not feel like leaving Gene. We get along with Indians as a rule—we treat them fair, and my wife is one, and they think Jimmy is quite a boy. But when they get excited, sir, they cannot tell one white man from another. If they once got started it would be a massacre and we would be in it.

Jimmy, though, he did not stop to think. Not so, Bolivia! You do not know that boy. He sees a thing and he flies at it, and does his thinking when he has more time.

He grabbed his reins and kind of patted Gene; you know, he is right fond of her. "Kid," he says, "you beat it. Promise?"

Go home, he meant. And Gene just looked at him and turned her horse and went. It takes nerve, I am telling you, to turn your back when you do not know what is coming; but Gene, she has got sense. She knew it was no place for any woman.

We did not know there was a woman in that mess. All you could see was smoke and horses rearing and men squirming and yelling and hitting at each other. You could not hear yourself think. I remember Jimmy going

down that hill, lamming the spurs to his horse at every jump. I remember one of the cameramen up to his neck in the river, hiding his head with his machine, which he did not have a helmet like the actors did. But his partner was still perched on a high rock and grinding like a house afire—he told me afterward it was too good to miss!

Myself, I would have been durn glad to miss it. I saw the kid go into them, his right hand up for peace, and then I saw his saddle empty and a dozen of them squirming where he went down. I reckon I got excited myself. I expect I skinned a few heads with my gun barrel, trying to get to him. I know I was yelling like a lunatic, because all of a sudden I could hear myself.

It made you feel like you was deaf or something. Yells broke off in the middle and clubs in the air that did not hit—I did not hear what stopped them. Quiet; all you could hear was actors swearing and the river rippling and Indians muttering to each other.

"Ixtaccicoyotl!"

Looking up the cliff across the river. Superstitious—even the tame peons. They think he is a kind of ghost, because they hear his voice sometimes and do not see him.

Have you ever heard that voice, sir? Then you cannot realize. Out in the hills at night, so deep and soft sometimes you are not sure it is a man. You cannot tell how far away he is. It does not seem to come from any place exactly. Soft and deep and sweet sometimes, but sad—I can't explain; more like the night wind singing to the stars it cannot reach. Sometimes he sings while he is running, steady and slow, like a long trail he is following, or sharp and quick like closing on the game. He sings because he cannot help it, sir. It is the only way he knows to let out what is in him.

But he is not a ghost or nothing like it; he is just a young fellow that has grown up and does not know what to do with himself. He has been raised to hate white men on general principles. But once or twice he has been here in camp—at night, you know, when he would not run into anybody—and he would ask Jimmy this and that about white people. I reckon he cannot keep from wondering. He is too restless for an Indian—in his thoughts, I mean.

Just for a second you could see him, far up on the canyon rim, naked and slim and small against the sky, one hand held up. Then he went out like smoke.

Jimmy was down on his knees and hugging a woman—a durn pretty woman too. "Hold everything," says he, patting her. "Hurt any?"

She was too scared to know whether she was or not. We did not know her then, but it was Miss Dolores, dressed up like Malintzin—you know, the woman that translated the Nahua language for Cortez; that was why the Aztecs called him Malinche because he was always with her. Cortez was supposed to protect her in the fighting, but the actor that was supposed to be Cortez forgot to. Jimmy, he found her squinched down like a rabbit, fairly trembling; and you cannot blame her.

"I'm—I'm Dolores," says she, to let him know he had saved somebody extra special. I'm Dolores. I'm —— Thanks awfully."

"I'm James," says Jimmy, grinning to cheer her up.

So she felt better. All she had on was a short feather skirt and a kind of jeweled chest protector, right naked for a white woman; but she did not seem to give a durn. He is a good-looking kid.

"Home, James!" says she. "Where were you when the cyclone struck?"

"Far up a tree as anybody," says the kid, cheerful. "Don't thank me; save it for yon noble redskin."

Then I saw White Fox coming down the cliff. It did not look like he was coming fast—just swinging and dropping, catching and swinging down again, more like a cat that is not in a hurry. But he made the last drop to a ledge across the river almost before you could say Jack Robinson. Like a cat; he did not even stagger when he hit; just lit and turned and talked across to Jimmy.

"My friend," says he in that deep easy voice of his, "what is this craziness? Who are these iron men?"

He thinks Jimmy is all right. Jimmy, he kept an Indian from being flogged once, and durn near got us all killed doing it. Then one time out in the hills, hunting a mule, he blundered on their sacred cave and got an arrow through him, but they found out he was the same young fellow and did not finish him. White Fox, he wanted to; he thought the kid was making love to Naya, because he would laugh and call her sweetheart while she was nursing him. But that is only Jimmy's way. Naya, she just enjoyed the novelty. That cave is not a jolly place for a young girl.

She did not even know what "sweetheart" meant. White Fox, though, he can talk Spanish pretty good when he feels like it; and he will talk it to Jimmy, which he knows now the kid is square and married and in love with Gene. He did not give a durn for moving pictures, never having seen one.

But Miss Dolores looked at him and she looked at Jimmy, and she forgot all about looking at Jimmy.

III

THIS boy White Fox is quite a fellow, sir. He is handsome, but not like an Indian. Brown as one, yes, and naked as one, only this cloth around his middle and this band of gold around his head; but his eyes are gray, blue-gray, and blaze cold like a white man's when he is mad. His nose is straight and does not hardly break across the bridge—pure Greek, Gene says, though not like any Greek I ever saw; one of them runs a restaurant in Orendain, and two-three of them are working on the railroad below Tepic; but they have not got any such nose as that. Proud, that is how it looks—I can't explain.

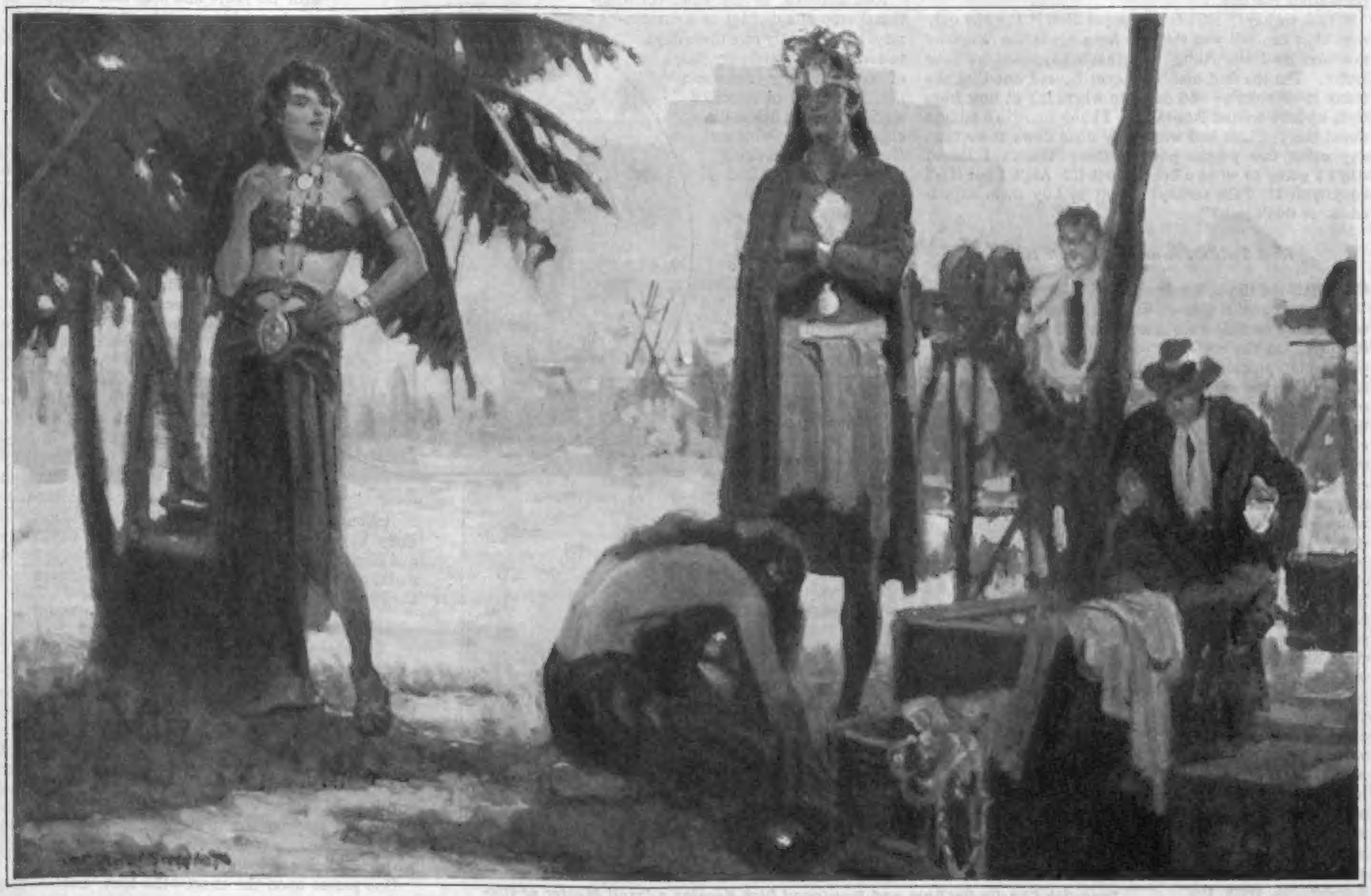
Easy and proud. Something about the way he is put together, wide in the shoulders and light on his feet. Something about his face, wide in the forehead and tapering to the jaw—and he has got one, sir. His mouth is kind of beautiful, but not like a woman. He is more man to look at than any man I ever saw.

You could hear Miss Dolores draw her breath in, looking at him. And she says to Jimmy, "Who's your sheik friend?"

I thought she said "cheap," but Jimmy tells me she meant handsome; and he was all of that. The sun full on him, deep shadow back of him, still as a statue—that river is right deep and swift, but narrow; you could see him plain. You could see the tip ends of his eyebrows quiver, wondering. Not curving like an Indian's, but level and black and tapering out like wings—like the wings of Quetzalcoatl on his forehead band—the Feathered Snake, you know, the sign of the Fair God.

Up comes a fellow with glasses on his nose and sharp mustaches, panting, which he had run quite a ways and back, I reckon; Hunter, his name was, and he sure was one. He froze in his tracks just like a bird dog. "Great Scott!" says he. "What a type! What a type!"

(Continued on Page 50)



He Put His Hand on Naya's Shoulder and Said Something, and She Just Fell Down on Her Knees and Started Crying

The Last of the Argonauts

One Sees a Country Best With a Pack Outfit

PHOTO, BY ARTHUR LEASE

The Snowshoe Trail Has Its Replica in Deadwood's Days of '76

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

GRASSHOPPER JIM sat enthroned upon a big chair in the Elks Club in Deadwood, a monarch not only of all he surveyed but of everything he could think of. The fire of possession was in his eyes, and while one hand pawed at his Pharaohlike beard, the other fondled a small square black-leather case containing photographs—mostly of himself at various stages of his career—samples of gold and silver ore, and newspaper clippings in which Jim again played a prominent part. At last he squared himself in settlement of portentous matters.

"Talk turkey!" said Grasshopper Jim. "I'm the only man that can tell you the real facts about the Wagoner massacre and everything else that's happened at Bear Butte. I'm the first man that ever figured out that the butte itself must've slid down to where it's at now from clear up here around Deadwood. I know more in a minute about the redskins and what they done down there than any other two people put together. Wasn't I there? Ain't I going to write a book about it? Ain't I got it all copyrighted? Talk turkey! Want to buy them experiences, or don't you?"

Red Tales From the Black Hills

THERE are times, however, when inspiration goes begging and genius starves without reward. How is one to capitalize reminiscence in a land which fairly teems with it and where the competition of pioneers is fast and furious; when one buys his fishing tackle from a man who could write a book or two of his own if he chose, or is married by a justice of the peace who can give the exact details of the Red Canyon massacre for the simple reason that he helped remove the bodies of the murdered settlers; when one parks his car in a garage where stagecoach horses once champed their hay, buys his groceries from a store which began in the magic days of '76, and has his shoes shined by an aged colored man who can discourse with authority upon almost any phase of Western pioneer life, from the Colorado gold rush to the mistaken idea that Calamity Jane was the sweetheart of that walking delegate for the Undertakers' Union, Wild William Hickok?

In such a maelstrom of competition, even a person possessing the farseeing commercial genius of Grasshopper Jim has his difficulties. One fares ill at gaining riches when the stock in trade is a drug on the market.

Reminiscence, as the chief conversational crop of a district or a community, is sufficiently rare these days to form an extraordinary phase of contemporary American life. It is hard to associate stories of Indian fights, discussions as to whether Gen. George Armstrong Custer was really killed by Sitting Bull's Sioux, with the present-time ideas of aviation, free love, gin or what have you, yet it does exist; and the place of its most luxuriant cultivation is that rumpled crossbreed of the Rocky Mountains and the Arkansas Ozarks, known as the Black Hills of South Dakota. Here the true pioneer makes his last stand, and to the credit of the Black Hills representatives of a present generation, let it be said that he does it in a blaze of glory.

A land of the old—such are the Black Hills. Here, indeed, in Deadwood, with its brick pavement of the main street laid upon the very ground where, two generations ago, bearded men washed forth the nuggets which made them rich or lured them on to poverty; Lead, with its heart and soul still wrapped in the gold content of near-by hills; Rapid City, fostering memories of bullwhacking days even while the planes of a commercial aviation company scout the skies above the little city; Custer, the mother settlement—here is a district, mostly in Western South Dakota and partly in Eastern Wyoming, where history lingers and the events of fifty years ago are as keenly important as any problem of the present day. Perhaps more so, for here history becomes something more than mere records and books and dusty documents. It is alive and thrilling, because the men who lived it and made it are still integral parts of the frontier they founded. Here in the Black Hills stand the last of the Argonauts, the remaining battalion of that army of other days which caused the Pony Express to cross the plains, the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific to follow in its wake, cities to build and grass to grow where there had been only sage and the bounding jack rabbit.

PHOTO, BY ARTHUR LEASE

Spearfish Charlie Graham and Deadwood Dick Arguing a Small Matter of History. In Circle—Panning for the Gold of Bear Gulch Overlooked Forty Years Ago

History on the Hoof

AS IF, through the actions of a gigantic hopper, settling the offerings of many fields into a single container, one finds here the railroad builder of the 60's, with his memories of Abilene, of the Smoky Hill, the Republican and the buffalo herds which once roamed there. One sees in a wrinkled, stooped man the trader and trapper who in far-off times penetrated the Rockies and beyond for the various fur companies, disappearing in the autumn not to be seen again until tired horses with heavily laden travoises dragged in his catch with the coming of spring.

One passes upon the street—the town matters but little—the treasure driver of the stagecoach period, with

his memories of yellow gold and masked highwaymen; the bullwhacker, still able to pop his lash with the sharpness of a shotgun; the army mule skinner. One may chat with the frontier saloon keeper who shared his billiard table as a bed with Buffalo Bill. One may learn of early-day religion from one who preached it; or, tiring of masculinity, discover the woman who sang hymns under the canvas of a covered wagon, or the one who took gold dust from the open palms of a lucky placer miner in the ill lighted sawdust-carpeted expanses of a frontier dance hall. For this concentration, this last stand of the veterans of the West, there is, of course, a reason. Gold, in the broad sense of its various ramifications, lured men—and women—beyond the frontiers in other days; and gold was the final magnet which gathered them to the place of their last stand.

A queer outburst of Nature, this segregated upturn of earth known as the Black Hills, a term gained from the more blue than black cast of the mountains when viewed from a distance; foliage of spruce, of tremendous stands of yellow pine, of oak and ironwood, darkening with the first shadow. There is prairie to the north and west, once the Bear Lodge Mountains have been passed; there is prairie to the east and south, Dakota and Nebraska prairie, rolling on ceaselessly after one has penetrated the alkaline erosions of the Bad Lands.

A Region of Tumbled Landscapes

PARTLY sedimentary, partly igneous, with here and there an extinct crater, it rises as though Nature, once it had formed the Rocky Mountains hundreds of miles to the west, had here given the final shudder of her convulsions, resultant in this comparatively tiny region of tumbled landscapes, some 150 miles long by 50 wide, where are congregated the highest mountains between the Rockies and the Atlantic, and in this upheaved land a wealth of romance all the more poignant because it is so concentrated.

In less than 10,000 square miles one may find the entire story of the old West, for this was the grand finale, and those who took the curtain calls were figures who had played their part in the far-off Black Hills of the equally far-off Chisholm Trail, with its Kansas and Texas terminations; of Sam Bass and Billy the Kid, and echoes of the Texas Rangers.

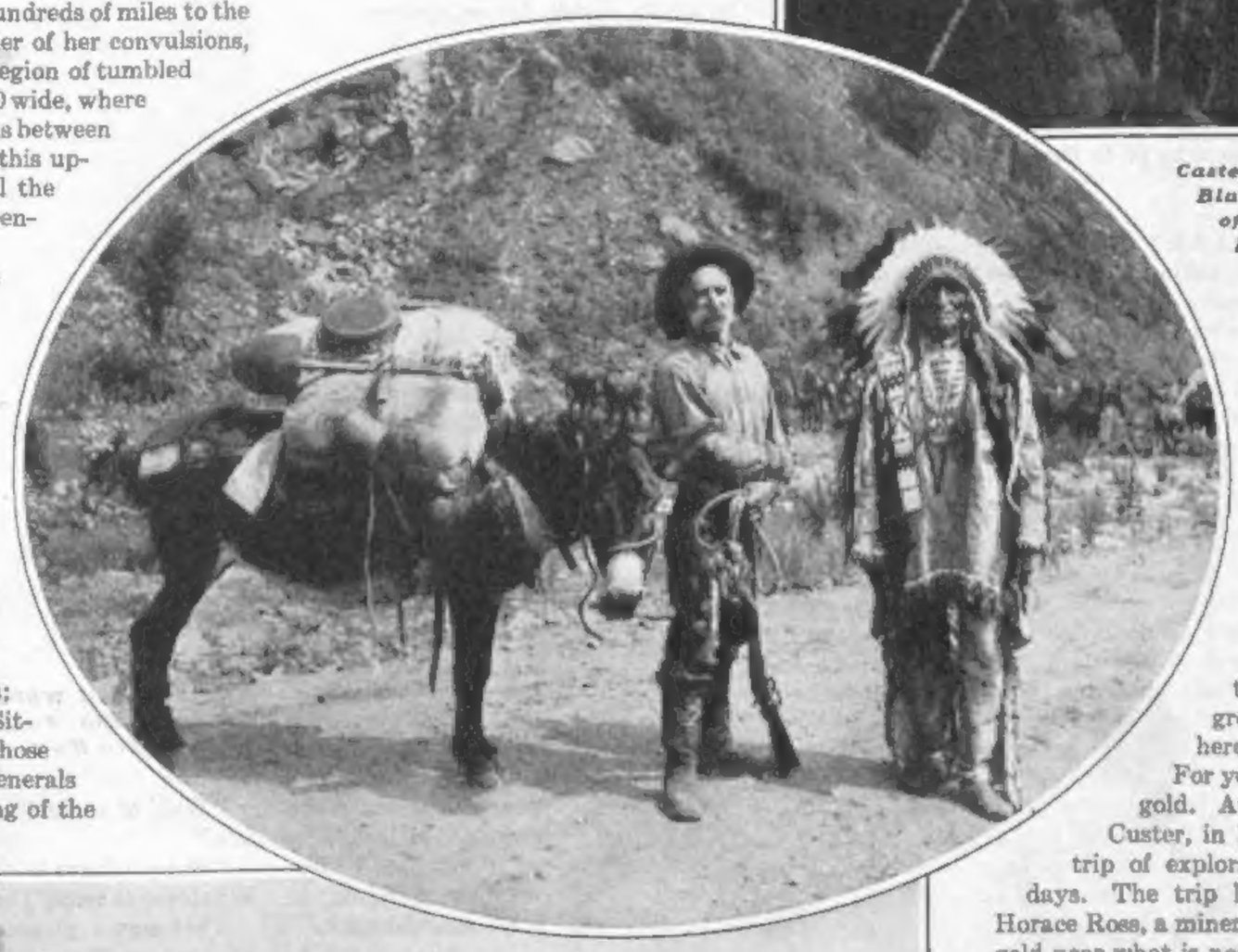
One hears, too, of California gold camps, of the Nevada rush, Wyoming cattle-and-sheep wars, of Alder Gulch and kindred Montana names; one mingles the names of Custer, of Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face with those of Sheridan and Crook and other generals who played their part in the building of the West. One hears tales of the old Missouri stretching even to St. Louis, for there was a time when the Big Muddy was more than a river. It was the avenue of communication, the means of transport for armies, for food supplies, and the steamboats which traversed it were pioneers also, reaching into such remote sections as these hills by means of plodding bulls or plunging cavalry, but reaching nevertheless.

One sees here the names attached to South Dakota towns that in earlier days displayed to the world the prowess of Colorado gold—Central City, Dumont, Nevada and a dozen others. It is as though from the seething whirlpool of excitement which was once that vague region known as the West, one eddy had gathered to itself the offerings of a dozen currents and deposited them in a heterogeneous monument to the flood which had gone before.

Nor is it at all strange that of the many currents of humanity which once flowed past the boundary line of the Missouri there should be a final point of deposit. In fact, when one seeks beneath the surface and learns the causes, the conditions and the surroundings by which such a district was created, the situation becomes not only plausible but wholly natural.

The West came about through formative waves—the Oregon Trail, the rush of California, the Santa Fé Trail, the mad surge across what was then the Great American Desert for the fabulous wealth of the chimerical Pike's Peak country, the building of the railroads, and after that the agony of settlement in hostile country. During all this time there lay dormant the little stretch of mountainous ground to the north. It was off the beaten track; no one wanted to go there save the Sioux, who looked upon it as their sanctuary and to whom it had been promised in as much perpetuity as was possible at a time when treaties were made largely for the purpose of being broken.

Now and then, while other frontiers reared themselves only to be conquered, a wandering fur trader made his entrance to the Hills, stayed a time and departed. Far in the past, the inquisitive *voyageurs* had penetrated, some to remain, intermarry with the Indians and become part and parcel of the territory. Otherwise this little oblong district had been let alone. The Sioux wanted it and the Sioux held it more and more for their own as railroads, penetrating Kansas and Nebraska, drove them back from other hunting grounds. Then the whites came even here.



Castellated Rocks in the Southern Black Hills. In Oval—A 1927 Flag of Truce Between a Black Hills Pioneer Prospector and One of the Survivors of the Custer Massacre

For years there had been vague rumors of gold. At last, with an expedition General Custer, in 1874, penetrated the region upon a trip of exploration that was to extend for sixty days. The trip had little more than started when Horace Ross, a miner accompanying the party, discovered gold near what is now Custer, in the southern portion of the Hills. Naturally he reported the matter to Custer, who gave orders that the discovery was to be kept a secret, in as much as this land presumably belonged to the Sioux, and white men, as settlers, could not enter.

Gold and Rumors of Gold

ONE hears often of the poor systems of communication which existed in the old days; that applied, it seems, to everything but the rumors of gold. The discovery of the yellow metal was made in the summer of 1874 and was supposedly a secret. So close-mouthed was everyone, in fact, and so slow were outsiders to learn of the find, that it was all of three weeks after the Custer expedition finished its work that a party of invasion left the Missouri, trekked across Nebraska, crossed the Bad Lands and entered the Black Hills, there to build a stockade at Custer and prepare for a fine gold crop.

Soldiers ejected them. Others came to take their place, only to be escorted out likewise by the soldiers, who, once they had taken the trespassers beyond the limits of Indian possessions, could do little more. Finally the excuse arrived: The Sioux went on the warpath, violating their part of a treaty. The Black Hills were open to white invasion and the rush was on.

It was the people who were in that rush and the reasons they rushed which make the Black Hills today a place where old things are venerated and reminiscence a stock in

(Continued on Page 119)

PHOTOS, BY ARTHUR LEASE

A Black Hills Bull Team as it Existed in '76

THE INFANT INDUSTRY

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"WELL, it's decided," Katherine the Great said, seeming to radiate satisfaction from the sill of the living-room door. "Doctor Carroll says they must come out."

"Out of both kids?" Doug Calder groaned. "Oh, the devil!"

"Now, Doug, dear," Katherine protested the distress written across his brow, "you must have known from the moment these children were born into this world that they would grow tonsils and that those tonsils would have to be snipped. That's just life, since the throat specialists have found their vocal cords. Tonsils are one of the main branches of the infant industry."

"Of course, if you're going to be stampeded by a lot of faddists ——" Doug began.

"Doug, will you kindly cast your mind over the past winter, with both children having little nagging attacks of tonsillitis at every turn? Why, even the dolls have it now. Epidemics of it sweep over them day after day, and Patty is so passionately devoted to good works that when she isn't in bed with it herself she almost always has a doll's apron tied around her head for a nurse's cap and a towel around her middle for an apron, and is administering soothing drinks to them or taking their temperatures. She's turning into a plump, five-year-old Florence Nightingale and I think it's too soon for her to crystallize into a career."

It always comforted Doug to know that Katherine was taking a thing lightly. "I suppose it is the simplest operation possible," he admitted.

"Of course it is, Doug. They'll have to go to the hospital for a few days, of course ——"

"Can't they have it done here?"

"At home? Oh, I don't think so. I don't even want to have it done in Westport. Of course, taking them to New York is going to be frightfully expensive ——"

"Hang the expense," Doug said, which showed the extent to which his emotions were stirred, as it was only a middling year in the pasteboard-pail business.

"I'm afraid I'm going to, and I'm afraid I'm going to hang it awfully high. I want the best man obtainable to operate, and the best anæsthetist, and you'd better begin drawing up bankruptcy papers right away."

"Who does Carroll suggest?"

"Doctor Sanderson of the Graduate Union Hospital.

"Doctor Carroll says that he has the surest hands he ever watched. I thought that, as Easter vacation begins Wednesday the twelfth, that would be as good a time for the babies to go to the hospital as any."

"That means they'll lose their whole vacation. I don't envy you the prospect of breaking it to them."

"Oh, I'll do it tactfully," Katherine promised, but to what heights her tact could scale when really inspired, Doug didn't realize until the day before the projected journey.

The colds following the latest tonsillitis hadn't subsided and both children's noses were still racing, so Katherine the Great had felt it wise to summon Doctor Carroll to decide for or against departure.

Both children liked Doctor Carroll, and having opened their mouths cavernously and said "Ah," they were bounding about on their beds in high spirits.

"Well, what do you think?" Katherine the Great asked.

"I wouldn't consider having them get on the train in that condition, and I'm sure Sanderson wouldn't operate for at least a week. I'll telephone him to postpone the reservations for ten days."

Katherine the Small had stopped bouncing to listen very hard, and at these words she threw out her arms and flung herself down on her pillow with a long wail. "Why, what's the matter, Kit Kat?" Katherine the Great asked solicitously. "You didn't think this would mean you weren't to go at all, did you?"

Patty Explained: "She Looks Just Like a Potato"

For a time Katherine the Small could not answer, so deep were her sobs.

"I don't think I can bear to w-w-wait," she managed at last.

"For what?" Doctor Carroll asked, in some astonishment.

"For the h-h-hospital."

Patty, swayed as always by mob psychology, joined her sister in lamentation. It was a distressing scene.

"It's only put off, darlings," Katherine the Great comforted them, and she explained to Doctor Carroll. "You see, I'm going to stay with them at the hospital, and we're going to play it's boarding school, and we hope we'll have a starched white nurse with curly golden hair like one their grandmother had, and we're almost sure granny will send some flowers to us ——"

"I couldn't help laughing a little," Doctor Carroll said in reporting the matter to Doug in the living room.

A Starched White Nurse With Curly Golden Hair

"Tears at not being allowed to be operated on are something new to me."

"That's because Katherine has never worked on any of your cases in advance," Doug boasted. "If Katherine had done the publicity for the Reign of Terror it would probably now be known as Lollipop Time."

As the children's nurse, Lena, was to have the time they were in the hospital for a vacation, the four Calders went to the city alone together.

The little girls loved traveling and were good on the train, and since Doug's mind had become adjusted to the idea of the operation he was able to share in the holiday spirit in which they were approaching it. One thing had begun to trouble him, however.

"Did you get any more dope from Carroll about how much it's going to cost, Katherine?" he asked when the children were absorbed in a game of flower dominoes.

"I asked him again, but he said he didn't know. You know how doctors are."

"Couldn't he even give you some idea?"

"At least he didn't."

"I'm sort of counting on nine hundred or a thousand covering the whole thing. What do you think?"

"Well, of course I don't know about those big specialists."

"But you have to remember that there are two of them. Whatever it costs, I'm sure it will pay as an investment."

That was a pleasant reassurance, but a thousand was as much as Doug could invest just then without a good deal of straining.

"Well, no use worrying about it," he said.

Doug had engaged a room at a hotel for himself. He left Katherine and the children in possession of it for the children's naps and an inspection by Doctor Sanderson, and went to his club.

His first free act in a city was always to get a metropolitan haircut. The club barber, who was an old friend, inquired about his family, and when Doug said he had brought his daughters to town to have their tonsils out, Nick shook his head mournfully.

"Both together?"

"Yes, better get it over once and for all. Why, Nick?"

"I just think I wouldn't want my two to die both at the same time."

"That's cheerful," Doug laughed. "I guess you don't understand what a tonsil operation is. It's just about as important as having a couple of teeth pulled."

Nick looked unconvinced. To Nick an operation was an operation. It was just like one of these foreigners who were always refusing to have their children vaccinated.

Though Nick's remarks of this sort were always welcomed to the store of anecdotes about him in the club, Doug didn't repeat this one. It had not amused him very profoundly. He was glad to forget it in a bridge game with Tubby Moulton, Bill Andrews and Gordon Daniels, from which he was called to the telephone by Katherine, who had to report that Doctor Sanderson had made his examination.

"I hope, for Kit Kat's sake, he hasn't said no operation is necessary."

"He hasn't. Their tonsils are quite bad and they both have adenoids."

"Adenoids! I didn't think they were respectable."

"Keeping them isn't. We're to go to the hospital about six tonight and have the operation at eight tomorrow morning."

"Well, the kids are pleased anyway."

"Ecstatic."

"I'll take you all down about six."

"There's no reason why you should, if you're being amused."

"I'll telephone you if I get in too deep."

"A little conservatism in your bidding now, Tubby," Doug commanded when he was back at the table. "That was Katherine on the phone confirming the fact that my kids both have to have their tonsils and adenoids out tomorrow. I'm a poor man and I understand they don't give any cut rates for having them done in pairs."

"You're right there," Tubby agreed. "The prices these big surgeons get now are nobody's business. Did you hear about Leishman suing some old bird for a hundred thousand dollars, and getting it?"

"What was that for?" Doug asked.

"Oh, a new kidney or something. . . . Aren't you going to look at your cards?"

"I'll never have to worry about paying anything like that," Doug said with a hollow laugh, and picked up his hand. It was a well-balanced hand, except that there were only two spades.

"You had your tonsils out last year, didn't you, Bill?" Tubby asked. "How much did it set you back?"

"Oh, about a thousand, I guess," Bill answered.

"A thousand for one tonsil operation?" Doug questioned.

"I had a pretty hard time. I turned out to be a bleeder. They weren't sure I wasn't going to pass on for a while."

"A what?"

"A bleeder. Your blood doesn't knit or whatever they call it."

"I don't believe that ever happens to kids, does it?" Doug ventured.

"Sure it does," Tubby affirmed. "It's a defect in the blood. You can have it at any age."

"Who's going to operate, Doug?" Bill inquired.

"A man named Sanderson. Did you ever hear of him? They say he's good."

"Oh, he's one of the big fellows," Bill remarked, giving a distinct impression that he himself had shopped around and found a cheaper expert.

"He isn't the man," Tubby bethought himself to ask, "who was operating on that kid of Duncan Rand's?"

"I don't think so," Bill replied, studying his cards. "That guy was named Saunders, wasn't he?"

"That was an awful thing. Only one child, you know; and they've been told they can't have any more."

"They say Dunk was almost out of his mind."

Doug knew it was a mistake, but he asked, "What happened?"

"The kid's heart stopped beating. It had hardly been under the anæsthetic a minute."

"It did?"

"Don't look so scared, Doug," Tubby said, grinning. "It had always been a delicate child. That's not going to happen to one of yours."

"You're sure it wasn't Sanderson who was operating?"

"Absolutely."

The trouble was Doug knew Tubby would say it, whether he was certain or not. Once he suspected you were alarmed, he became one of those professionally reassuring people.

"But what happened? I didn't think tonsil operations were ever fatal."

"They hadn't begun to operate even. It was the ether."

"Where did you get that idea about tonsillectomies?" Bill Andrews cut in, enjoying a polysyllable for which he had paid dearly. "Sure they can be fatal. Any operation can. But let me die from a nice clean anæsthetic rather than bleed to death any day. You get conscious before that's over."

"Are you going to talk operation all afternoon," Gordon Daniels growled, "or play bridge? You're getting to be a lot of garrulous old midwives. What's your bid, Doug?"

Ashamed to consult his cards again, Doug trusted to his distracted memory. "Two spades," he said.

Tubby didn't take him out, and Gordon Daniels said "Double two spades" with exuberant finality.

Doug played through a shambles of spades with fingers which extracted cards from his hand only with difficulty.

When the rubber was up, he said, "I've got too rusty to play with you city slickers."

No one protested and Bud Hammond took his hand.

The club library was empty, and there Doug could pace up and down as he'd wanted to do.

The false security Katherine had built up with her gay words had fallen about him. Children died having their tonsils taken out. The child of Duncan Rand had. And cautious, enormously rich Duncan Rand would have gone to the best doctor obtainable; no doubt of that. And what did anybody really know about this Doctor Sanderson? Carroll, a country doctor, had recommended him as good. What was Carroll's opinion worth? And Katherine had gone into the thing as unthinkingly as though it were a May Day picnic. A great rage at Katherine seized Doug.

Why hadn't he himself looked into it more? If it weren't absolutely necessary, he would never have permitted it. Should he let it go through now? He'd look like a nervous ass if he began making objections now. Opposing himself at every step, Doug went to the telephone and called up Doctor Sanderson. It took a long time to reach him, through two secretaries, but finally he was on the wire.

"This is Douglas Calder," Doug explained, "the father of those little girls you looked at this afternoon."

"Yes, Mr. Calder." Doctor Sanderson's voice reminded Doug of scraping on glass with an icicle.

"How essential do you think it is for them to be operated on right now?"

"Why, there's no immediate need for an operation. It's certainly one I should have performed eventually, for the sake of their general health. Do you want me to cancel their hospital reservations?"

The picture of Katherine and the children, in town and all set, came to Doug. The memory of Katherine the Small when she'd heard Doctor Carroll's words.

"I don't think so," he said miserably. "How dangerous do you think the operation, Doctor Sanderson?"

"Why, not dangerous at all. It's an unpleasant one. A dirty one, as they say."

"No chance of their bleeding to death?"

"None whatever. They've had coagulation tests."

"How about the anæsthetic?"

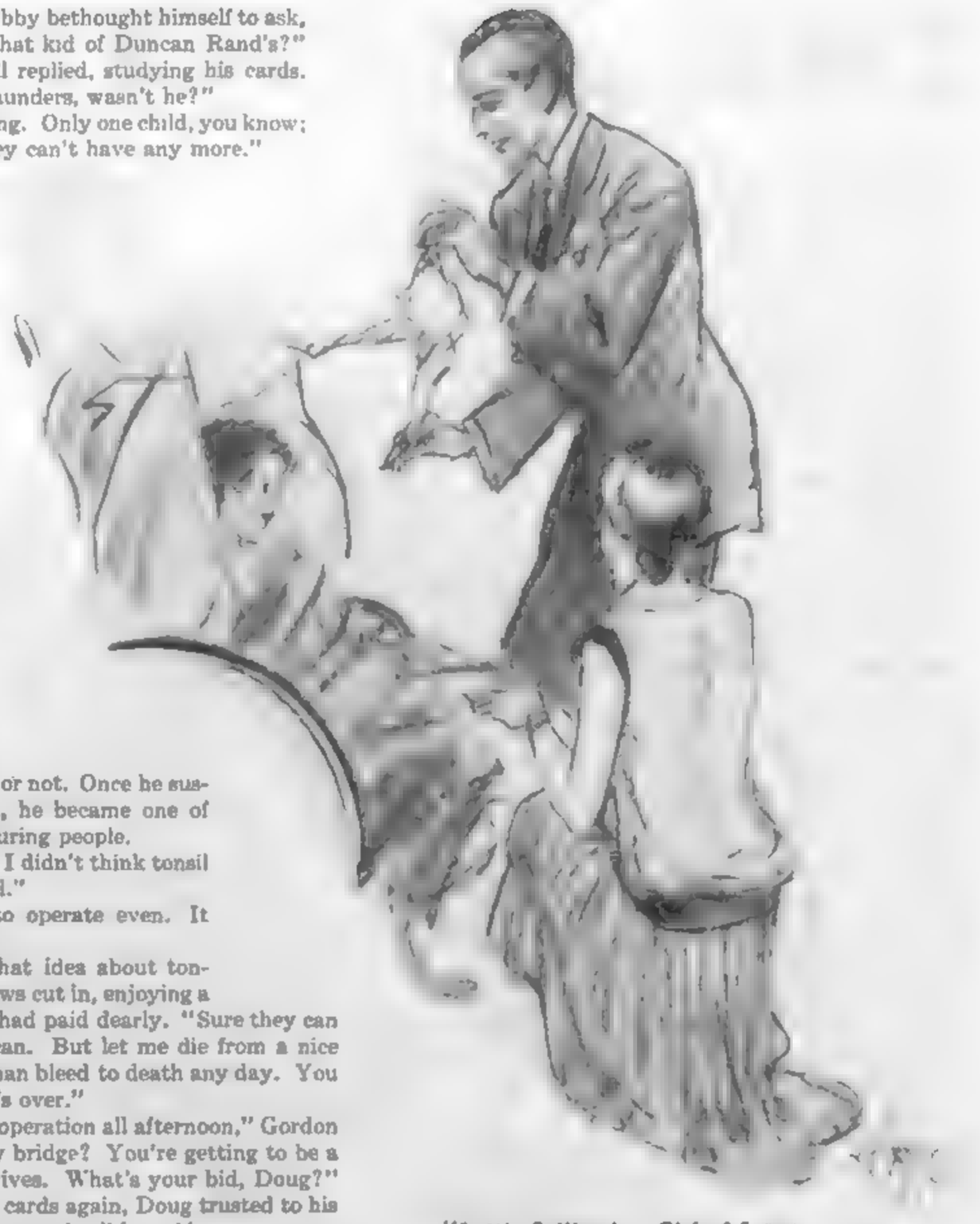
"With a good man administering it, I don't think you need worry about that."

"And you do think the kids ought to have it done?"

"Yes, Mr. Calder. I wish you'd been present when Mrs. Calder and I talked the matter over. I'm rather busy now."

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you, doctor. Do you mind not mentioning that I've called up to Mrs. Calder.

(Continued on Page 96)



"Lottie Collins is a Girl of Sense; She'll Dance for You for Eighteen Pence"

"She's Turning Into a Plump, Five-Year-Old Florence Nightingale"

THE MEDICO

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

BARLIEU-ST. AGNANT does not appear as a major operation under V. 13, 2, Extract from War Department General Orders Number 83, 1918—Award of Battle Clasps. If it did, it would read something like this: "n. Barlieu-St. Agnant from the railroad station to the town pump. Between 3:45 P.M., April fifth, and 6:09 A.M., April sixth. Anyone not reaching the pump six times will be entitled to the Defensive Sector clasp only." Of course there was no pump, as such, and the railroad hadn't gotten any nearer Barlieu-St. Agnant than Nuces les Champs, four miles away, since the boche ripped it up and took it home in 1915.

But he left the hole where the station had been and blew out another one on the site of the pump, thirty yards up the street; and lest there be any confusion, it was arranged that the water in the station cellar should reach only to one's shoe tops, whereas that in the crater where the pump had stood seeped through gradually to belt level, which was a great help on dark nights, for it oriented one's position automatically. Now the Barlieu-St. Agnant party was private; there were no invitations sent out beforehand and no brigadiers, to spoil the game, and the only decoration bestowed was the Grand Order of the Star of Upper Silesia, with palms, fronds and coconuts, or something on that order, which you can see riveted to the radiator cap of Joe Guppy's taxicab in Buffalo, if you've a mind to take the trip.

"He Wants Us T' Get Out of Here," Said the Sergeant

The only trouble with Matthew Kyle Draper was the fact that he was famous for taking little pieces of your thats and thises, turning them upside down or inside out as the case might be, sewing them carefully to your theses and thoses and making you function again as nicely as a newborn babe. If your trousers were pressed, you could pay as much as ten thousand dollars for half an hour on the table, exclusive of post-operative treatment. If they weren't and he liked you, you'd get better care probably, and your particular this or that might interest him enough to headline it in the Medical Journal, for all of which you could pay anything from a handshake upward.

The point being twofold: Firstly, Matthew Kyle Draper had discovered, by careful experimentation, that no man who worked regularly could possibly spend more than fifteen thousand dollars a year; and secondly, he had discovered, in the twenty-five years since he racked up his oar in the crew house at New London and peeled off his shorts for the last time, that nothing had amused him as much as people's insides, with the possible exception of Joseph Hedinger, of the Pittsburgh Hedingers, who once sent him a flowery note of thanks anent Mrs. Hedinger's theses and thoses—*née* Dorothy Knapp, of Chicago—and an unsolicited check for twenty-five thousand dollars by way of a magnificent gesture. Matthew returned the check and inclosed a bill for one hundred thousand, with a note, to wit:

My dear sir: When Pittsburgh steel manufacturers are capable of determining the price of medical services I shall become a plumber.

Furthermore he won the suit and gave the one hundred thousand to the new maternity pavilion at St. Michael's.

The only trouble with Matthew Kyle Draper, as has been said, was that he was famous. Otherwise he might have enjoyed the war. In April of 1917 a colonel's commission thumped into his mailbox while he was packing his bag with no very definite idea in view beyond the first boat to France. His chest expansion was still in the long-service noncom class and his waist measurement hadn't quite gone beyond a gold maple leaf. Nevertheless, he took the commission in good faith and spent the next six months dining and lunching at the New Willard and supervising case shipments of typhus antitoxin.

What he finally did about it or whom he told to go there is not definitely known, but in November Matthew finally arrived in Brest en route to the war. When they sent him in January to command Base 216, forty miles south of Rennes, it took him two months to realize that his journey was ended and that his rank was too high to get him sent to the front. He wrote nasty letters to everyone he could think of, cabled Washington and tried to telephone Paris. There was not a sliver of soap. A Medical Corps colonel, it seemed, was about as useful in action as a saber or a pair of Civil War epaulets. He commenced to resign once a day religiously in triplicate. They had a special basket set aside in Paris to take his communications, and a corporal to burn them every Wednesday and Saturday at four P.M.

By March Matthew was completely initiated into the old army game and decided to play it a bit himself. For one thing, he found out that as far as the war was concerned he was hoaxed; for another, he discovered that a C.O. has certain privileges which his dog robber hasn't. His Number Two at Base 216 was a Johns Hopkins man who had no thought for the war at all. His whole energy was bound up in the hospital and the chance the job gave him to try out some new quirks on his own, to do which he worked fourteen hours a day and grew fat. He might as well have been in command. Matthew thought that over all one forenoon, and then called in his sergeant.

"See here, sergeant. Suppose I wrote myself out a pass and went on leave—what then?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You mean I could go?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long could I stay?"

"You're the C.O.," said the sergeant.

"I know all that nonsense; but what I want to know is how long could I stay?"

"I guess you could stay a long time, sir. Till the pass ran out anyway."

"And suppose I wanted to stay longer."

"You're the C.O.," said the sergeant.

"I wouldn't have to ask anybody?"

"Well, I don't know about that, sir. I never been a C.O."

"H'm. Suppose somebody came to inspect."

"We're a long ways from home down in this neck of woods."

"That's true," said Matthew. "Thanks."

At four o'clock he pulled out of town, leaving Sterling in command. "And if anyone asks about me, you can tell 'em I've gone looking for a dozen cases of negative Wassermanns that were shipped a month ago and haven't arrived yet. If they don't like it, tell 'em to go to hell. It worked before. I might as well be in Leavenworth as here anyway. Goo'by."

Now no one expects to find a colonel on the loose, so no one looks for them. And no one likes to say anything to a Medical Corps colonel anyway, because you never can tell what it will start. He may do anything from an appendectomy to a left-handed salute on the spot. Matthew Kyle Draper felt the system out carefully and headed into the rising sun, skirting to the southward of Paris. It was amazingly simple. He took the first train that came along and stayed on it as far as it went. After that he got a seat in a French staff car and rode into Loeiuilly. Total elapsed time, thirty-six hours. No one questioned his right to be in Loeiuilly, the theory being that no one would be there who could possibly get out. Furthermore, it had taken Matthew a year to reach Loeiuilly and it would have taken a great deal more than a war to drive him out.

The war tried it almost immediately. The German batteries had been hating everything on the road to Loeiuilly for twenty-four hours. Fifteen minutes after Matthew

arrived they began to detest what was left of the Hôtel de Ville, and succeeded. After that they abominated the whole town systematically, fore and aft and sideways. The next time Matthew saw the staff car he had arrived in, it was halfway up the stairs of the bakery shop, with its wheels uppermost. Matthew grinned and rubbed his hands together. This was slightly better than a three-length victory over Harvard.

All day and all night the hate continued, and at two A. M. the American P.C. crawled out from under a pile of splintered lath and plaster on their stomachs, and went back three-quarters of a mile to a new cellar. That was how Barlieu-St. Agnant happened. The cellar was all right, but the telephonist hadn't slept for seventy-two hours. The relaying of the wires puzzled him for a moment, until someone gave him a liter of cognac. After that it amused him. He braided them and spliced them merrily. He cooed over them and marceled them. He had everyone on the phone at one time or another except the American Red Cross Headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Ford Peace Ship. It took an hour and three-quarters to straighten them out, and when it was done, everything was in place but Barlieu-St. Agnant. They didn't find Barlieu until the next day.

When the P.C. pulled out, Matthew Kyle Draper had already put in ten hours in the cellar of the Carmelite School, with a young medico from Fall River, Massachusetts. Between them they had trimmed and manicured and wrapped up a couple of battalions for evacuation, and still they came in a steady stream from the business end of the strafe. Toward six A.M. the first casual remark was dropped about Barlieu. Matthew was cleaning gravel out of the rear elevation of a big black boy from Memphis.

"Ah'm sure glad Ah done git dis far befoh dey done fade me, doc. Dey is boys up Barlieu way ain't been touched since yestiddy. Only got one medico up dere and he's catched somepin' in de left ahm hisself. Easy on de reins, doc; dat's mah pohk chops you done embroider dat time."

Matthew packed him up and ticketed him for evacuation. "What's this you say about Barlieu?"

"Nothin', doc. Ah cain't think no further'n mah sittin'-down pahts now. Ah'm gonna git bettah, ain't Ah?"

"You're not hurt at all."

The black boy rolled his eyes. "Ain't hurt at all? Lawdy, how mah 'magination mus' be workin'! Ah thought Ah was knocked foh a row of G. I. cans. I sure did." They took him out into the gully behind, when the ambulance train crept up for its next load, and when the stretcher men came back, one of them handed Matthew a pair of dice.

"The smoke said to give 'em to you, sir. Said as long as you used 'em you wouldn't be hurt at all neither."

Matthew grinned and made a pass. The bones showed a five and a two. He made another. They spotted a six and a one. He made a third and threw a four and a three. Any way he rolled them they came natural as long as he matched them up natural before he rolled. He stuck them in his breeches pocket presently and went on with the work in hand.

By eight o'clock Barlieu had cropped up a dozen times. There were anywhere from three hundred to half a division wounded at Barlieu. They had been there anywhere from twenty-four hours to a year ago last pay day. Everything had happened to the lone medico from childbirth to bubonic plague. Men were rotting in the streets for want of attention. The Boche were on one side and the Yanks and Frogs on the other, with the dressing station in between.

At nine, Matthew decided to see for himself. He stuffed his respirator bag full of assorted tools and crept across the street into the cellar of the bakery. From the bakery he inched out into the pulped market square and consulted with a tattered sergeant who was looking for something he couldn't find.

"Barlieu, sir? Geez, that's easy if you can git there. See them grease balls up there?" He pointed to a black pall of oily smoke a mile to the northward. "Jest go up there an' anyone can tell you the rest of the way."

"Thanks," said Matthew. Thereafter he spent four hours crawling and scuttling and swimming and consorting with completely dead horses. By two-thirty and a long-handled spoon he made Barlieu-St. Agnant and got himself stopped in an angle of old trench with a lamp-blacked bayonet. He scraped the slime off one shoulder strap and showed an eagle to the sentry. The man took him along farther and turned him over to the local P.C. There was a sergeant in command.

"We got hell, sir," said the sergeant. "I ain't seen an officer for two days."

"How many men have you got?"

"I got thirty-six in this lot and there's about twenty more dug in on the under lip of the rayvine yonder, and I guess some more of our boys is up there beyond the slag pile, and a fella come through about six and says there's half a platoon in the cellar of the depot, playin' stud poker and waitin' for grub."

"Where's the dressing station?"

"Can't tell that. Liable to be anywheres. There's wounded all over the lot; most of them in the town, I guess. The wind ain't this way now." He pointed to the smoky ruins. "There's Heinies there, too, or leastwise I guess there is. You can't tell much. They think we're there and we think they're there." He shrugged. "I guess nobody knows anything much. It's sort of a private war. When they git to crawlin' around lookin' for something, we let 'em have it; otherwise we don't bother much with each other."

Matthew scratched his chin. "Well," he said, "I'm going into town to find out something."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant. "Good luck to you."

"Good luck, hell," said Matthew. "You talk as if I was going alone."

"Ain't you?" asked the sergeant.

"Look here," said Matthew. "I don't know what goes on; but if there're wounded men there, we've got to get 'em out, see? I can't get 'em out and fight too. You've got to fight for me. If there aren't any officers around, I guess this is good, isn't it?" He touched his shoulder strap.

"I guess so," said the sergeant doubtfully.

"O. K.," said Matthew. "I'll go right across here. You hook up with the boys in the ravine and beyond the slag

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The French Got There First, Just as the Sergeant and the Boys From the Depot Made the Town Pump for the Sixth Time in Something Under Nothing Flat

The Empress Eugénie and the Talisman of Charlemagne

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

Empress Eugénie, From a Painting by F. Winterhalter

THE Empress will be charmed to receive you at Farnborough Hill. She thinks of nothing but the war, and you bring news of Paris. Then, too, she was very fond of your father-in-law, Prince George."

Of my mother-in-law, the Princess Valentine, not a word. It was she, nevertheless, who, *née* Princess de Chimay, had been a cousin of the Empress Eugénie. But I shall come to that story presently.

This cordial and even pressing invitation to visit Farnborough Hill had reached me through our old friend Count Primoli, the favorite nephew of the empress. It happened early in 1915, the second year of the Great War, while I was paying a short visit to my cousin, Antoine Bibesco. Count Primoli heard that I was in London and telephoned on behalf of the empress. How I blessed the memory of my father-in-law, the late Prince George Bibesco! He had been an officer in the service of France under the last of the Bonapartes. He had fought three campaigns wearing the colors of Imperial France, and had had his horse shot under him at the Battle of Sedan—brilliant, but forgotten facts, which brought me now, years later, and in the midst of a much more wide and terrible war, to the attention of the Empress Eugénie.

The Unopened Gate

FARNBOROUGH HILL, the residence of the dethroned empress—the place where she watched so long, herself almost a living tombstone, over the grave of her son—is on the Aldershot road. Count Primoli knew that my car would pass the very next day in front of the park gates. For Lord Ribblesdale was taking me to lunch at the military encampment of Aldershot, to show me Kitchener's army—the pride of England—which was then beginning to train for service on the Western Front.

It was part of our plan to stop on the way back and take tea with the Empress Eugénie. This program delighted me for more reasons than one. I was not yet far enough removed from my schoolroom days to have lost all taste for historic parallels. This army which I was to see in the morning was preparing to help the French rout the Germans out of France and to make Alsace and Lorraine French again; the empress whom I was to visit in the afternoon had been the wife of the vanquished ruler of 1870, the woman whom many French people blamed for the loss of Metz and Strasburg.

And then, although I had never seen her in the flesh, the Empress Eugénie was profoundly related to my life as a child by all sorts of dreams and fancies, which it amused me to remember all along the road from London to Aldershot.

It was one of those fresh gray mornings when the wisps of fog drifting across the English countryside in March make one think that there might be fairies dancing in the fields. Our motor ran along a road rutted by camions and motorcycles, and blocked with companies of young men in civilian clothes marching in military formation. The richest blood of England was flowing toward Aldershot at the call of Kitchener.

By a singular coincidence, my companion, Lord Ribblesdale, also had ideal reasons for wishing to meet the Empress Eugénie. He had been Master of the Hounds to Queen Victoria for many years and ought to have had access easily to the one-time empress of the French, who had her residence at Farnborough Hill under the direct protection of the Queen of England. But unfortunate circumstances had one after the other prevented him from satisfying his great curiosity of sentiment.

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Empress Eugénie

Napoleon III

Queen Victoria, when in residence at Windsor, had commanded him one day to take the hounds to the domain of the empress; but whether the empress feared that the sight of the pack would bring back too melancholy reminiscences of the glorious days in Fontainebleau, when she had hunted, as sovereign, in the most beautiful and most romantic forest in the world, or whether she really had a more important engagement that day, she declined the offer; and so Lord Ribblesdale, his *piqueurs* dressed in the royal livery, and his dogs passed before the gates of Farnborough Hill leaving them unopened. It was not until I arrived in England during the Great War, goodness knows how many years later, on this foggy day that Lord Ribblesdale—an old man now—could at last approach her whose picture he had once adored.

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

The Emperor and the Empress of the French at Windsor Castle

Heroine Worship

WE TALKED of her all the way. Long before we reached Farnborough Hill she occupied our thoughts. Many years ago, when he was a young man, Lord Ribblesdale had lived in Fontainebleau. The myth of the lovely empress had bewitched him then. As for me, I was bound to her by many secret ties. At first it began with a picture. An image is the earliest holy object worshiped in every primitive religion, and children are all born savages. I, too, as a child, had worshiped an image, and it was hers. I had discovered a photograph, or rather the photograph of a portrait, in one of my grandmother's albums. This enchanting image was the object of my adoration. It showed the Empress Eugénie in a very low gown, her dark hair parted in the middle above a lovely white

forehead, one curl hanging down over her shoulder, several rows of magnificent pearls swinging from her slender throat to her tiny waist, which was imprisoned in a tight bodice of white satin. Was it a woman or a lily? Since I believed thoroughly in fairies at this time, it merely proved to me that photographs speak the truth, for they showed me the queen of fairies.

A little later, when I was ten years old, my family rented a house in the country for the summer. Here, by an extraordinary chance, I found hanging on the wall opposite my bed an engraving of the large group by Winterhalter known as L'Impératrice et ses Dames, or the Decameron. I recognized at once among the nine beauties gathered around her the dominating beauty of my goddess, my lily. All during my summer vacation I went to sleep and woke up in the morning before that adorable face.

If one understands life at all one knows that a picture may have a powerful effect upon the memory and upon the heart. As a proof of this, notice the love of the crowd today for cinema stars, the veneration they inspire when their faces have appeared a sufficient number of times upon the screen. How well the old monarchies knew this secret! The image of the king or queen was spread everywhere to haunt the imagination of their subjects. They dwelt in the memory of their most distant people. To make it even more precious to them, the image was struck on the gold or silver of coins, thus associating it with the idea of riches of which it was the symbol.

Eugénie Seen Through Green Eyes

THE Empress Eugénie had held no less than two scepters in her white hands, for while she had reigned over France by reason of her marriage to the emperor, she had also reigned over the hearts of the world because of her beauty.

At the age when one learns lessons easily because the memory is quite fresh, I had learned by heart the features of the empress. My secret faithful worship of her lasted all through my girlhood. When I married, my charming father-in-law, Prince George, who died while I was still engaged, left me many souvenirs of the time of his life when he had served France—the Second Empire.

I found in his rooms an entirely different portrait of the empress. She was in deep mourning. It was dated after the disaster, after Sedan, after the death of Napoleon III. Another photograph showed her son, the Prince Imperial, in evening dress, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The two pictures, in their black frames, were surrounded with violets—the flowers symbolic of the Bonaparte family—painted in water colors in the form of a crown and tied with the tricolor and streamers of crape.

The two portraits had no doubt been reproduced by the thousand and distributed as Bonapartist propaganda. But the fact that they had been dedicated to my father-in-law gave them a personal and sentimental value.

While I was putting some papers in order I found in a drawer a little envelope which contained a pressed rose. It was wrapped in a piece of writing paper on which was written in yellowed ink, in Prince George's hand: "Rose given me by the Empress. September 6, 1868."

I quickly saw that my mother-in-law shared neither my juvenile enthusiasm for the empress nor the former sentiments of her late husband for her. She said everything she could to break the spell.

"Pretty—yes. But without charm. The empress was cold, egotistical and narrow-minded. Her intrigues did the emperor more harm than good. As for Napoleon III, he had every virtue: Inspiration, intelligence, a kind heart, genius, in fact."

If one believed my mother-in-law one could only feel that the emperor's unique mistake had been in marrying the empress.

Little by little in the course of our conversation I began to discover the various deep-rooted reasons that made her speak in that way. First of all, the fact that they were cousins made, as it so often does between women, for rivalry and jealousy. I learned that my mother-in-law, as the daughter of the Prince de Chimay and granddaughter of a Spanish woman, the celebrated Madame Tallien—born Thérèse Cabarrus—was vaguely related to the Empress Eugénie—born Countess Teba—through the Spanish side of the family. Vaguely, yes; but not as vaguely as it would seem.

Suddenly it all grew quite clear to me. One day my mother-in-law told me how at first she had been forbidden by her father to make the acquaintance of the beautiful Eugénie, and how two years later she had been forced to change her attitude because her father had changed his.

This story seems very like a fairy tale where the once-despised and humiliated girl marries the Prince Charming. But for me it was the natural sequel to my childish dreams. They were now confirmed in real life.

Napoleon III and Bismarck at Sedan, After the Painting by W. Camphausen

Lord Ribblesdale, 1893

In 1852, the Prince de Chimay was spending the summer with his children at Ostend, just then become fashionable. There arrived on the scene two young Spanish girls accompanied by their mother, the Countess Montijo. These three ladies lived in the style of foreigners who, although obliged to leave their own country because of financial difficulties, cling to their love of gambling, society and dress.

The mother appeared to be a person somewhat lacking in distinction; the daughters one especially—were beauties, who gathered around them a not particularly desirable and far too numerous group of young men. For acquaintances picked up in a fashionable casino by extreme beauty are hardly those one would choose under other circumstances.

The Discreet Prince

IN SHORT, the Prince de Chimay—a father careful of the reputation of his well-brought-up and well-dowered daughters—took such steps as he felt were necessary to prevent their having anything to do with the Montijo ladies during their stay at Ostend. Was he unaware of their relationship? Hardly, for he admitted it to his children. He was too careful in matters concerning his own genealogy not to know the names of his mother's relations. Thérèse, Princess de Chimay had borne the plebeian name of Madame Tallien, by which she is known to history, only during the time of the French Revolution. As Madame Tallien she is entitled to the honor of having stopped the Terror, because through her lover she arranged that Robespierre should be arrested But she was of noble birth. Born Cabarrus, daughter of a Spanish grandee then minister of finance to the Spanish king, she belonged to the family of the explorer who gave his name to the Bay of Cabarrus in the New World. The beautiful Thérèse had first married the Marquis de Fontenay.

These proofs of the lady's nobility were carefully gathered in Spain by the Chimay family, led in this search by their great desire to wipe out the marriage of their ancestress with the revolutionary

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The Empress Eugénie and Her Court, After the Painting by F. Winterhalter

CLEAN SAGE

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

Vittie's Arms Literally Opened Through the Wire, and the Gray Mare Walked Into Them; Not Effusive at All, But Pleasant

"YOU'RE adrift," said his father. "Your anchor, or better, your clutch, is slipping. Cushioned life that leads to the padded cell. It's the look in your eyes that tells it."

On this particular morning the very young Mr. Fessenden Rand had awakened at nine to find a note under his door saying his father was to be found in the library. Grim finality had closed upon him as he dressed, but the look he presently met was one of finished sportsmanship, not of rage, as his father lightly explained the indisposition that kept him from the office. "Otherwise everything fine," he added. "A little affair of ours together here—no better time than now. The fact is, Fez, I've made up my mind to get off you entirely—not only money but the whole parent idea."

In the same casual way the elder went on to explain how the thing happened to birds and fishes and animals. "They reach a certain stage and are shoved off the nest—not the fishes, you understand. And the animals are slapped out of the lair—weaned." He explained he was no longer worried in the least about his son's future, at which, in extraordinary fashion, the young man began to be worried himself.

"It's your future," Mr. Rand said. "It's your predicament. Your whole set is in the same mess." Then came the opening sentences of this chronicle of troubled youth. "You're adrift," Mr. Rand repeated. "I've seen it in the eyes of your friends—the look of the drift. Your special friend, Langley Frayne, is no exception. I'm not against the younger generation; it's your particular pet associates that appear to belong to the slipping section. Not the boys alone; same look is in the girls' eyes, only it takes the form of dazzle with them. Freda Faldean, for instance—I'm not going to promote any marriage of yours with her. Dam' pretty girl, but there isn't a woman in a roomful of her kind, and she won't marry you broke ——"

Words quickly brought to outwardly pleasant conclusion. That, however, was all that came of them, not that Mr. Rand wasn't to be relied upon when his word was given. He just didn't live to get his intentions recorded, that being the last day he spoke, and the entire and considerable fortune went as originally arranged.

Naturally downtown the various heads of the Rand business didn't know what to do. From their standpoint, a strong man's weak son had suddenly become chief. They tried telling him he was God's little wonder, tried to make him believe he was his father plus—a sort of he Minerva ready to shove all competition off the street by his shining young powers, but here was a youth who couldn't keep himself from laughing.

"Can you see me looking a total loss at the big gray desk where my father sat?" he inquired of Freda Faldean.

To outsiders at this time it also appeared as if Fez was outspanning o' nights more riotously than ever before, yet the sound of breakers was never out of his ears. The more the wastrel showed in him, the more the cold gray closed upon his insides and gnawings increased. His father had said something and died to make his meaning clear.

After one especially wild night Fez Rand awoke at noon feeling the need of a stomach pump. Lang Frayne came into his room babbling that he had something extra funny to say, but couldn't think of it. Not so funny as usual this morning—Frayne's voice and presence began to wear on the other, as if the oil was all burned out between them. Rand explained that he felt different, everything different, and Frayne turned upon him with the look of an alienist. A queer moment, it was, as they stood together by a window. In a flash Rand understood what his father had meant by the drift. In the eyes of the other he saw the look of a moron, read a strange story of stunted morale.

"Slipping's the word," he queerly muttered.

A few afternoons later, driving with Freda Faldean down from San Luis Obispo to Santa Barbara, they stopped to lie out in the sand at Pismo. There wasn't a sail on the water, but a couple of fellows, man and boy, were digging clams. Freda was sitting on her legs in the sand, hands loose in her lap, underlip drooped. She looked fresh as a child, yet she had lived the life too. No end of times Rand had known her to dance and drink until yesterday was somewhat back, but here in the sunlight she was going strong and all new. She always had it on him in moments like this, when she forgot herself. They were enough alone for him to forget the world too. His hands reached out, just as she laughed aloud.

"Why, of course," she said, staring out toward the surf lines as if she saw a shark or a seahorse. "The end is the bottom and the bottom is the end!" A subject he disliked, but playfully dear to the whole set he had been running with.

Moist lips, a daring laugh in her eyes, but a dazzle that blurred everything else—a dazzle he had been chasing all the time.

A desert road race was planned—two hundred miles between Erickson and Beaumont on the Nillery Road down by the Salton Sea. Eight entries all together, mostly young men from Los Angeles. Both Frayne and Rand were driving; the former in his big green Pillar that carried a supercharger and was supposed to be good enough for the Culver City boards. Frayne was ahead, setting the pace, beginning the second half hour. He had actually been keeping the Pillar at a hundred and ten for several minutes, Rand holding onto his spare tire rack, thinking that an ounce of strain more and his boat would blow up, clock and all. Death in the air for Rand, yet not for him. There it was, like a big green hand raised in front—Frayne's Pillar flung up on its hind wheels—the flopping body of the driver still higher—one earlap of his helmet sticking out straight.

"The end of the next to last deal," softly clicked like a dictating machine in Rand's brain as he went by, brakes down, the Pillar now digging itself into the sand, on its side. By the time Rand had rolled back, Frayne was sticking out, just showing below the waist. The body was pulled out from under the flexible wheel, just in time to hear the last moan—something about that being that.

Deep turnovers taking place. The thing Fez Rand couldn't understand was why the hounds were turned on him this way. It was a fact that he kept hearing the voice of Fate in him; the tone sometimes his father's. He was continually amazed to find he was quite alone in all this pressure of doom and drift. No one else saw anything personal in the end of Lang Frayne. The cool current of humor at the bottom of his nature wouldn't let him feel that heaven poised breathless on his being saved, but he certainly was acting as a retard on the spirits of his friends. One night at the Sea Mews, Freda whispered, "We'd

better make it soon, Fez, dear, or you'll be starting a mission"—and there he stood before her, one side of him charmed in the dazzle and the other in an absurd but aching hunger for a pair of human eyes not caught in the drift.

Next morning before daylight he climbed into a pet roadster, called the Blue Mill, and kept going east from Los Angeles, not in the least aware that this was a significant fork in the trails of his own life. He crossed California that day and was idling through Senhorsen the following afternoon, looking out from under his low top with bored eyes. Little sign of life showing in town, except the spidery eyes of a state highway officer cooling on him from the gloom of a blacksmith shop. Rand was trained to catch a glint like this, having pressed up to a hundred and over more than once in this life, as already intimated, and not in the air either. His present car had a custom-built body, turret top, right-hand drive indicating cruel waste of expense; yet not unlike the attire and personal effects of the driver, which carried the extra distinction of seeming carelessly made and worn.

The annual rodeo of Senhorsen had ended a day or two before. Arizona dust appeared still to be settling, but there was little sign of life. Rand had heard of this pueblo in far-off L. A., word having reached his set that it had been known to be alive after ten; but certainly it was deep-drawn in siesta now. "Too much daylight," he decided, and paused to squint at what appeared to be a typewritten letter spread open to the world in front of a gas station:

"LOST SADDLE. New and showy, coin silver trim in dots and crescents on cantle, 13½ inch tree, square skirts with round corners, Nestro stirrups, two cinch rings, horse hair ——"

There was more of it.

"Four horses stole last night too," the gas man said. "The like ain't happened in Senhorsen in years."

Rand drove on, considering the point that the man who had described that saddle knew his subject. A little later his eye caught a desert signpost, warped and withered by the furious heat, and he stopped to look close. Among the names, "Carthay Wells" interested him particularly, indicating wheel tracks that led south on the starchy hard-packed sand toward the border. A new kind of silence closed upon him as he turned off the concrete road this; it merely followed tracks, the crusty floor of the desert being the only bed there was to it; a constant need to avoid the scrub growths that occasionally lapped over the wheel tracks, however, as a rock might lay concealed beneath. Quite some piece of a little town had laid itself out there in the sage and greasewood; and the beginning of nightfall was in the air as Rand entered.

Hardly a

At his left a big faded frame building marked The Gunnison House indicated shelter, but certainly without inviting anyone to come and get it. Desert sunlight had licked the life out of the boards. Not a soul in sight; but the smell of the water recently sprinkled in the street reached him as he crossed the yard from a section of old horse sheds where he left the Blue Mill. He crossed the empty veranda and entered the dim front room, neither office nor parlor, but a sort of sitting-room out of function, before a woman showed herself from the rear—a middle-aged woman under a wide straw bonnet, face that shunned sunlight—a whitish, frightened face, mouth opened, as if to protest.

"What do you want?" she breathlessly asked.

Rand was presently alone with his bags, up one flight, in a long narrow room with a pervading smell of new leather in the air, and faint odor of neglect as well. His face held to the smile of a man who sees a game through. Presently he opened an untried door to a long clothes closet, and now it was like a harness shop—the smell of new leather that rushed out to him. He lit the lamp and looked in. Under a blanket at the far end showed the cantle of a fine new stock saddle with coin-silver mountings—uncommonly queer for a spare bedroom. By this time ham and eggs were frying below; evidently Mrs. Frightface expected him for supper. The coffee might have been burned barley water; the ham was hingy enough to creak, but the eggs were fresh and there was sparkling water in a clean glass.

That twilight was prolonged. Rand sat by the open window, the stillness of the desert creeping in with the breath of sage. Voices below—men sitting out in front of the low building just beyond the yard—a sort of gathering place for evening talk, barber shop in front and barred windows at the rear.

"It's the town jug," Rand decided, and this was presently verified by the fact that one of those below was repeatedly addressed as Constable. This personage became visible in the lights from the door and windows—a face and voice curiously impressed on Rand with dislike. Stringy beard, and even from this distance, the sagging look of store teeth. But what sunk into the watcher's feelings with persistent distaste was this individual's occasional "he-he"—easy loafing tones on the night air. Unquestionably here was the ranking humorist of Carthay Wells.

Between nine and ten the talk droned down to nothing. Unearthly silence crept in, except that once the distant neighing of a horse stood out like a scream. Silence lived alone after that until the heart of the night, when Rand was aroused by a real racket sounding below, the door of the barber shop pounded upon, the constable's answering voice, then the word of the messenger:

"Holdup of a train two miles from Senhorsen. Two express agents killed, ninety thousand dollars in new money taken! Bandits came this way—four of them, at

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"The Minute the Car Door Dropped I Knew We Had to Croak 'Em. We'd Never Have Made a Getaway If It Hadn't Been for Me"

DOMINUTRO

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

He Demonstrated Later With the Lady Professional Dancer Hired by the Hotel

DELAYED by the unexpected encounter with Nelse Blattenburg, I reached the Hotel El Dorado in a frame of mind far from calm. In fact, no sooner had I got there than I saw it was useless to try to make the sale as intended, because in my upset state I would not be able to dominate my prospect. Thus, much downcast, because I knew how it would disappoint Lora, I was preparing to leave the hotel when my attention was attracted by a guest who had just entered in a very dominating manner.

There was something familiar about his natty appearance, and my curiosity was farther aroused as I watched him successively dominate the girl at the news stand, the boy in the check room, the mail clerk behind the desk, and, in fact, all with whom he came in contact. I felt, however, that I must be mistaken, and this feeling was intensified as I looked over his wearing apparel; the stylish Italian hat, the classy London clothes, the elegant necktie, the fine silk socks and the shoes of latest cut. Then, as he turned so as to give a clear view of his profile, I saw that I had made no mistake in thinking him an old acquaintance.

It was Killingsley Throckmorton. The last time I had seen Killingsley had been ten years before, just previous to his leaving town for Chicago. He had left as a result of being too much kidded, owing to the fact that he stuttered and stammered and had failed to graduate from high school because of his inability to memorize faces, facts and names, and also to learn modern languages and other branches of study. Moreover, he had never been a social favorite, being able neither to dance nor to dominate any musical instrument, and he was always dressed as if his clothes had been shot at him out of a cannon.

But, though it seemed impossible that the man before me was Killingsley Throckmorton, a careful scrutiny convinced me that it was none other.

"Hello, Kil, old man," I said in a clear voice, pushing through the crowd to his side.

He had hardly glanced at me before his eye lit up, and without the slightest hesitation or confusion he responded, "It is old Clifford M. Struve."

"Yes, Kil," I said, "it is the same old Clif, and I am sure glad to see you, Kil. If I may say so, you seem to have transformed yourself into a dominating personality, and I would certainly like to know how you did it."

Placing one hand on my shoulder, he said, with a little laugh, "It's a long story, old man, but a mighty interesting one. Won't you have luncheon with me and I will explain everything to you?"

A few minutes later we were seated at one of the brilliantly decorated tables where, to my amazement, I heard Kil give the order to the waiter in the latter's own language.

"Where did you learn French?" I asked.

He laughed a little more. "I shall explain everything in due time, Clif, but I want to warn you from the beginning that not only do I dominate the French language but also the German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese."

During our conversation, which was one of the most informative in which I have ever taken part, Killingsley Throckmorton proved to me in a convincing manner that he was now in possession of a steel-trap memory and recollected all that he read. Among the various remarks he made, I remember such interesting bits of information as the following:

"The codfish lays two million eggs a year.

"Paper can be made from corn by a new process.

"Wordsworth lived a meditative life and wrote the Excursion in 1814.

"The algebra is the most valuable tree in the Hawaiian Islands."

We were just beginning the salad course when the piano player of the orchestra tumbled over in a faint. There might have been a panic if Killingsley Throckmorton had not risen quietly from his place and, seating himself at the piano, continued the difficult selection to the end.

Though eager to ask how he had managed to learn the piano, and even more interested in finding out how he had got to dominate an intricate form of the black bottom, which he demonstrated later with the lady professional dancer hired by the hotel, I decided to wait until he was ready to explain of his own accord. So I remained patient during the cigars, while a well-known U. S. senator came across to our table and, after a slight hesitation, asked Kil what his opinion was regarding a certain matter. I will never forget how, rising from his chair, Killingsley Throckmorton, whom we all used to laugh at because he could not say ten words in ten minutes, replied with the most perfect delivery that can be imagined:

"Senator, if I occupied the high office which you have the honor to occupy, I would certainly vote no. And I would justify my vote not only by reference to Page 187 of the 144th Volume of U. S. Reports but I would state frankly, 'Gentlemen, in voting thus I am merely fulfilling a solemn promise to my constituency that ever with voice and pen I would defend all the interests of all the people of this great country from the rocky reaches of Maine to the sunny strands of California; from the illimitable pine lands of Wisconsin to the luscious magnolia groves of Louisiana.'"

"Kil," I said, when the U. S. senator had thanked him profusely and gone back to his own table—"Kil, I cannot stand this suspense any longer. I want to know what has happened and how you learned to dominate."

He laughed quietly and, flicking the ashes from his cigar, replied. "You mean you would like to know how I learned to dominate not only my enunciatory apparatus but also my feet, my hands, my brain, my habits; in fact, everything about me, not to mention all the people with whom I come in contact."

"Yes, Kil," I said, "I would like to know just that. I am up against a difficult proposition and if I can find out just how you have transformed yourself into a dominating character, it would be of the greatest service to me."

"Clif," he said, leaning across the table, "I have never forgotten what you did for me when I was a boy."

"I do not remember that I did anything for you, Kil, that I would not have done for anybody else."

"Yes, you did, Clif. You made me not only willing but eager to change my personality. I was a small, timid boy, afflicted, as you may remember, and whenever there was a gang picking on me, you were invariably the ringleader."

"Kil," I said, getting all confused, "I hope you do not hold that against me."

"No, I do not, Clif. On the contrary, I consider you my greatest friend, because if it had not been for you I might never have gone to Chicago and thus discovered the secret which has made me today a dominating personality."

"What is that secret, Kil?"

"Clif, I do not have to ask you to use your imagination to picture the hard time I had after arriving in Chicago and beginning my search for employment. Everything was against me, and even when I found some low-grade work I could do, I was sure to be fired after watching other men, often not so well qualified but more dominant, promoted over my head. I had lost my last job and, except for six dollars and an occasional Sunday dinner with a rich uncle who was always leaving large sums of money around but who never gave me any, I was without resources. One evening I walked down by the Chicago River and was contemplating flinging myself into its yellow waters, when at my feet I discovered a card bearing a name and address." He seemed to grow slightly paler.

"What happened, then, Kil?"

"I looked up the address. The result you see before you."

He stopped smoking the cigar, though it was only a third gone, and shuddered a little.

"Kil," I said finally, "maybe I didn't treat you right in the old days, but I always liked you, and I can assure you that you will never regret it if you give me the name and address of that institution in Chicago which changed your life by showing you how to become dominant."

"Do not say another word, Clif. I have the kindliest of feelings for you and I am glad to say you will not have to go to Chicago to test this wonderful secret. Remember the old home town has grown till it is three times its size when I was a boy. The capable gentleman in charge of the institution, finding Chicago's climate not favorable to his health, has moved to this city. I will give you the address, for I saw his sign just this morning."

As I clasped Kil's hand I felt between my fingers a small slip of paper on which was written the one word "Dominutro," and below, "1277 State Street."

"And now, Clif, old man, if you will excuse me I will go up to my room, because whenever I think of all that wonderful secret did to me, I am so overcome I have to go somewhere and lie down."

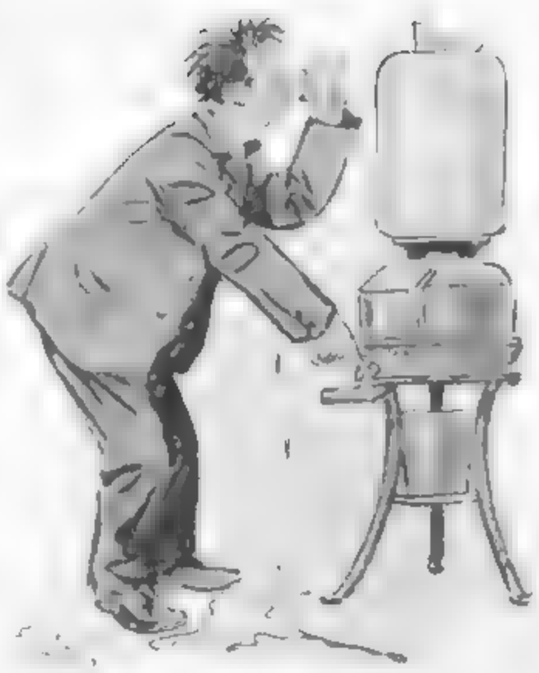
II

MY EXCITEMENT was such that I came near breaking into a run as I left the hotel to reach Lora at the corner of State and Grand. She was waiting in her coupé;

"Chew Every Mouthful, Mr. Struve, So as to Bring Out the Full Flavor"

and her first words showed how eager she was to know what had happened as a result of my efforts to sell the Air Wave Ventilating System to her father, Old Man Shagburn.

"Lora," I began, "I will tell you the bad news first. This morning I went to my safety-deposit box in the bank and took out my envelope containing three hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Loan bonds and that oil stock, and put it in my pocket."



I Merely Drank Six Glasses of Water in Rapid Succession

"Why did you do that, Clifford?"

"To give me the proper feeling of dominance, Lora, when I approached your father. Well, on the way to the hotel I ran into Nelse Blattenburg and, as usual, he began kidding me about whether I had learned how to dominate others, and said he was just catching a train and would I do a favor for him in connection with the lodge, and I think I said I would."

"What was the favor?"

"I have forgotten, Lora, owing to my nervousness at the time, but I don't think I did it. Anyhow, I am just mentioning this to explain what happened. I was in a hurry before this interruption, and by the time I reached the hotel I had pushed myself so that I felt all limp and not dominant enough to sell your father anything. I got into the lobby just as your father left his conference, and the way he took the cigar out of his mouth and threw it into the big brass spittoon showed me that I had better wait a little before tackling him. And now for the good news."

In a few words I recounted my remarkable interview with Killingsley Throckmorton.

"It is a wonderful piece of luck, Clifford, and I feel that now our troubles are over. You have only to see Doctor Dominutro and take his course, which is probably hypnotic, and then sell your ventilating system to papa. When you do that, papa will be so impressed that he will allow us to become united for life. You have no idea what he really thinks about the Air Wave ventilators."

"What does he really think about them?" I ventured to ask.

"When we are married, Clifford, I may tell you, but I do not feel a young girl should ever let such language pass her lips. And now, before I go on to my music lesson, please put on this necktie I have just bought you, because you know your own taste in neckties is execrable."

Wearing Lora's gift—which made me feel ill at ease, as I did not enjoy wearing the neckties she was kind enough to purchase for me—I bade her good-by and proceeded to 1277 State Street.

The institution was located on the third floor of a store building, and its interior was much less mysterious than I had anticipated. In fact, it was merely a large plain room, with a sideboard, a safe, a desk, a sofa and a few chairs scattered about. On the walls were charts showing various persons with their digestive and other inner life exposed. At the desk a large-looking man was seated. He had something the appearance of a retired butcher, but more impressive.

"Doctor Dominutro," I began, "I have been sent here by Killingsley Throckmorton, who learned to dominate himself and others while studying under you in Chicago. My name is Clifford M. Struve, and I would like to arrange to take your course myself."

"We are delighted to welcome you, Mr. Struve," said the doctor in a dominant manner, leaving his desk and shaking me warmly by the hand. "It is our mission in life to instruct others in the art of domination by the means of thirty simple lessons; and so sure are we of our methods that any pupil who, after completing our course, does not become a master dominator will receive a refund of ten times the small price paid for tuition."

"What is the price of tuition?" I asked.

"It varies, Mr. Struve," he replied. "It varies according to the circumstances of the case."

In a few words I explained my difficulty. "I am only a fair salesman," I concluded, "and whenever I get into the presence of Mr. Shagburn I feel I am not a salesman at all. I have sent him our literature, but I have never even got up the nerve to talk to him on the subject. As soon as I see him my throat dries up and my knees give way."

"We understand your case perfectly, Mr. Struve, and when you finish our thirty simple lessons you will be able to dominate what and whom you will, the same as Mr. Throckmorton, Napoleon and others. Many of our students become so proficient in dominating that after five or six lessons, or even less, they feel no need of completing the course. But we are always willing to live up to our ironclad guaranty, which, at the completion of the thirtieth lesson, offers you a refund of ten times the tuition charge in case you are not satisfied."

"And how much is the tuition for the course, Doctor Dominutro?" I asked again.

"It varies, Mr. Struve. In your case, where the rewards of your achievement will be a high position in the financial and social world, the charge will necessarily be greater than the amount asked of a poor boy whose one ambition is to learn to be dominant enough to marry the school-teacher."

"I would be glad to give twenty-five dollars," was my reply.

"Our time is valuable, Mr. Struve, and we have none to waste in idle persiflage."

"Well," I said, "I will make it fifty."

His voice sounded very deep and solemn, like a church organ, as he shook his head and, with a smile that seemed to say he was sorry I didn't know any better, remarked, "If you wished to buy the greatest diamond in the world, Mr. Struve, would you offer fifty dollars for it? And the ability to dominate is worth more than the finest collection of jewels that ever graced a monarch's crown. Your friend Mr. Throckmorton came to us demanding a variety of business virtues and social graces. He paid for what he wished to receive. Before the ninth lesson Mr. Throckmorton felt he had acquired all the dominance necessary to continue on his own initiative, with the results which are evident today. No, Mr. Struve, our time is valuable, if yours is not."

"Well," I said desperately, "here is what I will do. In my pocket I have oil stock valued at five hundred dollars and some Liberty Loan bonds. I will be glad to give you all that if I have your ironclad guaranty as described."

He took the envelope which I handed to him, visited the safe; and then returned to me with a printed form which he had taken from the desk drawer and rapidly filled out.

"We understand each other a little better now, Mr. Struve. We are returning the oil stock, but retaining the bonds. And here is our ironclad guaranty that at the successful completion of the thirty lessons, if you are not fully satisfied, you will receive a refund amounting to ten times the price paid for tuition. There are no other expenses, as we do not believe in textbooks. You may take the lessons as rapidly as you can assimilate them, and if you wish you can begin at once."

"That suits me, Doctor Dominutro," I replied, thinking of my three hundred dollars' worth of bonds, "because I have no time to lose. Do you want me to get on the sofa to be hypnotized?"

"In our course, Mr. Struve, there is no question of any mental fake. Our method is Nature's. Nature intended

As Soon as I Opened My Mouth He Put Another Spoonful of Electronettes and Dynamogene Inside

man to be a dominant character and provided for him the necessary food elements that make for dominance. After a lifetime of scientific research we have discovered and perfected the various elements and combinations necessary, and we supply them in the quantities needed. And we may add that Dominutro is not a personal cognomen but is the name we have given to the group of food elements necessary for a dominating character."

I did not say anything. I could not have said anything on a bet. I had supposed he was going to hypnotize me or give me secret instructions, or something like that, and I had never had any idea that the lessons were just something to eat. So I sat there the same as if frozen and watched him open the sideboard and pour something from a little tin can on a plateful of stuff that looked like sawdust.

"Here you are, Mr. Struve. It is the first lesson and we think you will enjoy the rich nutty flavor of the magnetones, which have been completely polarized, and in this state lay the foundation for a magnetic personality."

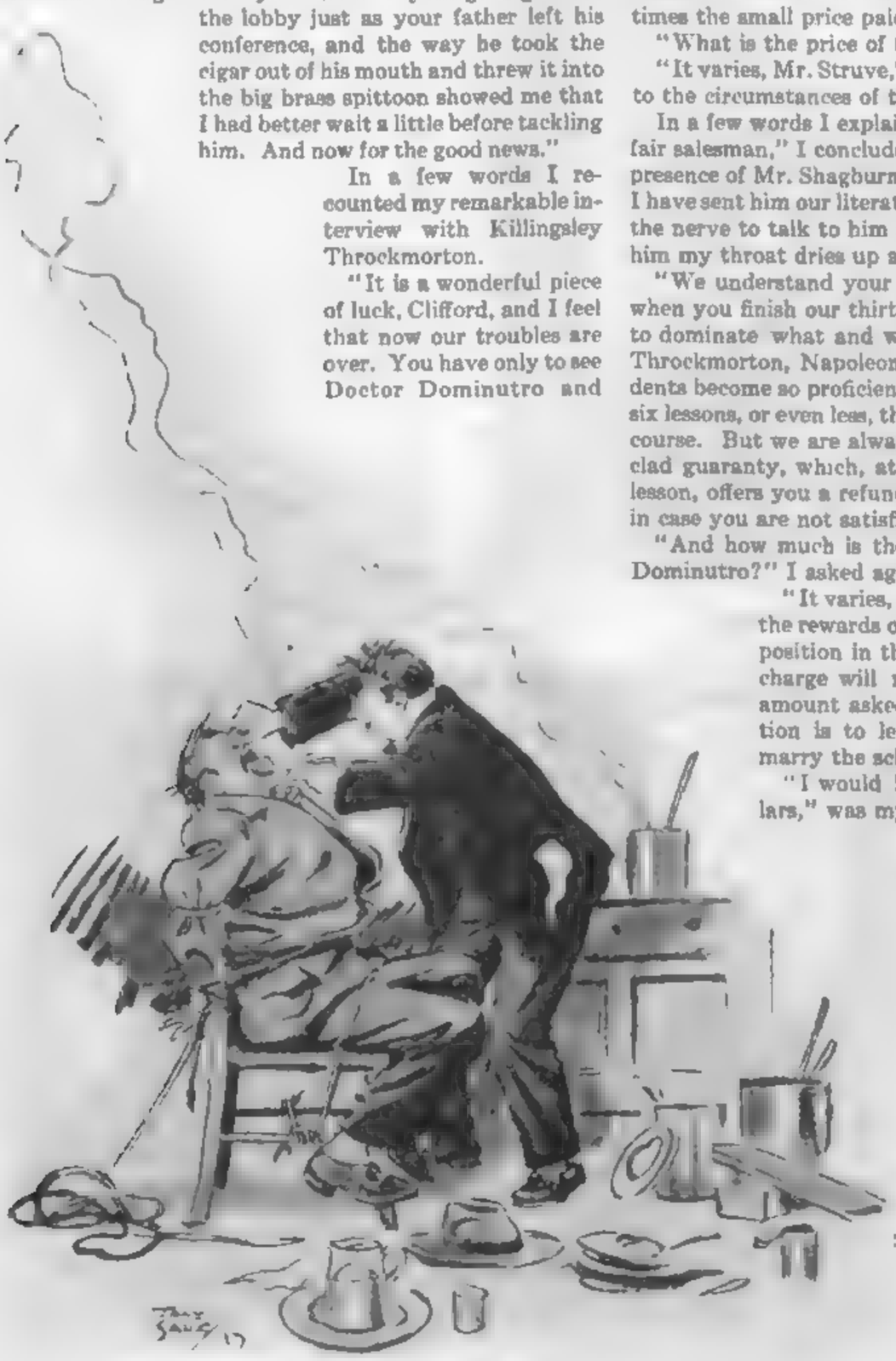
He sat down at his desk and watched me eat Lesson One. Every now and again he would say something like this: "Chew every mouthful, Mr. Struve, so as to bring out the full flavor. The magnetones you are now taking into your system are identical with those absorbed by Alexander the Great, George Washington and other dominating personalities. Eat slowly, Mr. Struve; there is no hurry."

I was glad there was no hurry, because if the stuff looked like sawdust it tasted even more like it. When about halfway through I said, "I will have to take a swallow of water or something, since otherwise I will never be able to finish Lesson One."

"No, Mr. Struve, water, or indeed any liquid, would ruin the effect of the polarized magnetones. The combination has been especially prepared for you after a careful analysis of your case, and should be assimilated as given. Chew it carefully."

Two or three times I came near giving up, but by thinking of the results promised, I finally got it all down.

(Continued on Page 74)



I Removed the Handkerchief and Gave Him an Adequate Spoonful

CHECKING AN EDUCATION

King's Chapel, Cambridge

BETWEEN 1900 and 1910 the American college underwent a serious change, the general purpose of which was to bring the college in closer contact with life. Today there are sufficient signs to indicate that the reforms of fifteen and twenty years ago are being modified almost to the point of being abandoned. The colleges are not returning to the ineffectual chaos of 1900, but they are—some more than others, but all of them more or less—diverging from the principles which ran for about twenty-five years and have been found wanting. To the boy about to enter college, and to his parents, this has a specific interest; it has a general interest for the country at large.

In the first place, it is not good for a country to have its healthiest, richest, and most intelligent youth spend four crucial years in wasted effort. It would be silly for America, after avoiding the waste of three years of military service, to incur the equal waste of four years of useless education. And what is more important, the college graduate has ways and means of making himself effective. Through books, newspapers and periodicals, what the college graduate thinks filters into the mind of the public at large. He is no longer an isolated scholar writing monographs on Chaucer's Debt to Boccaccio; he is working effectively on the tariff and on taxation, he supplies some of our radio equipment, and he sends us to, or keeps us out of, war; and when he is not doing these things he uses press and propaganda to make us think what he thinks. In fact, if the college graduate did not broadcast his influence in this way he would be a loss to the country; it is his function to communicate the benefits he has had. And it is all the more important, in a democratic country which reads and listens to every opinion, that his benefits should be real ones.

The Elective System at its Worst

IT IS the purpose of this article to check up on as good an education as was procurable in this country about fifteen years ago. It has to be expressed personally, but it is not a confession, and it is only mildly sensational. In a tabloid scandal sheet for college presidents, it might appear on Page Eighteen, if a really good academic scandal failed to break some day; the heading would be Almost Unknown Graduate is Displeased, or perhaps, with a sally into nonacademic language, Crabs College. It happens that this is not an attack upon the colleges or on any one college; and in a sense it is not personal, for if what happened to me were unique it would not be worth writing about.

Ten years after leaving college I discovered that a great many men of my own time, at my college and at others, had had the same experience—of finding that four years of good education had left them totally unprepared to face the world in which they had to live. Some of them wanted to add chapters to Education, its Cause and Cure; some of them said that it had taken them years to get rid of the education they acquired.

The men who were at college between 1908 and 1917 are too far removed from their undergraduate days to keep rancor alive, and far enough away to see their education in some perspective, to judge its value by their riper experience. They are the ones who look with particular interest at the new experiments in education and ask themselves, with a new hope, whether their children will have the good fortune to go to college when the meaning of education has really been discovered.

In the past year I have asked at least a dozen men, "What will you, or would you, do with a son when he reaches college age—send him to your own college or to another?" And in every case the answer has been substantially: "Not to my own college if it is what it was in my time; not to any other if they are as reported; but possibly to a small college making some experiment in giving a general education." On the other hand, all agreed that whether the boy went to one college or another, they would be perfectly willing to have him enter any graduate school, at almost any university, to learn his profession.

The Old Bridge Over the Cam at Cambridge

The first college was founded in this country in order to provide learned ministers of the Gospel; and with the exception of the lay colleges of Jefferson and Stephen Girard, almost all the followers of Harvard had also a strong religious purpose, many rising out of revivals and being supported by funds taken up in connection with missionary work. This gave to the American college a single defined purpose, and so long as they turned out intelligent divines they were fulfilling their obligation to the community. But after the Civil War religious influence and religious purposes both declined; boys who were going into their fathers' businesses came to the college, and their fathers began to endow the colleges with vast sums for specific, nonreligious purposes The college had to broaden its scope, to change its courses of studies and to abandon certain entrance requirements which the lower schools could no longer train their students to meet. The college turned into a university, largely under German inspiration, and the Ph.D. became something for jokesmiths to work on.

In the college before 1900 or so the student enjoyed a vast amount of leisure, took whatever courses he chose, avoided those that came at nine in the morning and those reputed to have difficult professors. It was possible, as the late Senator Lodge is said to have remarked, to escape without learning anything at all; the student chose the necessary amount of courses, each one totally unrelated to any other, and got his degree. Those who seriously wanted to learn a lot could; but the college was not insistent. The elective system, which gave boys of seventeen free choice, was supposed to develop responsibility and natural aptitudes, and the college men of the period were generally taken for supercilious, smattering idlers.

Majoring to the Limit

BUT as the endowments grew and the colleges began to teach more and more of science, mechanics, political economy, and the like, and while the graduate schools of law and medicine and the other professions flourished, this anarchy in the college became impossible. With the retirement of Eliot from the presidency of Harvard the old system came definitely to an end. Thereafter, in all the large colleges at least, the student was required to concentrate a large part of his time on one general subject. He chose, when he entered college, or at the beginning of his sophomore year, a major interest: History, economics, languages, science or literature. And nearly half of the courses he took had to be in that group, the others scattering. So at the end of the four years he could hardly help knowing one subject pretty thoroughly; in fact, if he so chose he could juggle his courses of study so that he knew nothing else. If he wanted to major in Greek and took six or seven courses in that language, he could technically satisfy the college by taking a course in Greek art and putting it down as his art course, a course in ancient history as his history course, a course in the economic life of Athens as his economics course, and the same with philosophy and literature. Then he would need only one credit in mathematics or chemistry to get his degree.

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The Magdalen Quad Through a Cloister Window, Oxford

Optimism and the Truck Patch

By HARRIS DICKSON

EVERY farmer who now mortgages his fecund soil to buy imported rations must from now on raise his own food." If I were Czar of Alluvia, with despotic control of these most fertile acres on earth, such would be my Ukase Number One.

Ukase Number Two would be: "The river shall be kept off the land."

Upon these simple statutes hang all the law and the profits of our Mississippi Valley. This Empire of Alluvia must be made secure against inundation and must set its own table from the bountiful produce of its own fields. Then nobody will ever hear another yell to the Red Cross.

Rehabilitation is a long, hard word—a longer, harder task. But when the farmer gets dependable levee protection, when he feeds his family from truck patch and barnyard, he needn't worry about rehabilitation. I say when, not if. There'll be no if about either of these propositions, for Uncle Sam has now got his head set to put a curb on his most rambunctious river, and valley folks must grow their own food.

Before the Civil War the partnership of Isom & Boss, Ltd., found themselves cut off from civilized fripperies by miles of impassable swamp. When they ordered a pound of coffee from Vicksburg their wagon floundered through jungle trails and streaks of sticky mud called roads to the Mississippi River, then waited until the steamboat happened along. That was their only chance to get supplies. They couldn't phone the delicatessen shop for a ham to be delivered at once or a loaf of bread for supper. If Isom craved sandwiches he must first raise the pig. Hot dogs were far, far beyond the reach of Delta farmers.

It's Wash Day for This Family at Fort Hill, Vicksburg, Mississippi

Man and His Methods

YET Isom loved to smack his lips over a toothsome menu. So did the boss. Hunger was the mother of Hustle. With no packing houses, no prepared food or quick transportation, Isom & Boss, Ltd., became sufficient unto themselves, producing every simple need—sausages, tobacco, sugar, fresh vegetables, wool, leather.

Country people bought almost nothing for the table. Moreover, they wove their own cloth, made their own hats and pegged their own shoes. Antebellum farmers lived at home and boarded at the same place, independent as a pig on ice, with no ration mortgagee camping at their doorsteps.

At the outbreak of the Civil War our Delta had traveled far from its original notion of grubstaking for cotton. The better farmers produced everything that their plantations required and the fluffy white staple became almost a lagniappe of profit. The price of foodstuffs cut no figure in a planter's expense account; mules might go up or down—he rarely bought one. Financial panics rocked Wall Street, and the plantation felt no tremor. None of these men were rich in the sense of having big money, but what they owned belonged to them, with no strings tied to it.

bigger than any flood. Brown and yellow millions grow more insistent as competitors for land in an overcrowded world. No vast region so generously prolific will be suffered to lie idle or semi-cultivated, and the country cannot remain forever in our hands if we fail to develop its resources. Opportunity is for him who makes the most of it. Mastership passed from the American Indian; and should our people prove themselves ultimately incapable, then some thriftier race will drive us out. The man must change his methods or the land will automatically change its man. This law is harsh as history.

The Languid Life

MORE permanently destructive than an occasional overflow is the daily disaster that most river farmers grow practically nothing except cotton. Under a crop-and-credit system, our people were broke before their levees broke. Even had there been no crevasse, it is doubtful if the land, *en bloc*, would have sold for enough to pay its debts. During the past several years cotton has brought

Arkansas City, Looking South

The Refugees' Line at Vicksburg, Mississippi

Speaking broadly, we've got to go back to that system or there can be no genuine rehabilitation. The flood calamity of 1927 makes it imperative that sons return to the old-fashioned methods of their fathers. They must again become real farmers, not single-barreled specialists in cotton, constantly struggling to keep ahead of a mortgage. Their difficulties are prodigious, but men of such courage and resource will find a way.

The reason for this necessity is less than the cost of production—cost being composed of interest charges, living expenses, imported mules and foodstuffs. Never a solitary work animal and never a bite of ordinary food need be purchased abroad. Our fields can raise everything we require. The land can raise it, but the man will not.

Cotton is ideally the crop for languid latitudes—a few licks now, a few more next week. It does not demand the continuous exertion of a stock farm, where tactless cows bellow to Isom for attention, even when the circus band begins to play in town.

To mature, a cotton crop requires approximately 100 days of actual toil. But not all at once. Isom plows, then rests a while. He plants, then watches the seed come up, which is unfatiguing. He chops out his young cotton and sits down some more. He lays by and takes a long vacation until picking time. Between these periodical spurts Isom might tend his garden patch, pigs, poultry or cattle. He might raise plenty of green stuff for winter and have his wife preserve it in cans. But the average plantation tenant simply will not bother with extras. Here and there some well-managed property or phenomenally industrious tenant may show an exception.

Which brings us to a bed-rock fact: The unskilled manual laborer must earn such wages for 100 days' work as to support himself and family throughout the year. By employing 27 per cent of his energy, Isom is supposed to pay for 100 per cent of what he eats, wears and consumes,

(Continued on Page 194)

The Fair Large Ears of Gentle Joy

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE express de luxe of the *wagons-lits* pulled into one of its intermediary stations between Paris and Rome, and William Quain, waking from a midmorning doze in Compartment 17, wondered where he might be.

There were many large-lettered signs to be read from his dusty windows, but after the manner of Italian railways, these all had to do with exits, entrances, waiting saloons, baggage rooms, cafés. If you slept past the outside signboard you looked in vain for information of your whereabouts. Not that it mattered, but a stop of sufficient length would give a man a chance to stretch his legs.

He sat up in his corner and the newspaper that lay on his knees slipped to the floor. A Paris Herald now four days old was not, one would think, of any value. Yet Quain picked it up again with a touch of solicitude. It was not the arrivals in Paris that had interested him, nor the quotations of the bourse; not even the inevitable cross-word puzzle. The sheet was folded back at the picture of a very nice girl in a very nice tennis dress. Quain took another look at her as he rose to his feet.

She was well worth looking at—Miss Alida Lithgow, rumored to be engaged to the Comte de Breux. But it was not the guarded caption suggesting this announcement that he was thinking of so much as the fact that the girl herself was indubitably in the compartment next his own. He had first glimpsed her with her father—the Lorillard Lithgow who made steel rails famous—as they came back from the premier service of dinner last night, an encounter in the corridor of the train that made him regret having put his name down for the second. He had seen her on the trip in all six times; mostly, it must be confessed, by intention.

No newspaper picture does a girl justice; but this one, he had decided, for all it had from the very first attracted him by its charm, was nothing short of grotesque libel. However, he carefully thrust the paper beneath his luggage on the rack, having no mind to lose it to some light-fingered passenger. And then he opened his door and stepped out into the corridor.

None of the things that afterward came to pass might have happened as they did if William Quain had not been what his mother called a perfect donkey. Whether he really belonged in that category of indefectible quadrupeds or not, face to face with the emergency of that extraordinary moment, he did the only thing that occurred to him.

Mr. Lorillard Lithgow, part owner of Pittsburgh, was leaning on the open car window, enjoying a homelike atmosphere. He was a big man, gray-haired, blue-eyed and ruddy-faced, graceful for all his heavy frame, genial, cheerful—the sort of father to make a young woman very critical of her suitors. That he shared this discriminating concern was expressed in the close attention he was paying to his daughter's talk. For, as she stood near him with her very nice back turned on Number 17, and as Quain suddenly emerged therefrom, she was remarking in a clear cool voice, "I would just as soon think of marrying that hatchet-face in the next compartment."

Travelers in foreign lands do frequently become careless of being overheard, owing to the infrequency with which they are understood even when bending all their talents to that end. But Miss Lithgow had not been deceived into thinking that her neighbor did not speak English. Mr. William Quain's hatchet face was quite as American as her own far more enchanting features. She had simply been carried away by her theme, which was how very slightly she intended pleasing her mother by becoming the Comtesse de Breux.

"Sorry to Trouble You, But the Fact is I'm Stone-deaf"

Something like the horror which the apparition of Banquo painted upon the cheek of Cawdor showing in the naturally self-possessed countenance of her father, eyes gazing helplessly past her, caused her to turn. And from the very point of the collar of her dress began the blush that surged upward under her creamy skin to her piteously shamed eyes.

Mr. Quain closed his door, took off his cap and pulled a notebook with a pencil from his pocket. "I beg your pardon," he said, stepping forward. "Could you tell me where we are? I shall have to ask you to write the name," he added, proffering the pad to Mr. Lithgow's nerveless fingers. "Sorry to trouble you, but the fact is I'm stone-deaf."

The recording angel merely murmured, "Stuff! I've no time for such nonsense!" and went on with more important records.

Mr. Lithgow drew a long difficult breath, glanced at his open-mouthed offspring, and with a pleasant smile at his afflicted fellow passenger, took the little book and wrote "Bologna" on the blank page.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Quain with a little bow, and disappeared to stretch his legs.

A pardonable pride in his quick-witted rescue of an extremely embarrassed damsel carried him jauntily to the end of the platform. But more than one thought served to slacken his steps as he returned, taking care to face about before he reached the Lithgow window.

The unfortunate estimate of his eligibility rankled a bit, even hurt more than a little. He had no conceit, and he granted that her ladyship's description was all of apt. Yet it was distinctly unpleasant to be cited as the very least marriageable man by quite remarkably the most marriageable girl he had ever seen.

So much of a donkey was he that even in the moment of being called hatchet-faced and relegated forever to the ranks of detrimentals, his only reaction had been to spare her the knowledge that he had overheard her. Now that he had time to think of himself, a certain ruefulness banished any of that approbation of William Quain that he had felt, to which she so conspicuously did not subscribe. But depressed as he had become, he reminded himself that he must carefully continue in his pretense until the train reached Rome. He was going on to Sorrento, where he was to be gathered into the list of guests on a friend's yacht cruising the Mediterranean, so there was not one chance in a thousand that he would see the Lithgows again. And there is no expressing how infinitesimal was the comfort he derived from that thought.

The grandeur that was Rome held him but a couple of days. He had seen it before, he would presumably see it again; it is certain that he did not see it now. A dispatch from Catania, one of Jimmy Littleton's two-hundred-word radiograms, informing him that the yacht would be a week or ten days late—as yachts always are—in keeping appointment with him gave him time to waste. And wasted he considered it, wandering moodily about in the Sacra Via, gazing blankly at the irrational ruins upcropping in the midst of modernity. He had no more sympathetic appreciation of the Eternal City than to decide Rome suffered from fallen arches.

He was quite aware of his boorishness, but for him all roads led to Alida Lithgow, save the one he was elected to tread. He had caught no glimpse of her since the train disgorged them and the forces of the *facchini* separated them. For a man who took pleasure in the normal contacts of life, he should have been very glad of it, since it permitted him to hear as well as to speak. But on the contrary, he was of all men the most deject.

He went away from Rome and tried Naples with no better success. It is not too much to say that he loathed Naples. Restless inquiries elicited the information that there was a small *sapore* sailing in that hour which would take him direct to Sorrento, where time was not. He consigned his erratic host to cruising that sea which is popularly supposed to boil, and went down to the water front of the more temperate Bay of Naples.

The small *sapore*, which was nothing more than a big lubberly sloop with her sail stowed and an engine installed, was filling with passengers, not that daily horde of tourists to Sorrento and Capri who went by a larger steamer with several ports of call. Quain picked his way among various baskets and packages to a seat by the gunwale and wondered why he had come.

The little walled basin, where the Maria della Corona was moored, offered little of interest. A large rowboat nosed in from some outward errand and a barefooted, unkempt man in sailor's garb, very much the worse for his wearing of it, stepped out on the stone causeway. The rower of this craft, standing up to his oars, exchanged a parting nod with his fare. Quain would not have noticed

the man but for two reasons: There was nothing else to notice and the *carabiniere* on the wharf seemed faintly dissatisfied with this latest addition to his flock.

"Now then, where are you coming from?" inquired the guardian of the port, without extravagant interest.

"Off the Fioredelucca," replied the newcomer, spitting into the water. "Object, a pair of pantaloons, and possibly something fit to eat and drink. You don't object?"

"It makes nothing to me," largely returned the other. "Naples can always swallow another rat. What kind of a boat is the Fioredelucca?"

"Excellency, she is a rotten boat, sailing from Marseilles. I shall try for another berth on something better. The *padrone* will doubtless be coming ashore and will show his papers. That will satisfy you?" He spoke with a whimsical effrontery and yet not without a certain wariness.

William Quain, who did not care in the least whether the police were satisfied or no, turned his back on the causeway and looked straight into the smiling eyes of Alida Lithgow. She sat directly opposite him on the farther side of the boat, and the double line of midway benches not having filled up, there was no one just between them to obstruct the shock of seeing her. Her charming eyes crinkled a little at the corners as she slightly smiled and gave him a small nod of recognition.

Mr. Quain had just enough presence of mind to pull off his hat, just enough strength to get to his feet. When he dropped back into his place she was looking composedly away. But he was startled, thrilled, delighted and utterly upset. He had longed to see her so poignantly that there was a tremendous relief in taking brief careful looks at her, but he was aware of an angry irritation with the powers that be. Indubitably she was on her way to Sorrento, and her lack of escort and luggage suggested that she was returning to both. She must be stopping there. And here he was, with all circumstance fortuitous save his having walled himself up alive in a cell of deafness. If only she had never sought to point her matrimonial prejudices by a reference to his hatchet face!

He wondered if it were a memory of that miserable remark that was faintly tingeing her cheek with pink. Or perhaps he was staring. He, too, looked away, but with a serious effort. Really, he thought, by now—she must be twenty-two or three—a girl like that should be well inured to the frank fixedness of gladdened eyes. One could not go about with a face that would have distracted all attention from Helen's preference for Troy and expect the world to look bored.

He just did contrive in the next hour to maintain an outward show of decorous inattention, but his thoughts were whirling about her in a witches' dance. When they neared the landing at the Grande Marina, he caught a glimpse of her busily scribbling in a notebook, and was astonished to see her tear out the page and hold it in her hand. But to have her extend it to him, with another smile, when they rose to go ashore so surprised him as nearly to betray his imposture. He did not receive it at all in the manner of a man accustomed to such a mode of communication.

She was off the boat in another moment, and Quain saw her taken captive by her father and bundled off into a waiting motor car, a vehicle that was no rented affair but the arrant caprice of the passing rich.

The homeward current of passengers set him out on the pier, and while he waited, captured by a prompt *vetturino*, for his bags to be set ashore, he read the note:

If you do not know Sorrento of old, I advise you to try our hotel—the Tritone. It is small, but off the main road, on the water, and very comfortable; and there is a lift to the bathing houses.

He read this friendly advice several times. It was very kind of her, rather brotherly, and coolly modern, and all that. But was he going to be able to stop in the same house as herself and not give himself away? He couldn't see himself saying, "I'm not a bit deaf, you know, really—only said so to save you some embarrassment."

Because, obviously, where was the point of so doing if he were to undo it at their next meeting? And if he were to wait here a week—no knowing when that condemned yacht would put in—could he endure never to have her speak to him? A jolly ass, he thought himself, with no accent on the cheerfulness. A nice coil he was in.

And yet, of course, when the *vetturino* had put his luggage in front, in back and midway of the small carriage, leaving him just room enough to sit with his feet left outside, and asked where he should drive the *signore's* gentility, Quain had no choice.

"*Al Tritone*," he said, and gave up the struggle.

The *vetturino's* horse, which wore a huge bow of white ribbon drooping over his cynical visage, dragged them up the long ascent to the Piazza, ambled across it and turned off abruptly into an apparent alley next the Banco. This narrow roadway bent again later to run parallel with the cliffs of the coast, burying itself between walls of hidden estates, past the entrances of small hotels, and wound casually onward to the high gates of the Tritone, and even beyond.

But here the cynical horse stopped in response to a wild cry from his master, who dismounted and began the recitation of the wrongs of a long life as a prelude to overcharging his fare. A concierge in uniform and a waiter in a white coat, who came forth to receive the guest, cut short this narrative. Mr. William Quain, who felt that he could not establish his rôle too soon, merely nodded as he got down and then shook his head.

"*Fa niente*," he said idly. "I cannot hear what he says. *Sono sordo*. I want a room with bath—a room facing the water."

"You see, the *signore* is already deaf," remarked the waiter maliciously.

The *vetturino* broke into passionate protest as the concierge handed him five lire, but Quain paid no attention. As securely cut off by his affliction from the world as is a goldfish by its bowl, he left everything to be settled without him and walked into the courtyard of the hotel.

There was not more than fifty feet of it between the iron grille of the gates and the parapet over which one looked down past a perpendicular vineyard into the blue water. Laterally, one end of the tiled space ended in the side wall of another garden; the opposite was cut off by the façade of the hotel.

A sort of campanile stood here, which housed the lift that, when the electricity was not lacking, carried one slowly down through the solid rock to a passageway and the sea. The space near the parapet was set with iron tables and chairs and every sort of tree and plant that will consent to thrive in a pot.

Quain felt as if he had stepped upon the stage set for a light opera, so isolated by surrounding walls was the little terrace, and so frivolously colored. Nobody but a scene painter would have been guilty of a back drop so blue as that sky and sea or a hotel as pink as a baby's blanket. Nevertheless, it touched a powerful reality in being the *pied-à-terre* of the very real Alida Lithgow, that disturbing

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"Oh, Aren't They Beautiful?" Sighed Alida. "Some Poor Woman Must be Breaking Her Heart at Losing Them"

THE BEAUTIFUL OLD BOAT

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

Anne Looked Up at Him and Smiled. "I Like Men to be a Little Crazy," Anne Said

JOHNNY found her, one Friday evening in June, beside a garage on the Post Road. He had stopped to get a new spark plug for the front cylinder of his flivver, which was pumping oil. It was raining. She was standing out in the rain. And the moment Johnny saw her, he forgot about the cylinder that pumped oil and the spark plug he had stopped to buy. For a moment or two he even forgot Anne Merrill. He just stood and stared at the beautiful old boat.

She was long and low and powerful, and sporting—really sporting. She aroused memories of the days when cars were mostly open, and even a windshield was a concession to women who didn't want their hair blown about; of the days when four big cylinders hadn't given way to six or eight little ones, and the balloon tire was still an idea, and the passengers in the rear seat expected to be thrown about a bit. She had a rakish air—the air of one who has distanced many a cop.

Johnny leaned over her side and peered into her enormous cowl. Her gauges were not set on a dash, as they are in a staid family sedan, but in the rise of the floor. There was a gauge marked "Olio," and an ammeter, and a clock marked "8 Jours," and a brass fuse box with a row of tumbler switches above it, and a big speedometer head with a long, slim hand that moved around to record the speed in kilometers. The numerals on the dial ran from 10 to 150. Johnny reflected that the 150 was probably swank. A hundred and fifty kilometers is almost a hundred miles, and she had probably never gone a hundred miles an hour, even if she had gone a hundred thousand miles in her lifetime.

There was no door on the right side forward, so Johnny climbed over her rail and sat down in the deep cushion behind the wheel. His feet found the clutch and the brake pedals. The front seat was divided in the middle by a heavily upholstered arm. It was like sitting in a low leather library chair.

"Why," Johnny thought, "can't they build a driving compartment as perfect as this nowadays?"

The gear lever had an H gate, with four speeds forward. The emergency-brake lever was hung on the outside of the body. Johnny reached over and pulled the long lever. The ratchet gave a satisfying click.

"There," thought Johnny, "is a brake that is a brake."

Johnny climbed out of the car and walked slowly around her, oblivious of the rain. She was a four-passenger touring. The rear seat was divided, like the front, into two deeply cushioned chairs. She had wire wheels—six of them. The two spares were mounted in wells on the forward fenders. She had been painted black, the last time she'd been painted, with coach-red running gear. Her gas tank—the size and shape of a wardrobe trunk—had been painted red. Her radiator shell and her hubcaps and her windshield frame and her steering-wheel spider and her running-board trimmings were solid brass. Time and tide had dulled her paint and her brasswork, but even so, the brass was a pleasing contrast to her black hood and her black body.

Just below her radiator cap was her *marque*—a *marque* that had often, in the years before the war, led the way over the Alps. The *marque* was a white *fleur-de-lis* set in a black triangle. She was a Valencia.

Johnny walked back far enough so he could get a good look at her whole length. He knelt down and peered beneath her running boards. Her engine pan cleared the ground by less than a hand's breath. That wasn't so good once you got off the state highways. But how she would hold the road when you got her rolling!

Johnny walked into the garage. He saw a pair of legs projecting from beneath a Becker sedan. Johnny tried to make his tone casual as he addressed the legs.

"Say," he said, "is that Valencia you've got outside for sale?"

There was no reply. Garagemen were like that. Johnny had five minutes in which to contemplate the Becker. It was new and it had four-wheel brakes and a particularly snappy six-cylinder engine, and it would climb almost any hill in high gear and do fifty-five miles an hour on the level and average twenty miles to the gallon, and it cost just under a thousand dollars. Johnny admitted that it was a triumph of modern production methods. But anybody could handle it. Anybody could repair it. Anybody could buy it. Consequently, Johnny detested it.

The garageman swung his legs under the Becker and stuck his head out. "What's that?" he asked.

"That Valencia you've got out there," Johnny said. "Is she for sale?"

"Sure."

"Is she all right?"

"Well," the garageman said, scrambling to his feet, "she is and she ain't."

He wiped the grease off his hand on the only clean part of his face and accompanied Johnny to the Valencia.

"Want to hear how she sounds?"

Johnny nodded. The garageman climbed in and pulled and pushed various gadgets. There was a click, a rumble, a bell-like clang, and the motor began to turn over—swish, swish, swish. With a sudden roar, the engine caught. The Valencia's hood shook. Her whole body shook. Johnny could hear the slap of a loose piston over the clatter of worn valves.

The garageman promptly kicked the cut-out open and gave her the gas. When he did that, Johnny could hear only the splendid roar of her big cylinders.

"She'd have to be rebored and have new pistons fitted," Johnny said, trying to think of objections to the Valencia while his mind was filled with the picture of himself driving her, and his ear was filled with the sound of her. Tomorrow was Saturday and he had a date to drive Anne Merrill sixty miles across country to the annual Intercollegiate Regatta at Poughkeepsie. "She sounds pretty loose," Johnny finished.

"Well, now, I don't know," the garageman said. "She ain't what she was once, but she's a good old boat."

"What would you take for her as she stands?" Johnny asked.

The garageman stopped the motor, disembarked and lit a cigarette, and surveyed the Valencia with an admiring eye and sighed. "That's a special, handmade, custom body," he said. He pointed to a brass plate just below the sector of the emergency brake.

Johnny leaned over and read the legend, somewhat obscured by verdigris, on the plate. It was, apparently, "Carrosserie Vigee le Brun, Paris." Johnny had a notion he had heard the name Vigee le Brun somewhere. He felt he ought to have heard it, if he hadn't.

"How old is she?" he asked captiously.

The garageman shook his head. "I couldn't exactly say," he admitted. "But my guess is that she's either a late '17 or an early '18."

"Ten years old," Johnny said, and tried to force himself to consider the fact in all its inner significance, instead of the mere outward beauty of the old boat.

"You know," the garageman said confidentially, "they don't build 'em the way that car was built—not any more.

Anne Was Out on the Front Steps With a Tea Basket. At the Sight of Her, Johnny Forgot What He Was Doing

They don't put the stuff in 'em or the work on 'em. But a car like that—why, you can't kill it." He lifted one side of the Valencia's hood. "Look at that," he commanded. "That engine is mostly aluminum where it ain't bronze. Look at that crank case."

Johnny looked. The cylinder head was nearly as high as his shoulder and from that the engine went down almost to the ground. "Must have a six-inch stroke," he said.

"Six and a half, boy," the garageman said. "A six-and-a-half-inch stroke on a bore of four and three-quarters. And a long rod besides."

The garageman dropped the hood and pulled out a floor board. "Look at that transmission!" he cried.

The transmission was inclosed in a big square box of aluminum with a brass filler cap in the center of the top.

"Do you think she's good for another 10,000 miles?"

"I don't know why not," the garageman replied. "I don't know why she ain't good for another 40,000 miles."

Johnny frowned as he tried to check over in his mind the items you ought to make sure of in buying a secondhand car. There might be something seriously wrong with a ten-year-old car, even if she was a Valencia.

"How about the rear axle?" he asked.

"It doesn't hum," the garageman announced triumphantly. "Boy," he continued, "do you know what they did when they built that car?"

"No," Johnny admitted.

"They gave the motor a test run of twenty-four hours on the block; then they tore the motor down and looked it over and reassembled it and put it in the chassis; and then they road-tested it. Do you know what roads they tested it on?"

"No," Johnny admitted.

"The Alps Mountains," the garageman said—"the Alps and the Pyrenees. Every one o' them cars had to go over the Alps and the Pyrenees without a flicker or they rejected it. But if she passed her road test, do you know what they done?"

"No," Johnny admitted.

"They guaranteed her for three years—guaranteed every part of her—motor, transmission and rear end—for three years."

"What'll you take for her, now?" Johnny asked.

The garageman gave Johnny a long, appraising look "Do you know what that car cost new?"

"Six or seven thousand dollars, I imagine," Johnny said.

"Eleven thousand, five hundred," the garageman said—"eleven thousand, five hundred "

"That was a long time ago," Johnny said. "What's she worth now?"

"Well," the garageman said, "I'll tell you. I bought that car for a tow car. I was goin' to cut the tonneau off her and put on a crane. She's got a world o' power, that old girl, and she'd make a fine tow car. But if you want her, you can have her for two and a half."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," Johnny said

"Yep," the garageman said, "two an' a half."

Johnny turned and pointed to his flivver. "How'll you trade?"

The garageman frowned. "Well," he confessed, "I've got no special use for a flivver."

Johnny started the flivver. "H'm!" the garageman said. "Hittin' on three cylinders."

"Needs a new spark plug in front," Johnny explained.

"H'm," the garageman said; "pumping oil."

"Some," Johnny admitted. "But it's all right. It isn't a year old. In fact, it's almost new."

"Tires are pretty well shot," the garageman observed.

"Those tires haven't been over five thousand miles," Johnny protested. "They're good for about seven thousand more."

The garageman shook his head dubiously and lit a fresh cigarette.

"I tell you," he said, "I don't want a flivver. But prob'bly I could figure some way to get rid of this one. I'll trade you the Valencia there for your flivver and fifty berries to boot."

"I can't see that," Johnny said, and produced arguments

In the end he got the Valencia in return for his almost-new flivver and a check for twenty-five dollars. The garageman helped him shift the flivver's license plates to the Valencia and Johnny found himself seated behind the wheel of the beautiful old boat with her big engine roaring under his foot. It was dark by this time and the rain was still coming down so hard that he wished the Valencia had an automatic windshield wiper. Her lights were curiously dim too. But she went. And when Johnny stepped on the gas going up the hill into the garage at home she did not purr like a Becker six; she made you aware that there was something under your foot; she thundered.

In consequence, he had some embarrassing explanations to make. The family heard the Valencia coming into the yard and got into a discussion as to whether it was the Boston to New York air mail going unusually low overhead or a big truck making the hill. Johnny was two years out of college and he had a job as an engineer with the state highway commission, but the family still regarded him as a boy, after the fashion of families. When they asked him whether the loud chuttering they had heard was a truck or an airplane he replied with dignity that it was neither it was a Valencia.

None of them was sympathetic. His father was afraid he had made a financial error in trading a practically new flivver for a car ten years old; his mother was sure the Valencia was dangerous; and his younger sister, who understood him too well, made remarks about Johnny's desire for swank.

He hadn't expected anything better of the family. He only hoped that Anne Merrill would like the Valencia. He didn't know Anne well, but he hoped to. The Merrills were newcomers in Fairport. They had bought the old Shotwell place and done it over rather thoroughly. They had a chauffeur and at least two big cars. Johnny had a hunch that Anne would appreciate the Valencia. Most people wouldn't, of course. Most people would think that a younger and lighter car would be easier to drive and cost less for gas and oil and repairs. Most girls would think almost any new and shiny car had more class than anything ten years old could possibly have. Most girls wouldn't really get the fact that the Valencia had distinction. Johnny thought Anne would get it. He thought she was that kind of girl.

II

JOHNNY was downstairs at six o'clock the next morning and saw that it promised to be the kind of a day a Saturday in June ought to be. He had a bad half minute when he looked over the Valencia by daylight. Her upholstery hadn't survived the years as well as he had thought

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The Man in the Flivver Eyed Them. He Stopped His Car and Got Out and Walked Over to the Edge of the Bank and Gazed at the Valencia

IN THE WHEAT PIT

By James A. Patten
In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

ONE year, on the day after the Fourth of July, I started for Colorado with my family. They had all been eager for a trip out there to a springs resort owned by a friend of mine He had invited us sometime before. My boy Tom was a baby then. It was in the mountains, fifteen miles from a railroad or a telegraph wire.

We had been there two weeks, having a good time and shut off from all news, when one day a man rode up to the house on a horse. He had a telegram for me. It was from Brother George; a message asking me to come back to Chicago because of great excitement in the market. I knew that it had been raining for some days before we had left Chicago, but his message told me for the first time that it had been raining steadily also during those two weeks I had been in Colorado.

An Exciting Moment of Trade, Illustrating Many of the Characters of the Trader's Sign Manual, in the Wheat Pit of the Chicago Board of Trade

Because of that continued rain only a small amount of oats could be found in the country by those men who had contracted in January to deliver 1,000,000 bushels of oats to me in July for forty cents a bushel. Oats that had been quoted at about forty-eight cents at the end of June, rose by July twenty-fifth to seventy-one cents, which was the climax. There was no manipulation by me. A short crop had been indicated at the beginning of the year, and I had purchased oats. If it had not been for the rain I might have been licked. I do not mean that I would have lost money, but I should have made less had it not been for the rain. Men have learned to build shelters of steel and concrete that dwarf the pyramids, but they are as dependent for existence on favorable weather as when they lived in caves.

Much as I enjoy being right, I cannot say I knew in advance that it was going to rain day after day for weeks that summer. My sources of information have never been so good as that, although they have been pretty good. Chance, or Providence, helped me then, as it did many other times.

Chance and character make a man's life. At Freeland Corners my people had been United Presbyterians, psalm singers. I knew a Presbyterian woman down there whose son went away to study for the ministry, and when he came home an ordained Episcopal clergyman she refused to go to hear him preach.

The Teamwork of Character and Chance

AT FIRST when I came to Chicago I stayed at a boarding house where there were a number of young fellows of my age. Some of them were also employed at good salaries in the state grain-inspection department. We had good times, but after a while I discovered I was spending all the money I earned. We would go to the theaters or drink beer and play cards to determine who should pay for our fun.

I knew I had to have money if I was going to get anywhere in the world, and I knew I never could save any unless I changed my way of living. So I determined to find another place to board. Finally I heard of a couple out on the West Side who might be willing to take me in. I went out there and an old fellow came to the door. I introduced myself and explained my errand. He asked me a number of questions and was particularly concerned about my religious habits and beliefs. I met his final test when he discovered I was a United Presbyterian, for he was a deacon in the First United Presbyterian Church.

"We'll take you in," he said, "on one condition. If you are not in the house by ten o'clock at night, mother and I must know where you are." I think he expected me to object.

Instead, I said, "This is just the place I'm looking for."

I never had to tell them where I was after ten o'clock, though, because I was always in my room by that time. Thereafter for the four years I was with them, instead of spending all my money, I saved half of it. On Sundays I went to church with them. That was character; but it was there that I met my wife, and that was chance.

Joseph Leiter

A gambler is a man who creates the unimportant risk that he assumes, a speculator assumes a risk that already exists. A speculator is a gambler only in the sense that we all are gamblers in this narrow margin of the universe we call the earth, where the stakes are existence, some measure of happiness, and a lively interest in the struggle. We cannot avoid taking chances.

The oats would not grade that year I took my family to Colorado. It was so wet the farmers could not get into the fields. If any deal I have ever conducted has been a corner, it has also been an accident. I never in my life set out deliberately to corner the market. If any man tells you he can corner the oats market buying 1,000,000 bushels, he is a fool. It cannot be done. Nevertheless, this was a successful deal, and at the end of July, when I received only half the volume of oats I had contracted to buy, the men who had sold short and could not find oats fit to sell had to buy back their contracts from me.

Playing the Supply and Demand Tip

THERE was then, of course, a tremendous demand for oats. Corn and oats—the coarse grains—were for the world what oil is today. They were the source of power for farming, for all kinds of distribution from farm and factory to rail, from rail to sea, from store to house. There was not a public garage in the country, and such automobiles as existed were objects of curiosity. The filling stations then were livery stables. In that day 75,000 bushels of oats were devoured every day by Chicago horses alone. Many shiploads of our oats went abroad for the millions of horses in other lands. That is demand.

Men fed oats to their horses in the warm seasons, and in cold weather gave them a ration of corn, because it is a richer food and more heating. Cheap electricity and the internal-combustion engine using oil fuel have created a revolution in power and are the main causes of the depression in coarse grains, with consequent trouble for the grain-growing farmer. You can't get away from that by passing McNary-Haugen bills. In the same way, demand for wheat has been lessened in America because people can afford to eat more of foods they like better; and it has been lessened in Europe because the people there—many of them—cannot afford to buy as much white bread as they did before the war.

I bought oats that year knowing that the reserve supply was nearly exhausted and that continued wet weather during the previous autumn had lessened the supply Plenty of other men knew all this, but they simply did not make up their minds to buy.

Whether a man buys oats or rye, wheat or cotton, or any other commodity in large quantities, his purpose is to make a profit. A man buys because he thinks, or hopes, the price is going to increase. He sells short, or rather he contracts to deliver in the future, because he thinks the price is going to decrease.

I never was much of a hand to sell short. I do not mean that I never have sold a bushel short, but generally speaking, I have been on the bull side of the market. I'm too optimistic to be a bear. In all of my big deals I have been a buyer, and when I have bought wheat, it has been because of some condition in the world that suggested the approach of a shortage.

There are 2,000,000 farms in the United States producing wheat. The grain is grown in all but six states. Two years before we went into the war those 2,000,000 farms outdid all previous records and produced more than 1,000,000,000 bushels; but when anyone in the grain trade speaks of the wheat crop he refers to the world crop—that is, the crop of the United States plus that of other exporting countries. Wheat is being harvested literally every day in the year, so that there is never a moment when the traders may sit back and say: "This is the inventory; this is the order list; therefore the price must be so much."

The axis of the earth inclines so that we who live north of the equator are turned beneath the sun as though we were on a spit during June, July and August, and then the axis inclines another way so that people south of the equator are experiencing summer while we are trying to keep warm. Two of the great wheat-exporting countries are the Argentine and Australia, both below the equator. When our chief wheat-producing areas are buried beneath snow their grain is ripening.

The Board Room of the Old Chicago Stock Exchange, 1894

Revolution in Russia, frost in the Argentine, black rust in the Dakotas, war in Europe, all contribute to that riotous yelling in the Chicago wheat pit. It is a constantly changing picture, and to no man is there given the discernment that will enable him to say whether the fall of a government in Germany is the repercussion of a frost in Canada; or if a bumper crop from the Argentine sets up a train of circumstances that induces a Northwestern congressman to write a law designed to be a valve to control forces that are not yet controllable by mankind. One who spends his life watching the eddies and whirlpools of the economic current may only wonder.

The Struggle for Wheat Control

IT IS plain silly to talk of manipulating such forces. A man might cause a brief flurry in the market, a price change of a few cents, but I think he would lose more often than he would win. I know I cannot guess changes of that kind. They seem to be without meaning. Even the struggles between some of the big traders of the past, when great quantities of grain were shipped out of the country, did not control the price, although it was a common thing to hear people speak as if individuals had such power. Old Hutch and Ed Pardridge used to fight each other in the wheat pit, but that merely means that they had adopted different views of market conditions. When Joe Leiter tried to corner the wheat market and P. D. Armour fought him, it was just a case of two men with big fortunes backing their opinions, except that Leiter tried to keep from accepting some of the grain that P. D. brought to market, and P. D. performed what seemed then to be extraordinary accomplishments.

It began in 1897. I was elected a director of the Board of Trade that year. There was a shortage of wheat and rye in Europe and a famine in India due to a crop shortage there, and in the previous year, when William Jennings Bryan had been licked at the polls after preaching a silver-standard doctrine, the American crop had been unsatisfactory. There was less wheat in the world than the world needed. Neither P. D. Armour nor Joe Leiter had anything to do with that fact, and bakers would have raised the price of bread if neither of those two men had ever been heard of.

For some time after Leiter started to buy wheat there were rumors on the Board of Trade that the buying orders were coming from a syndicate that included Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan. If there had been richer men the rumors would have included them. Sometimes such reports are spread by the actual buyers of grain. The reports also named as the operators supposed to be handling the deal, the tall, spare and taciturn Jim Keene and Deacon S. V. White. Leiter was regarded as too inexperienced for such work. He was then about thirty years old. September wheat had been around seventy cents in July, but it reached $1.03½ by September twenty-sixth. It was not known until later that young Joe Leiter was the holder of most of the short contracts.

Much of his trading had been done on the floor by a brokerage firm two of whose members were young fellows to whom Leiter had taken a fancy. They were honest and dependable.

From Natural Causes

IT WAS late in September that it was learned that the two large interests pitted against each other in December wheat trading were P. D. Armour and Leiter. Armour's men were combing the Northwest, buying all the grain they could get, to be delivered to Leiter in December. Peavey of Minneapolis was contending with the Armour men for that grain. Leiter's plan was to export as much as he could to create a scarcity here. The price of corn was way up, too, and the farmers were so prosperous that the embarrassed Mr. Bryan, who had been telling them the year before that they were going to be crucified on a cross of gold, said in an interview that higher prices for wheat and corn had nothing to do with the political situation; that they had been caused by crop shortages in Europe and India, and Mr. Bryan was absolutely right. The export movement that was part of Leiter's plan began late in November, and in a single day more than 700,000 bushels were shipped overseas. Prices mounted until wheat was selling for $1.09 and farmers were sweeping the floors of their barns to find wheat to sell at that price. The price was supported by a continued drought in the fall that had left the ground in a poor condition for seeding, so that the acreage in Illinois alone was more than 400,000 acres less than in the preceding year. Supply and demand again, not manipulation, you see

Samples on Cash Grain Tables in the Chicago Board of Trade. In Insert—Arthur W. Cutten

Armour was supposed to be hopelessly short in December, and if he had been an ordinary man I suppose he would have been. There was wheat in the Northwest, but to fulfill his contracts he had to deliver that wheat into Chicago elevators—for the most part, his elevators. He had a system of eight of these immense warehouses, with a capacity of 12,000,000 bushels Only a portion of that space was available for wheat, because necessarily there were millions of bushels of corn, oats and rye stored in many of the bins, that were like deep towers nested inside the sheer sides of the wooden structures rising higher than a ten-story building.

The fresh water of the Great Lakes freezes over in winter, so that navigation ceases ordinarily in the month of December. Practically all shipping had gone into winter berths, but P. D., undertaking their insurance

(Continued on Page 205)

THE TRAINED FLEE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS, Pullman porter, was engaged in the pursuit of vanity. With enormous enthusiasm he polished a pair of overlarge shoes until they fairly glittered. Then he dusted the ultimate speck of dust from his new blue trousers. He was very particular about his linen. The shirt which he selected was of sheer soft material, spotlessly fresh from the laundry and almost free from holes. His collar was as white and high and impeccable as a signboard not yet decorated.

He donned his impressive uniform coat of blue and borrowed a can of silver polish from Sis Callie Flukers' kitchen. For fifteen minutes he devoted himself to the labor of causing each of his buttons to attain mirror-like brilliance. He brushed his cap and placed it on his egg-shaped head. With great but pardonable pride he surveyed the ensemble in his mirror.

Thrown back into his eyes was the vision of a very tall, somewhat angular negro of not unimpressive proportions. The face was long and narrow, set with a large, genial mouth and acquisitive eyes.

Epic carried himself with military erectness. He moved with the poise and confidence of the man who has accomplished much in the world and has ambitions to accomplish a great deal more. True, his feet were inclined to slue and perhaps to shuffle, but one could not fail to be impressed by the faint touch of professional hauteur which had been acquired during the years of railroad service, proclaimed to the world by the service stripes on Epic's arm.

Mr. Peters studied himself intently. He walked away from the mirror, then turned, posed, and advanced magniloquently toward the polished surface; his countenance transfigured by what he fondly fancied was an irresistible smile. He gestured largely with broad shoulders and tremendous hands. He made motions of a social sort: Extending his arm to the touch of an imaginary lady; bowing with exquisite courtesy; smirking broadly. So impressed was Epic Peters with his own elegance that he did not see the door open, nor know that he had a visitor until the cool, admiring voice of Mr. Florian Slappey reached his ears.

"Great wiggilin' tripe, Epic, whaffo' does you cut up all them monkeyshines?"

Epic whirled. Then he grinned somewhat sheepishly as he identified the newcomer.

"Dawg my hide, if it ain't Brother Slappey hisse'f."

"That's the one pusson it ain't nobody else but," affirmed Florian. "Only I never thought I was comin' into no crazy house."

Mr. Peters lounged against the bedstead. "I ain't no mo' crazy than a couple of wolfs, Florian."

"No-o? Then how come you to act so foolish?"

"Practicin'!" proclaimed Epic with engaging candor.

"Fo' what?"

"Wimmin!"

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes, Epic, when did you git sof' in the haid 'bout feemales?"

"I ain't, Florian; crost my heart an' hope to be bawn a wiener if I am. I ain't ma'ied an' I don't crave to be. But under suttin circumstances ——"

"Like which?"

Epic seated himself and nodded Florian to a chair. He welcomed this opportunity to unburden himself.

"You know, Florian," he started, "that they has put on a new ve'y de luxe train 'tween Bumminham an' New Yawk?"

"Uh-huh. I has heard tell of it."

"Even so, you don't know nothin', Brother Slappey. We is solid Pullman, with compartment cars, osservation car, lounge, club car, diner, radio, movies an' ev'y other dawg-gone thing you can imagine."

"What you mean—we?"

"Us. Myse'f an' the Pullman comp'ny. 'Cause, Florian, I is porterin' on that train!"

"Hot ziggity dam!" exclaimed Florian with rapt enthusiasm. "I'll bet you is happy."

Mr. Garnet Selected His Words With Care. "This Is the Question: What Is Yo' Sentiments T'ords Epic Peters?"

"It's the fondest job I is of. Nor neither what I told you ain't all. There is somethin' else."

"What else?"

Epic glanced all about the room. He dropped his voice to a whisper and craned his neck. "Florian," he murmured "runnin' on that ve'y same train, us has got a lady's maid!"

"No?"

"Yeh! An' oh, sweet mamma! Boy, you ain't never in all yo' life seen such a gal. She's about the color of a mild ten-cent cigar an' she's got eyes as sof' an' gentle as an English bulldog—you know, kind of friendly like. She has class all the way thoo, an' b'lieve you me, Epic Peters is the feller which notices such things."

"I'll say you does." Florian reflected enviously for a moment. "You has fell fo' her, eh?"

"Golly, no! I ain't never fell fo' no woman, an' don't especk to."

"But why ——"

"Gosh-amighty, Florian, don't you use yo' haid fo' nothin' but to keep yo' ears apart? Ise plumb ashamed of yo' density."

"You said ——"

"I said I was practicin' to make Miss Chlorine Garnet understan' what when it comes to men Ise the king an' fo' aces. Tha's all!"

Mr. Slappey's eyes crinkled at the corners. His lips twitched appreciatively. "I see," he observed. "You calculate that since you has got to railroad fum Bumminham to New Yawk with a good-lookin' cullud gal you might as well let her know that you is an applicatin' papa. That it?"

"You pronounced it explicit, Brother Slappey. I got good intentions t'ords that gal, but Ise everlastin'ly dad-blamed if Epic Peters is gwine sit back an' watch some other Pullman porter stan' ace high with the fust lady's maid on the Bumminham run while he don't git to say nothin' but 'How-d'ye-do!'"

"Right you is," applauded Florian. "You got plenty of persipassity, Epic. Tell me somethin' 'bout her. Where she fum?"

"Atlanta."

"Hot dawg! They grows 'em good in that town."

"You said it." Epic grinned. "An' the funniest thing about it, Florian, is her husband."

Mr. Slappey blinked violently. "S-s-s-says which?"

"Her husband. That is, he ain't her husband, but he used to be."

"O-o-o-oh! Tha's diff'ent, Epic. I thought you woul'n't be so foolish in the haid as to flirt with no ma'ied gal."

"I should say not. Chlorine ain't ma'ied, but she once was. An' tha's what makes this thing so terrible humorous. You see, Florian, her husband is a waiter on the diner of this ve'y selfsame de luxe train we is on!"

"Oh!" Mr. Slappey seemed particularly lacking in enthusiasm. "What sort of a feller is he, Epic?"

"Tha's the joke, Brother Slappey. He's the funniest li'l' guy you ever looked at in yo' whole life. He's short an' plump an' he's got a face that looks like an apple pie which somebody made fo' las' Chris'mas an' forgot to eat."

"Is you talkin'!"

"Ain't I? Eddie Garnet don't have nothin' to say, an' he says it constant. I has looked him over, an' dawg'd if I can see how Chlorine ever come to make ma'iage with him in the fust place."

"Never can tell about wimmin," observed the astute Mr. Slappey. "They has got a habit of doin' queer things." He stood back and surveyed the gleaming porter admiringly. "You sho does shimmer like the green bay-rum tree, Epic."

"I reckon I does kind of present myse'f. Chlorine ought to reelize what a man I is."

"I'll say." Mr. Slappey asked a casual question. "How has you an' she been gittin' on?"

The smile vanished from Epic's countenance. His face grew unduly long and his expression serious. "Not so good, Florian—not so awful good."

"What you mean, 'not so good'?"

"We-e-ell, it seems like she don't pay no 'tention to nothin' on'y her business on the train—lookin' after ladies an' gittin' hat bags an' performin' manicures an' all such as that"

"You mean that she ain't fell fo' you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, fo' cryin' out loud! How dumb that gal must be. What you reckon, Brother Peters, is the matter with Chlorine?"

The elongated Pullman porter lowered his voice. "Nuts!" he observed scathingly.

"What you mean, 'nuts'?"

"I got an awful hunch, Florian, that Chlorine is still kind of crazy 'bout her husban'."

"No?"

"Yeh. An' 'tain't nothin' but silliment. Honest, Florian, that feller is six times less than zero. He is jus' a hunk of tripe. He ain't got no face an' he has too much figger.

"Jealous! Why, That Feller Is So Crazy With Jealousy He Moe' Bit the Table When Ut Et Together"

Round like a orange, an' sour. Tha's how come I schum me a scheme."

"What kind of a scheme?"

"Nemmin' what. I tell you when it wuks. But I argufies, Florian, that the trouble with Chlorine is that she cain't see no other man fo' thinkin' of her husban'. I espostulates that once she gits woke up to what a regalar feller I is she is gwine fo'get that two-bit man on the diner."

"Humph! You don't hate yo'se'f some, does you?"

"Why should I? Besides, it ain't no conceitfulness to think Ise mo' attractiver than Eddie Garnet. Also Ise doin' Chlorine a favor."

"How come?"

"'Cause the sooner she forgits Eddie, the better off she is gwine be. He don't pay her no mind whichsoever."

"An' her a pretty gal?"

"Prettier than that. But Eddie don't see nothin' in the world only the tips he gits, an' not much of them. Seems like to me it would be crool to let her go on bein' crazy 'bout a guy which ain't payin' her no heed."

Florian shrugged. "Go ahead, Brother Peters. But as fo' me, I says thay ain't no woman wuth gittin' into trouble about."

"Who said somethin' 'bout gittin' into trouble?"

"I did," prophesied Florian darkly. "Always when there is two mens an' a gal, there's trouble. An' when one of them fellers used to be the husban' of the gal ——"

"Humph! Does that butterball ever fool aroun' me Ise gwine take him 'tween my two fingers—so—an' sqush him—so—an' then step on him—like that!"

"M'm-h'm! You is bad, ain't you?"

"I ain't bad, Florian. Not me. Ise terrible!"

Mr. Peters bade his friend farewell and moved with conquering strides toward the Pullman office at the massive terminal station. From there he moved under the cavernous shed, where the cars were being assembled into a de luxe train.

The train had not yet been announced and there was, for the moment, no professional duty to distract Epic's attention. He therefore entered the train and went in search of Chlorine Garnet.

He found her in the lounge, a lonely and delectable figure in her simple gray and a dainty white apron. She was staring through the polished windowpane into the murk and steaminess of the big station. He seated himself near her.

"How-d'ye, Chlorine."

"'Mawnin', Mistuh Peters."

"Whyn't you call me Epic?"

"A'right, Epic." She was utterly indifferent. Mr. Peters leaned forward.

"Is I an' you frien's, Chlorine?"

"Uh-huh. Reckon so."

"Ain't you shuah?"

"P'raps."

Mr. Epic Peters suffered from wounded vanity. The woman simply didn't know that he existed. He meant nothing to her. But the porter was too adroit to show his irritation.

"Chlorine," he whispered, "I craves to he'p you out."

She flashed him a sharp glance—the first real interest she had ever betrayed in the gangling gentleman. Epic felt a warm glow at this indication that his scheme gave promise of working successfully.

"He'p me out of which?"

"Yo' troubles."

"Who says I got troubles?"

"Nobody says it, Chlorine, but I can see it."

"You got good eyes!"

"I'll say I has. Now listen, gal. I ain't been porterin' all these yeahs 'thout learnin' somethin' 'bout folks. They don't got to tell me ev'ythin'. An' tha's why I know all 'bout you."

No doubt of the fact that she was genuinely interested. It occurred to her that this tall, somewhat self-opinionated porter was really a very human sort of person. He was so sympathetic!

"Wh-what kind of troubles has I got, Epic?"

"Husban' troubles."

She gazed at him, round-eyed. "Understandin' feller what you is. I never seen the beat!"

"An' you never will," indorsed Epic pridefully. "Now listen, Chlorine. I uses my eyes to see with an' my brains to think thoughts. An' I has happened to observe that, divorce or no divorce, you remains crazy 'bout that waitin' husban' of yourn. Is that true?"

A slow blush suffused her cheeks. "I ain't sayin' it ain't, Epic."

"Well, is it or is it ain't?"

"'Tis," she breathed.

"Hot diggity dawg! Then that makes it easy!"

"What?"

"Fo' me to he'p you win him back."

She raised blazing eyes to Epic's face and he saw that he had won. No danger that she would ever again regard him as a lay figure. Her interest had been aroused, and Mr. Peters knew that the first great move in his planned conquest of the fair Chlorine had been blessed with unqualified success.

The trouble from the first had been that in her eyes he was of no more importance than the water cooler or the fire ax. And when a man seeks to impress a woman with his general desirability he must first convince her that he is a man. That feat Epic had now accomplished. He refused to consider that, once she had acknowledged the fact that he was alive, she could continue to adore the sour, surly, pudgy husband who had discarded her, didn't want her, and refused to favor her with a single friendly glance. Epic felt very well pleased with himself, and he stage-managed things beautifully. He glanced at his wrist watch and rose hastily.

"Passengers 'bout due to git aboard, Chlorine," he said. "I got to git busy. See you after we pulls out of Bumminham."

She stared gratefully after the lean and hungry figure. Queer she'd never noticed what a marvelously friendly man Epic was. So sympathetic an' understandin', an' all such as that. Han'some, too, an' a regular star railroad feller.

For the ensuing hour there was much work for both. Passengers settling themselves for the long journey from Birmingham to New York; passengers requiring hat bags and time-tables and information and pillows; passengers desiring to know when to expect the first call for lunch and whether the diner was ahead or back, and if Epic knew whether the observation platform was crowded, and why there were so many curves on the track between Birmingham and Atlanta.

Epic performed his duties with a detached professionalism. Chlorine, new to railroading, took everything to heart. But halfway to Anniston they managed to meet in one of the Pullman vestibules and Mrs. Garnet did not hesitate to come down to brass tacks. "You was sayin', Epic, 'bout how you could git me an' my husban' back together again with each other."

"I on'y said I got a scheme, Chlorine. I cain't promise it's gwine wuk, but it always does."

"Ain't you the wonderfulest man!"

"Oh, Ise pretty good." Epic regarded her gravely. "Fust of all I has got to git a li'l' inflonation. Why did you an' Eddie git a divorce?"

"We got it on account of mutual consent."

"I see. But what I mean is: Who mutual consented the mos' enthusiastic?"

She hung her head. "Me."

"Why?"

"Well, it seemed like he was away fum home too much, an'—oh, Mistuh Peters, you ain't never been ma'ied, has you?"

"No, thank gosh!"

"Then you don't know. I thought I was tired of Eddie, an' after us got separated away fum each other I knowed I was wrong. Ever since then I has tried to git him to make another ma'iage with me, but he don't say nothin' but fooey! My heart is plumb broke."

"You is crazy 'bout him?"

"Awful crazy," she confessed. "In fack, that was how come I to take up railroadin'. I found out that he was gwine git a car on this train on account of his seniorishness, so I applicated fo' the position of lady's maid."

"An' things ain't wukkin' out so good?"

"They is terrible, Epic. Fierce! Ev'y time I see Eddie he disdains me."

"Po' fish!"

"He ain't no fish. Honest, he ain't. He's the sweetest, darlin'est man, an' ——"

"Pff! Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. I reckon you has tried to flirt with him an' let him know that he is the craziest man you is about—ain't that the truth?"

"Uh-huh. Sho is."

"Gal, you acks nonsensical. Now if you craves to hear my plan ——"

"I does, Epic. Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a tapioca puddin' if I don't."

"A'right. I tells you fust somethin' 'bout men. The way fo' a gal to int'rest them in herse'f is to make 'em think that other fellers is crazy 'bout her. She's got to git lots of attentions an' then the feller which she is really int'rested in gits the idea that she must be pretty good."

"You talks so brainy!"

(Continued on Page 80

Epic Carried Himself With Military Erectness. He Moved With the Poise and Confidence of the Man Who Has Accomplished Much in the World

SPORT IN ITALY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

Italian Sportsmen Lure Their Game Birds to Them

SPORT, as one may discover from the actions and reactions of distinguished Americans, too often exists in the mind of the sportsman. Some sportsmen, for example, obtain their rest and relaxation by careering around a large field on a small but energetic horse and swinging violently at a wooden ball with a flexible mallet that is very apt to miss the ball and make an unsightly dent in the head of a friend or an opponent. This sport frequently is regarded as no sport at all by the sportsman who diverts himself and conserves his health by viewing a baseball game and stamping his feet energetically in an effort to disrupt the morale of the pitcher of the visiting team.

When sport has to do with the pursuit and capture of wild life, a similar discrepancy may be observed. The individual who disports himself by traveling several hundred miles from the nearest barber shop in order to knock over a rare specimen of wall-eyed dik-dik or long-horned kus-kus is prone to laugh derisively at the huntsman who, assisted by a dark-brown hound with a rich blue voice, gets a thrill out of inducing a small and stupid rabbit to lope nervously around the edge of a swamp and to end his round trip about fifteen yards in front of the sportsman's shotgun.

Fishermen develop theories concerning sport that are as violent as any that have ever been developed by those who have inhaled the fumes of the potent hashish, or Indian hemp. One school of fishermen adheres to the theory that one goes fishing for the purpose of catching fish, and that the best way of so doing is to feed the fish an acceptable form of food embedded in a hook, give him time to swallow it, and then yank the fish from the water as deftly and expeditiously as possible.

Modernist and Fundamentalist Fishermen

ANOTHER school of fishermen devotes itself to the theory that one goes fishing for the purpose of fooling fish, and that the most sporting way of so doing is to decorate the smallest obtainable hook with fragments of fuzz, tinsel and miniature Christmas-tree ornaments, to cast it so skillfully on the surface of a brook that an otherwise sane fish will come right up and bite it, and to use a fishing rod of such fragile proportions that the fish cannot be removed from the water until he is all tired out.

The first school believes that the second school is composed of effeminate persons who bruise easily, have more money than brains, carry home no fish except those which they purchase from small boys who fish with bent pins and worms, and get as much sport out of their fishing as could be had by trying to maim a cow with a powder puff. The second school feels certain that the first school is made up of offensively noisy individuals who retain all fish over three inches in length, whether they need them or not, would probably be unable to see any objection to shooting a mother bird on the nest, and are mentally and spiritually uplifted by their form of sport in somewhat the same degree as they would be by running down a butterfly with a baseball bat.

In short, there has been little or no standardization of sport in America, in spite of the fact that America is known to all intelligent and forward-looking Europeans as a nation that has been 100 per cent standardized—a nation that wears the same sort of clothes and eats the same sort of food and thinks the same sort of thoughts and lives in the same sort of houses and votes for the same President on every election day.

This being the case—and every European writer and lecturer that has visited America since Herbert Hoover wore rompers has freely admitted that it is the case—America might, with reason and to good advantage, work up an American sentiment for the standardization of sport, and base the standardization on some of the better-known European models.

In Italy, for example, the pursuit of wild or semiwild life has almost been reduced to a science. There are huntsmen who guard themselves from evil by charms, watchwords and slogans that are as widely known through the nation as though they had been popularized by a $5,000,000 advertising campaign. The Italian game laws seem to be designed to protect the huntsmen and the wild life in gratifyingly equal proportions—next door, in short, to not at all. The methods of pursuing wild life are those that have been selected as the most satisfactory after years of experiment on the part of Italy's most industrious and enthusiastic sportsmen. In Italy, consequently, there is none of the excitement that occasionally arises in American political circles and the columns of the American press when a President of the United States uses milk-fed worms in capturing Western trout.

If the King of Italy wished to go out on the plains beyond Rome for the purpose of bagging the *fanello*—which is the smallest of Italian game birds, about the size of a stunted filbert or a kidney bean—there would be no one to raise an ear-piercing hue and cry to the effect that he should bag the *cardello* instead—the *cardello* being the next largest Italian game bird, somewhat similar in size to an almond.

The bagging of the *fanello* is a standardized sport in Italy: consequently one bags the *fanello* in any manner that comes within the law. The *fanello*, the slightly larger *cardello* and the next largest Italian game bird, the *fringuello*—which is a magnificent bird with a body fully the size of a healthy peanut—have one peculiarity in common: Their songs cannot be imitated with whistles, pipes, calls or any of the other instruments with which Italian sportsmen lure their game birds to them. This obstacle was overcome by huntsmen who put out the eyes of live *fanellos*, *cardellos* and *fringuellos* and took them into the fields to act as decoys for the wild birds. This practice was declared illegal by the Italian Government around 1918, and Italian huntsmen who are now caught with blinded *fanellos*, *cardellos* or *fringuellos* on their persons must prove that they are prewar birds, in a manner of speaking. Nearly everything else goes, however, in the bagging of *fanellos*, *cardellos* and *fringuellos*.

Whistling Up the Game

IF AN Italian sportsman is unable to hunt those two extremely popular Italian game birds, the lark and the blackbird, and the season is not open for the *pieiere* or the *pavoncello* or the *beccaccia* or the *beccaccino*—the two latter birds being known to English-speaking Italians as the greater wood-kak and the lesser wood-kak, which is Italian-English for woodcock—then he looks around for a *fanello*, a *cardello* or a *fringuello* as a matter of course. This view of sport seems more generous and democratic than one which looks askance at a President of the United States for using a worm to catch a trout. Under the standardized Italian system, he could use a Stillson wrench or a steam shovel without exciting adverse comment.

There is more enthusiastic conversation on the subject of sport in Italy than there is on any other subject with the exception of Benito Mussolini, the human buzz saw. There is feverish conversation as to whether a live owl or a stuffed owl is more potent as a decoy for larks. There is passionate conversation over the relative merits of the *bracco* and the *buffo* as a hunting dog. Conversation becomes wild and unrestrained when huntsmen discuss the different technics of snaring the wary and elusive *pavoncello* in a large and bulky net. And when two Italian sportsmen touch, in a big, serious way, on the subject of artificial bird whistles and the various methods of operating them, the conversation often ends in a whistling duel, not to say debauch, that sounds like a distant four-alarm fire on a clear, still night.

Bird whistles or calls, in Italy, are divided into two general types: Those that are blown and those that are pounded. Those that are designed to be blown are sometimes worn mostly inside the lips—interior calls, like the *pavoncello* call—and sometimes mostly outside the lips—exterior calls, like the duck call.

It might be remarked in passing that the horns or calls used by conductors for train starting on the Italian railroads are strikingly similar in size, shape and noise-producing qualities to the duck calls, and are usually sold in sporting-goods stores. American sportsmen frequently attempt to purchase train starters' horns in Italy with the idea of experimenting with them in the hunting field and seeing what they can get. The reason that they are always discouraged in this attempt may be due to the fact that the Italian sportsman considers himself in duty bound to puncture anything that answers his call or whistle. If American purchasers of train starters' horns followed the same system, they might shoot up a railroad train and thus bring the sporting-goods dealer who sold the horn into disrepute with the Fascist Party—which is the worst possible thing, under the modern Italian form of government, with which to be in disrepute.

The most interesting and intricate of the exterior Italian bird calls are the blackbird calls and the quail, or *quaglia*, calls. The blackbird call resembles a leather-covered orange-marmalade jar with a small pipe or nozzle projecting from the top or lid. To operate the call the huntsman places his gun on the ground or hangs it from his shoulder by a strap, in the Italian manner, so that his hands will be free, takes the call in his right hand and raps its base briskly against the palm of his left hand. The resultant noise is somewhat similar to the hysterical squeak caused by slapping a talking doll against a sawdust pile, and it is supposed to have an almost irresistible appeal for blackbirds. The blackbird call is a dangerous call, because the Italian sportsman throws himself energetically into the operation of the instrument, and consequently permits his attention to wander from the blackbird hunt. If, therefore, a blackbird appears suddenly while he is manipulating the call, he must scramble wildly for his gun and may, in his hurry and excitement, shoot himself or a fellow sportsman instead of the blackbird.

A Lark's Opinion of an Owl

THE quail call is shaped like a small, longish sack, reminiscent of the old-fashioned New England purse that tied at the top with a string and was carried at the bottom of the left-hand pants pocket. From its small end emerges a diminutive nozzle. The sack is held caressingly in the left hand and tapped gently with the thumb knuckle of the right hand, whereupon it gives out a weak and inoffensive squeak designed to prove overwhelmingly alluring and fascinating to gentlemen quail, who are supposed to hasten from all points of the compass to investigate the call—provided, of course, that the wind is right.

Even more fascinating than the calling or whistling method, however, is the Italian system of attracting game birds by means of an irritating or unwelcome spectacle, as in the case of the lark and the owl. The lark, known to the Italian huntsman as the *lodola*, is a bird whose song is about as easily imitated by the average human as an elephant can be imitated by a guinea pig. Italian students of sporting problems, however, long ago refused to be balked of their prey by their inability to whistle like a lark. They studied the habits and customs of the lark and soon learned that a lark of any spirit would travel a great distance to express its dislike, distrust, contempt and general loathing of an owl.

It was immediately apparent to Italian sportsmen that if an owl could be escorted to the fields and exposed to the public gaze in a place that was frequented by larks, there would be, in a manner of speaking, nothing to it.

There is some difference of opinion as to which of the owl's features or characteristics is so distressing to all larks. For a time there was a school of Italian sportsmen that adhered to the theory that the owl said something of a highly offensive nature whenever a lark approached him—something that reflected on the lark's ancestry or personal appearance. This theory was shattered by the discovery that a stuffed owl created as much disturbance in lark circles as a live owl.

This discovery has led to the carrying, by all well-equipped Italian sporting-goods stores, hardware stores and department stores, of a large line of stuffed owls as well as live owls for the use of Italian sportsmen during the lark season, which occurs in October and November. Some of the stuffed owls are equipped with clever mechanical devices that are guaranteed to inflame a lark beyond endurance and render him entirely oblivious of the approach or presence of the sportsman. When one of these fully equipped owls is fastened in a tree, the sportsman can, by pulling on a long string, cause the owl to flap its wings, move its head in a complete circle and even—in the case of very de luxe owls—blink its eyes suggestively.

There are many Italian sportsmen who believe that the passionate dislike for owls on the part of the Italian lark is due entirely to the owl's cruel and dissipated-looking eyes, which infuriate the pure, simple larks to the verge of hypnosis. The modest little *fringuello* is not affected by the owl, however, nor is the demure *tordo*—a highly popular game bird in Italy—nor the English sparrow, nor many other gentle and high-minded birds which breed on or fly over the Italian peninsula. Nobody ever saw a *beccaccino* getting hysterical over an owl, and the blackbird pays no more attention to an owl than he would to a Roman ruin. Consequently the best way of explaining the phenomenon is by merely remarking that it is one of those things.

At any rate, the lark hunter takes his live owl or his stuffed owl to the *campagna*, or flat plains that surround Rome, selects a likely looking tree and anchors his owl to a convenient branch. In case the tree is cursed with thick branches, the sportsman cuts away a few of them, so that both the sportsman and the larks may have an unobstructed view of the owl. He then secretes himself at the base of the tree and waits patiently.

In the course of time, a lark, busily engaged in spilling out his heart in the azure vault above the Roman *campagna*, comes slipping and sliding down toward the tree, surrounded and preceded and followed by a cascade of tumbling, throbbing music. The owl, silent and gloomy in the tree, catches his eye. The torrent of song comes to an abrupt end and is succeeded by angry, querulous outcries. The lark sits on a branch and ruffles his feathers and complains bitterly.

"You great big dirty, nasty thing," one can almost hear him say, "get out of this tree and go on back where you belong. You wait, you great big bum! What I'll do to you will be plenty, you rotten old dish-faced lummox!" And after a little more of the same thing the lark springs angrily from the branch and goes screaming off across the *campagna* to spread the tidings.

Trials of the Pavoncellotsts

BAD news travels as rapidly in Italy as anywhere else, so in a few minutes the brother and sister larks of the owl's original discoverer hurry up to the tree and sit around the owl and revile him industriously and raucously. This is the moment for which the Italian sportsman has been waiting, and he utilizes it by rising sinuously and silently to his feet and potting as many larks as possible with both barrels of his shotgun.

Wariest of all Italian game birds is the *pavoncello*, a fine, upstanding bird, even larger than a robin. The *pavoncello* is hunted with a pair of long, narrow nets, which are stretched flat on the ground parallel with each other. The two nets are controlled by ropes in such a way that when the huntsman, secreted behind a clump of bushes at some distance from the nets, heaves violently on them, the nets fold together over any birds that may happen to be standing between them. Imitation *pavoncellos* are planted between the nets to attract the attention of wild birds, and the huntsman whistles constantly and penetratingly on a small tin whistle in order to attract the attention of wandering birds.

Pavoncello hunting is complicated by the ever-increasing number of Italian sportsmen who roam the *campagna*, and by the fact that the net owner must completely conceal himself to avoid frightening the birds. As a result of this, wandering hunters repeatedly sneak up on the *pavoncello* decoys and attempt to blow them to pieces, and the *campagna* echoes to the infuriated shouts of the net owners as they warn the wanderers to let the decoys alone.

When a net operator succeeds in snaring a *pavoncello* or two in his net, he rushes from his hiding place and stops his

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Braccos and Baffos and Garbage Dogs Wound Themselves Around Their Masters' Legs With Riotous Enthusiasm

AS A MAN SPEAKETH

"What You Doing, Bill?" "Trying to Smooth Out This Melody," He Explained Abstractedly.

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

SOME of us remarked, one Monday morning, that there was a new man on the copy desk; but this was not unusual and there was nothing about this particular man to make him conspicuous. He was one of those individuals whom you might pass on the street every day for years without remembering. To the casual eye he was merely a slight little man with a suggestion of fullness under his belt buckle and a mild, protuberant countenance, forehead and chin tapering out into a somewhat bulbous nose. His stiff black hair, streaked faintly with gray, was scrubby and dull.

But there were about him, if you looked a little closer, two or three traits more distinctive. His attire had, for instance, a wistful sort of elegance. His old, soiled hat was worn with a jaunty cant; there was white piping along the V of his vest; his cracked shoes were shined and his trousers had a hesitating and uncertain crease in them. Also he walked with a rolling gait not unlike a swagger, and his expression was one of mild contentment.

Upon his first appearance in the office, Krause, the city editor, introduced him to Charlie Hewett, who, like a bald fat Buddha, presided in the slot in the copy desk. Later Krause told Charlie that Purdy, the owner of the paper, whose headquarters were in New York, had sent him over; and toward the end of the week Krause asked Hewett:

"How's the new man? Doing all right?"

Hewett nodded. "Oh, yes," he agreed. "Not spectacular, but he knows the job."

So the newcomer became a fixture. His name, it appeared, was Linnet—L. W. Linnet. He told Charlie Hewett that people usually called him Bill.

He told us, as time went on, a good many things about himself and about his life, past, present and prospective. But though the things he told us were sometimes surprising and impressive, there was nothing boastful in the manner of his telling. He rarely volunteered information, and when he answered some direct question, it was in a deprecatory and a modest manner.

If he had been more ostentatious in these confesssions of his, he must have encountered incredulity; but the little man made no attempt to force his confidences on us. They came only as a result of more or less insistent questioning. Thus, one afternoon when the pressure of work began to ease, he produced from his pocket a ruled sheet of the sort used in setting down musical scores, and fell to work with it. Joe Cairns, whose seat at the copy desk was next to his, saw him, and asked curiously:

"What you doing, Bill?"

Linnet hummed under his breath. He had a trick of humming, or occasionally of whistling, as he moved to and fro about the office. "Trying to smooth out this melody," he explained abstractedly.

"What is it—a song?" old Joe asked, and Linnet nodded. "You write music, do you?" Cairns persisted, very much interested in this discovery, and Linnet nodded again.

"I've written a few tunes," he confessed.

"Ever have any of them published?" Cairns inquired, and Linnet smiled.

"Yes," he said, and lowered his voice. "Yes, I wrote Under the Sugar Maple Tree"

The title was familiar even to Joe. "Why, say, I heard that on the radio last night."

"Yes, it's gone over pretty big," Linnet confessed; and Joe called across the desk to Charlie Hewett.

"Say, Charlie! What do you think? Bill just told me he wrote Under the Sugar Maple Tree."

"You did?" Charlie asked. Considered for a moment. "I saw the score of that the other day, at home, but I didn't notice your name."

Linnet made an explanatory gesture, with that smile of his which always suggested that his listeners must understand the truth of what he said. "My contract with Purdy wouldn't let me write anything outside, under my own name," he explained. "I had to use a pseudonym."

Now contracts are rare among the rank and file of a newspaper staff. The insecurity of his position must always haunt the reporter's dreams. Cairns and Hewett were surprised, and Joe echoed in astonishment:

"Contract?"

Linnet nodded. "Oh, yes," he replied. "Yes, Purdy had me under contract up till last June. He wanted to renew it, but I wanted to get back into the news end."

"Why, what were you doing?" Joe inquired; and Linnet replied in a tone of abashed explanation:

"Well, you see, Purdy's got a lot of theatrical interests, and moving pictures too. He got it into his head that I knew something about that sort of thing, so he kept me busy on that."

This interested Joe and he pressed for details, but Bill was vague. Joe got the impression that the other had assisted in the production of a number of plays, had served in this capacity and that about the studio.

But a few days later the legend was lent verisimilitude Young Dell Wayman had seen a moving picture the night before, and had been amused by it; and he repeated to three or four of us a subtitle which had seemed to him particularly funny. Linnet was in the group, but Linnet did not laugh, and Dell asked insistently:

"Doesn't that strike you as funny, Bill?"

"Well, it did when I wrote it," Linnet said

Dell's eyes widened. "Oh, did you write the subtitles on that film?" he demanded.

"Why, I was around the studio when they were making it," Linnet admitted. "They got stuck for a title there, and I happened to be able to help them out."

He turned carelessly aside as he spoke, and strolled back to his place at the desk, humming under his breath as he was apt to do. And they were left to exchange glances of doubt and of surmise. The thing had not seemed, on its face, creditable; yet Linnet did not wear the conventional aspect of a man who lies.

It was, about that time, the fashion in the office to wager small sums upon the races being run at Southern tracks. One day Paracelsus won a stake race at New Orleans at substantial odds. Most of us had backed the favorite, and when Mike Dobie called from the telegraph instrument "Paracelsus wins!" we groaned.

But Linnet, with a movement of mild exultation, slapped his hand against his thigh and moved away, humming cheerfully. Dell Wayman saw him and asked: "What's the good news, Bill? Did you have Paracelsus?"

"Right on the nose," said Linnet.

"Say!" Wayman protested. "Where'd you get him?"

"Ripson wired me," Linnet explained.

Dell knew the name. Ripson was a professional tipster. "Is he any good?" he asked.

And the outcome of the incident was that a dozen of us pooled resources and subscribed for a month to the tipster's service. Out of six selections in the first week, Ripson sent us five winners, and the office was suddenly affluent. Dell, though he restricted his wagers to small amounts, won more than seventy dollars; and in a burst of pride he told Linnet so.

Linnet shook his head. "That all?" he asked. "You ought to have gone down heavier. You can back Ripson to the limit."

"How much have you made?" Dell protested challengingly.

Linnet smiled. "I only had five dollars down Monday," he confessed. "But Tuesday I laid my week's pay, and Sunflower was seven to one that day; and I haven't had less than that on since."

"Say!" Dell exclaimed. "You've made a clean-up!"

He was inspired by Linnet's success to wager all his winnings on the Monday selection, but the horse that day lost, and so did every other choice Ripson sent us for the remainder of the month. We passed from affluence to penury, and Linnet smiled at our folly

"I laid off after the first week," he told Dell Wayman. "You have to know when to be satisfied. Nobody can be right all the time."

Wayman, who found pleasure in playing with figures, calculated that Linnet must have made more than two thousand dollars during the week in which Ripson appeared infallible. But if this were true, it made no difference in Linnet's ordinary carriage or demeanor. He bore himself as modestly as he had always done.

It was impossible to avoid being a little impressed by the man. A good many of the things he said we doubted. Yet for all of that, Linnet, who had upon his arrival seemed to us a figure insignificant and not in any wise remarkable, began to assume proportions glamorous if not actually heroic. He had first appeared in the office toward the end of February, and in the succeeding weeks he acquired an astonishing prestige. If he had seemed to boast, we would have laughed at his tales from the beginning; but the things he told us were told in such a way that it was hard wholly to disbelieve. He moved about the office so innocently, humming or whistling some vaguely familiar tune. And the most sophisticated among us could not help thinking that Linnet's statements must be at least a little true. This, roughly speaking, was the situation when Barkhouse returned to town.

Barkhouse was in the sporting department. When Linnet came to work on the paper, the younger man was at their spring training camp with the Red Sox, but toward the middle of April he returned and we were all glad to see him. Everybody liked Barkhouse, and we were rather proud of him. He had served with such gallantry in the war that he had been decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross, was therefore a hero and duly accredited. Because we liked him, our way of recognizing this distinction was to make jeering references to his exploits. One of the big windows at the end of the city room was sometimes stubborn; when it stuck it was the rule to call on Barkhouse to open it.

"Come on, Bark! You're a big strong man! You were in the Army and everything!"

And when a cockroach scuttled across the floor someone was sure to shout:

"Hey, Bark! Come here and be a hero! Give him what you gave the Germans! At-a-boy!"

In the course of time, and not unnaturally, Barkhouse became rather bored with these jests, and they were dying out; but we were not likely to forget the record he had made. When he reappeared in the office we one by one took occasion to shake hands with him and to ask his opinion of the prospects of the Red Sox and the Braves. Bill Linnet drifted over, in a lull of work, and Bond, the sporting editor, introduced them. Linnet asked a question or two, but where the rest of us were more interested in the youngsters on the team, Linnet's inquiries concerned the older men, and he spoke of them so familiarly that Barkhouse asked:

"Know them, do you?"

Linnet smiled in his usual deprecatory fashion. "Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, I worked for McGraw seven or eight years ago. I guess it's ten years ago now. Went on a scouting trip for him. Yes, I know all the old-timers."

Barkhouse expressed his polite interest at this, but when Linnet drifted back to his seat, the young man asked Bond derisively, "Who's little Nemo?"

"That's Bill Linnet," Bond explained, and he added jokingly: "He's put your nose out of joint around here. You're not the office hero any more!"

Barkhouse flushed uncomfortably and said, "I resign. But who'd he ever kill? Where does he bury his dead?"

So Bond made some explanation. "Purdy had him under contract for five years," he told Barkhouse. "To hear him tell it, anyway." And he went into details.

Barkhouse heard him out with a scornful incredulity. "Him!" he exclaimed when Bond was done. "Say, he's kidding you!"

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She Looked at Barkhouse, and He, After a Glance at the Older Woman, Met Her Eyes; and He Stood for a Moment Without Finding Words at All

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

II

THE red-headed girl was late. The clock over the court-room door said three minutes past ten. She flung herself, breathless, into the seat next to the lanky young man and inquired in a tragic whisper, "Have they started?"

"Nope," replied that imperturbable individual. "Calm yourself. You haven't missed a single hear ye. Your hat's a good deal over one eye."

"I ran all the way from the station," gasped the red-headed girl. "Every step. There's not a taxi in this whole abominable place. And you were gone last night before I had a chance to ask you what you thought of the prosecutor's speech."

"Perhaps that's why I went."

"No, truly, what did you think of it?"

"Well, I think that boys being boys, jurors being jurors, prosecutors being prosecutors, and Mrs. Patrick Ives being Mrs. Patrick Ives, he did about as well as could be expected—better than I expected."

"He can't prove all those things, can he?" asked the red-headed girl, looking a little pale.

"Ah, that's it! When you get right down to it the only things of any importance that he claimed he was going to prove were in one last sentence: That Bellamy and Sue Ives met and went to the front parlor of the gardener's cottage, to confront Mimi Bellamy—that's his case. And a pretty good case, too, if you ask me. The rest of it was just a lot of good fancy, expensive words strung together in order to create pity, horror, prejudice and suspicion in the eyes of the jury. And granted that purpose, they weren't bad words, though there were a few bits that absolutely yelled for Hearts and Flowers on muted strings somewhere in the background—that little piece about going through the starlight to her lover."

"I thought the idea was that the prosecutor was after truth, not after a conviction," said the red-headed girl gravely.

"The ideal, not the idea, my child. You didn't precisely get the notion that he was urging the jury to consider that though there was a pretty strong case against Mrs. Ives and Stephen Bellamy, there were a whole lot of other people who might have done it too—or did you?"

"He certainly said most distinctly that he wasn't any bloodhound baying for a victim."

"Well, if he isn't, I'll bet that he gives such a good imitation of one that if Eliza should happen to hear him while she was crossing the ice she'd take two cakes at one jump. What did I tell you about Mr. Farr and the classics? Did you get 'She loved not wisely but too well'? That beats 'I could not love thee, dear, so much.'"

Ben Potts' high, clear voice pulled them abruptly to their feet. "The court!"

"I Met Mr. Ives Just Outside the Nursery Door. He Asked if the Children Had Gone to Bed"

Through the little door behind the dais came the tall figure of Judge Carver, his spacious silks folding him in dignity—rather a splendid figure. The jury, the counsel, the defendants—Mrs. Patrick Ives was wearing the same hat again.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All those having business before this honorable court draw near, give your attention and you shall be heard!"

The clear singsong was drowned in the rustle of those in the court room sinking back into their seats.

"Is Mr. Conroy in court?"

"Mr. Herbert Conroy!" intoned the crier.

All heads turned to watch the small spare figure hurrying down the aisle toward the witness box.

"You do solemnly swear that the testimony that you shall give to the court and jury in this case now on trial shall be truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do."

Mr. Conroy's faded blue eyes darted about him quietly as he mounted the stand, as though he were looking for a way out.

"Mr. Conroy, what is your profession?"

"I am a real-estate broker."

"Is your office in Rosemont?"

"No, sir; my office is in New York. My home, however, is in Brierdale, about three miles to the north of Rosemont."

"Have you the agency of the Thorne property, the Orchards?"

"I have."

"To whom does that property belong?"

"It was left by Mr. Curtiss Thorne's will to his two sons, Charles and Douglas. Charles was killed in the war and it therefore reverted to the elder son, Douglas. He is now the sole owner."

"And he placed it with you to sell?"

"To sell or to rent—preferably to sell."

"Have you had offers for it?"

"None that we regarded as satisfactory; it was too large a property to appeal to the average man in the market for a country home, as it consisted of more than eighty acres and a house of twenty-four rooms. On the afternoon of the nineteenth of June, 1926, however, I showed the photographs of the house to a gentleman from Cleveland who was about to transfer his business to the East. He was delighted with them and made no quibble about the price if the property proved to be all that it seemed."

"You were in New York at this time?"

"Yes; and a dinner engagement there prevented me from taking him out to Rosemont that afternoon. He was extremely anxious, however, to see it as soon as possible, as he was leaving for the West the following afternoon. So I arranged to take him next morning at nine o'clock."

"And did so?"

"And did so."

"Now will you be good enough to tell us, Mr. Conroy, just what happened when you arrived with this gentleman at the Orchards on the morning of the twentieth?"

"We drove out from New York in my roadster, arriving at the lodge gates of the property shortly after nine o'clock, I should say. I was to collect the keys under the doormat at the gardener's cottage, which was halfway between the lodge and the main house ——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Conroy. Was the lodge occupied?"

"No; at this particular time no building on the place was occupied. In Mr. Curtiss Thorne's day, the lodge was occupied by the chauffeur and his family, the gardener's cottage by the gardener and his family, and there was another cottage used by a farmer on the extreme western boundary. None of these had been occupied for some time, with the exception of the gardener's cottage, whose occupants had been given a vacation of two months in order to visit their aged parents in Italy. Shall I go on?"

"Please."

"The gardener's cottage is a low five-room building at a bend of the road, and is practically concealed as you approach it from the main driveway by the very high shrubbery that surrounds it—lilacs, syringa, and the like. There is a little drive that shoots off from the main driveway and circles the cottage, and we drove in there, to the front of the house, and mounted the steps to the front porch, as my client wished to see the interior. Just as I bent down to secure the keys I was surprised to see that the door was slightly ajar. I picked up the keys, pushed it farther open and went in, rather expecting that sneak thieves might have preceded me."

Mr. Conroy paused for a moment in his steady, precise narrative, his pale face now a little paler. "Shall I continue?"

"Certainly."

"On my left was the dining room, with the door closed; on my right, the room known as the parlor. The door was open, but only a small section of the room was visible from the corridor, and it was not until I had crossed the threshold that I realized that something frightful had occurred. In the corner of the room farthest from the door ——"

"Just a minute, please. Was your client with you when you entered the room?"

"He was a step or so behind me, I believe. In the corner of the room was the—the body of a young woman in a white frock. A small table was overturned beside her and at her feet was a lamp, the chimney and shade shattered and some oil spilled on the floor. The smell of the kerosene was very strong—very strong indeed."

Mr. Conroy looked a little ill, as though the odor of that spilled kerosene were still about him.

"Was the girl's head toward you, or her feet, Mr. Conroy?"

"Her feet. Her head was resting on the corner of a low fender—a species of steel railing—that circled the base of a Franklin stove."

"Did you notice anything else?"

"Yes; I noticed that there was blood." He glanced about him swiftly, as though he were startled by the sound of the word, and lowered his voice. "A great deal of blood."

"On the dress?"

"Principally on the dress. I believe that there was also a little on the carpet, though I could not be sure of that. But principally it was on the dress."

"Can you tell us about the dress?"

Again Mr. Conroy's haunted eyes went wandering. "The dress? It was soaked in blood, sir—I think I may say that it was soaked in blood."

"No, no—I mean what kind of a dress was it? An evening dress?"

"Well, I hardly know. I suppose you might call it that. Not a ball gown, you understand—just a thin lacy dress, with the neck cut out a little and short sleeves. I remember that quite well—the lady's arms were bare."

The prosecutor, who had been carelessly fingering some papers and pamphlets on the top of a small square box, brushed them impatiently aside and scooped something else out of its depths.

"Was this the dress, Mr. Conroy?"

The long screech of Mr. Conroy's chair as he shoved it violently back tore through the court room like something human, echoing through every heart. The prosecutor was nonchalantly dangling before the broker's staring eyes a crumpled object—a white dress, streaked and splotched and dotted with that most ominous color known to the eyes of man—the curious rusted sinister red of dried blood.

"Yes," said Mr. Conroy, his voice barely above a whisper—"yes, yes; that is it—that is the dress."

The fascinated eyes of the spectators wrenched themselves from the dress to the two defendants. Susan Ives was not looking at it. Her head was as high as ever, her lips as steady, but her eyes were bent intently on a scrap of paper that she held in her gloved fingers. Apparently Mrs. Ives was deeply interested in the contents.

Stephen Bellamy was not reading. He sat watching that handful of lace and blood as though it were Medusa's head, his blank, unswerving eyes riveted to it by something inexorable and intolerable. His face was as quiet as Susan Ives', save for a dreadful little ripple of muscles about the set mouth—the ripple that comes from clenched teeth, clenched harder, harder—harder still, lest there escape through them some sound not meant for decent human ears. Save for that ripple, he did not move a hairbreadth.

"Was the blood on this dress dry when you first saw it, Mr. Conroy?"

"No, it was not dry."

"You ascertained that by touching it?"

Mr. Conroy's small neat body seemed to contract farther into itself.

"No, I did not touch it. It was not necessary to touch it to see that. It—it was quite apparent."

"I see. Your Honor, I ask to have this dress marked for identification."

"It may be marked," said Judge Carver quietly, eying it gravely for a moment before he returned to his notes.

"Got that?" inquired Mr. Farr briskly, handing it over to the clerk of the court. "I offer it in evidence."

"Are there any objections?" inquired Judge Carver.

"Your Honor, I fail to see what necessity there is for ——"

The judge cut sharply across Lambert's voice: "You are not required to be the arbiter of that, Mr. Lambert. The state is conducting its case without your assistance, to the best of my knowledge. Do you object, and if so, on what grounds?"

Mr. Lambert's ruddy countenance became a shade more ruddy. He opened his mouth, thought better of it, and closed it with an audible snap. "No objection."

"Mr. Conroy, did you notice whether the slippers were stained?"

"Yes—yes, they were considerably stained."

"What type of slippers were they?"

"They were shiny slippers, with very high heels and some kind of bright, sparkling little buckles, I believe."

"Like these?" Once more the resourceful Mr. Farr had delved into the square box, and he placed the result of his research deftly on the edge of the witness box. A pair of silver slippers with rhinestone buckles, exquisite and inadequate enough for the most foolish of women, small enough for a man to hold in one outstretched hand sparkling, absurd and coquettish, they perched on that dark rim, the buckles gleaming valiantly above the dark and sinister splotches that turned them from gay and charming toys to tokens of horror.

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"I Had Just Started to Come Up the Steps When I Stopped to Listen"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1927

Presidential Prestige

ONE need not be a pessimist or even overnice in susceptibilities to suggest that we are making impossible and inhuman demands upon the presidency. No matter how far afield the President goes for vacation, he is beset by organizations, delegations and individuals, many of which, to speak frankly, use his high position as a background against which their own imagined glory shines forth. It has been long recognized that the President is a helpless victim of office seekers, but in recent years he has been subjected to an even more terrible fate: he is now prone and defenseless before the mighty horde of publicity hounds.

To whatever point of the compass the President flees—and we use the word not to denote Mr. Coolidge in particular, but any modern incumbent—he is subject to the daily and hourly ordeal of visits from men who in reality wish to have the country at large know how important they are.

When the visitor emerges from the inner office, a convenient throng of reporters is ready to take down and broadcast views as to what is wrong with the farmer or with the country, and how both are to be saved.

This is childish business, this solemn nonsense of how the President "has taken the matter under advisement," how he "is going to do something," and how "I am sure he is going to help us." It would be physically impossible for any President, even the greatest, to "do something" about the motley mass of subjects and problems which comes before him these days. Most incumbents of this office have been good, conscientious, hard-working men, but not many of them have been really great. Yet we expect any holder of the office, whatever his caliber, to do the work of a superman.

The more external and nonsensical manifestations of this unreasoning demand upon the President are enough to offend the fastidious, or at least to make the judicious grieve. Party politics seems to require that the incumbent be rendered human, whether that be his line or not. He must be dressed up in cowboy and other popular costumes, must be subjected to an enormous strain of unimportant extraneous duties, and forced to listen to unending personal pleas.

Modern publicity methods require that each President be made over, or else that his personal traits be exaggerated and overemphasized, if these are acceptable to supposed public opinion. If by any chance Governor Smith should ever reach the position, his East Side flavor would no doubt be worked to death, if the publicity hounds are loosened, while in Mr. Hoover's case there would be put forth herculean efforts to remold him more in accordance with mob psychology.

It is a tribute to all our Presidents, in recent times at least, that they have maintained their dignity and behaved decorously despite the unreasonable strain upon them.

We must recognize that people demand a personal, visible head to any government. A country needs a dictator, emperor, king, president or premier, if for no other reason than to symbolize government for those who have neither the time nor brains to realize the real complexity, technicality and split-up nature of the modern state.

We are still most of us such children that we cannot face the truth, which is that we are governed quite largely by hundreds—and, if the separate states and cities be considered, by countless thousands—of boards, committees, commissions, and the like. A very large part of the activities of this country are really controlled by the Bureau of Internal Revenue and by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

But the average citizen takes no interest in such technical organizations, nothing like as much as he does in a motion picture or Sunday-paper photograph of the President's wife walking across a lawn with a dog.

There are those who say that our early Presidents loom up great partly because they had more time to think, being freer from the multitude of petty duties which the modern incumbent must attend to. Surely if we keep piling up this futile burden upon the President, if political expediency continues to make him the victim of every noisy organization and delegation that cares to "present the situation" to him, the real influence of the office, which is that of leadership in emergency situations, must decline.

We have always prided ourselves as a nation on the fact that, although a republic, we could give safely to the President more power than European kings and prime ministers enjoy. Our system does not provide for a responsible premier and cabinet, and if we keep on loading down the President with trivialities the time will come when, to our sorrow, the only real government will be a vast chaotic system of commissions, disconnected, unrelated and irresponsible.

Improvements in Railway Finance

UP TO a year ago no railroad shares had been issued since before the war. The railways took back their properties from government operation in run-down condition. They had to be repaired out of earnings. Expansions and extensions had to be financed with issues of bonds. New cars and locomotives had to be purchased with equipment certificates. With each year the ratio of bonds to stocks became more unfavorable, both in itself and in the light of prospect of valuation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the meantime the efficiency of management increased, service was improved, costs of operation reduced, volume of movement of traffic enlarged and net earnings somewhat expanded for Class I railways as a group.

As a result many railways have now reached the top of the grade, so that they are in position to undertake new financing by issues of stock. The Atlantic Coast Line, the Southern, Frisco, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, and most recently the New Haven, have issued substantial blocks of stock.

The interest rates have not been out of line with going rates and the issues are apparently being well received by the investing public. On top of the records in operations, financing by issue of stock is testimony of further progress. Doubtless other trunk lines will follow suit as occasions may arise. The cumulative result will be to improve the ratio of stock to bonds and effect a strengthening of the railway financial structure. We hold no brief against export of capital, but we do hold a brief in favor of the financial improvement of the utilities upon whose efficiency our prosperity is so dependent.

More Farm Relief

THE appropriation at the command of the Department of Agriculture ranges around one hundred and sixty million dollars a year. A large slice of it is devoted to road building. Other slices maintain the work of a whole series of police departments, such as the bureaus which enforce the pure-food law, sundry plant quarantines and a long list of similar activities. Only six or seven per cent of the entire sum is spent upon scientific research calculated to take the guesswork out of farming and to evolve correct procedures which will do away with cut-and-try methods. Only six or seven per cent of the personnel of the Department is devoting its energies to the solution of these problems.

Expenditures for research are in the neighborhood of ten million dollars a year. This may seem like a liberal allowance; but when it is said that a single American corporation is spending a like amount instead of paying it out in dividends, and when it is added that its stockholders whole-heartedly approve this farsighted method of keeping a decade ahead of the times, Uncle Sam's ten millions do not loom quite so large. Another corporation is credited with spending something like seven millions a year in the same way; and the manner in which its stock and dividends have been climbing in recent years would argue that the expenditure is amply justified.

During the years in which departmental research has been curtailed, the resources of science have been tremendously increased. Problems which used to be attacked on a single front by one branch of learning are now assaulted on half a dozen fronts by as many batteries of specialists. The effectiveness of this cross fire in battering down the secrets of Nature has given to science a power which a few years ago was not even surmised. There is, to be sure, a certain amount of wasted effort. No one knows which attack will make the deepest dent. No one knows with certainty whether the particular family of facts he is unearthing is pure science or applied science, whether its importance is destined to be theoretical or economic. The stake is so great and life is so short there is no time to inquire. No labor can be called wasted if the desired end is attained.

It is not to be held against the Department if its reports and bulletins are not all snapped up like best sellers and read with avidity from cover to cover. Bureau scientists are not to be blamed if certain of their studies are not of the widest application and do not noticeably hasten the farmers' millennium.

They are surrounding and edging up on problems whose solution will mean hundreds of millions a year in the pockets of the American people. Their work is reënforced by earlier studies which, if without momentous value, may still point the way to more important victories. There are plenty of problems whose solution would have a greater effect than the discovery of a new Klondike.

The entire vegetable crop of the nation is valued at something like a billion and a half dollars a year. The sum available for the study of the conditions under which it is made has been in the neighborhood of ninety thousand dollars a year. Other similar inadequacies might be cited; but pretty much the same proportions hold good all the way down the line.

Lack of funds has not only contracted the work of the bureaus but it has wrought another injury which can be less easily repaired: It has shot up the personnel of the scientific bureaus by driving brilliant men into private employment, where they can earn salaries far higher than the Department can afford to pay them.

Everyone who is familiar with the situation knows how grave it is. A very few additional millions would put a new face on the matter. To grant them would be to grant one form of farm relief against which nothing can be said, for it would be a relief sound in theory, simple in practice, far from costly and lasting in its results.

OUR DUTCH COUSINS

By WILL PAYNE

FOUR Americans, sitting down to their first breakfast in Holland, were startled when the waiter placed before them, to begin with, a plate containing four slabs of cheese, each the size of a man's hand. They remarked that the Dutch were an exceedingly strange folk; people who ate gobs of cheese for breakfast must be forever different from people like themselves who were nourished in a proper American manner.

The second morning an adventurous member of the party nibbled at her yellow slab and discovered that the flat cheese which takes its trade name from the town of Gouda, halfway between Rotterdam and Utrecht, is one of the finest breakfast foods ever invented. Anything up to half a pound of it, with bread, jam and coffee, starts one in the new day with a sense of complete inner well-being and a benevolent attitude toward mankind. It is undeniable that cheese-fed Dutchmen are among the best natured people in the world. Three weeks later, in Brussels, this American party was bewailing the absence of cheese at breakfast.

And that is about what the difference between us and the Dutch amounts to. In many ways it is about how different, nowadays, anybody is within a great line that would include at least the United States and Canada, the British Isles and all Western Europe. Of course, differences do remain. At country inns in Holland, for example, I was offered at breakfast, in addition to the welcome cheese, some rather fearsome sausages and an especially cadaverous sort of herring that seemed to have been soaked in oil, rather than cooked; and however I attempted to attack, it always turned a glassy, reproachful eye upon me. These dainties I was willing to let stand as signs of insurmountable racial difference. But more and more, every year, under this industrial régime, outward differences are erased.

No Chance for Nostalgia

IN AMSTERDAM I paid half a cent to be ferried across a canal in a simple craft that the skipper pulls back and forth on a rope. But the big shop that I entered on the other side of the canal was full of American office appliances, and except for a few foreign signs, might have been picked up bodily from the chief retail thoroughfare in any American city. A porter had dropped my typewriter or run a truck over it. The English-speaking clerk in this Dutch shop agreed to repair it; then showed me a new model of the same machine and tried to induce me to trade in the old one on the new—which was exactly what the English-speaking clerk in a New York shop had done six weeks before when I took the typewriter there to be oiled and adjusted.

The shops on both sides of this canal, and many other canals, exhibit American goods in the show windows; and nearly all the non-American goods are practically the same articles that we see in show windows at home, except for their foreign labels. Because the goods are all made by machinery—the same sort of machinery, operating in the same way on the same materials. Ask the magic-carpet man to set you before the broad plate-glass windows of a leading shop in a leading retail street of any city within the big line suggested above and to rub out the lingual evidence. It's four to one that you could form no idea of what country you were in. Little shops in humble streets, with small and generally grimy windows, would tell you that you were abroad. But more and more the principal shops in the principal streets get as alike as peas out of the same pod.

Particularly as to clothes. Nowadays the picturesque national costume of Switzerland is worn only on the stage and by waiters in beer gardens that are frequented by tourists. The equally picturesque national costume of Holland is worn only at masquerades or by certain inhabitants of Volendam and Marken, which were once honest fishermen's villages on or in the Zuyder Zee, but have been corrupted by nearness to Amsterdam into show places where the national costume is worn as a bait for tips. It is my impression that as soon as the tourist season ends, the hardy Volendamers and Markeners hang their wide skirts and wider breeches in a closet and make themselves comfortable in the same sort of rumpled machine-product clothes that villagers wear everywhere else in the Western world.

A Cheese Market

The wooden shoe is still much used in rural Holland—probably because it floats, and time out of mind a Dutchman's first ambition has been to keep above water. But from the feet up, it is by the speech and not by clothes that you can tell a Dutch farmer or workman from a Swiss farmer, a Missouri farmer or Minnesota farmer. So far as they are able, they use the same tools, made in factories that look just alike. If you are traveling in Pennsylvania or in Westphalia, you can tell at a glance whether the factory was built fifty years ago or in the past dozen years—whether, as factories go, it is antique or modern. But both the antiques and the moderns are all the same in both countries; indeed, in every country.

Even the wooden shoe is steadily losing ground. Years ago in Holland I spent some fascinating moments watching a drawbridge tender fish for tolls from passing canal boats. He used a long pole with a long line to which a wooden shoe was attached by the heel, swinging the ponderous footgear out to the boatmen, who caught it and dropped a coin in the toe. The collector of customs pulled the line in, extracted the coin and was ready for the next catch. It isn't really a toll, either, but a small fee prescribed by custom as the bridgeman's just remuneration for turning the draw to let the boat through.

Sameness

THIS year in Rotterdam I watched a number of bridgemen taking tribute from passing canal boats by means of a long pole and a line, but the implement at the end of the line was always a tin can instead of a wooden shoe—possibly an American tin can. To judge by theater signs, I should say that after a day of collecting coins in an American tin can, the drawbridge man goes to an American movie, dodging an American automobile on the way.

It is not only the same clothes, mowing machines and movies. Anyone who studies the subject must be struck again and again by the essential sameness of experiences people speaking different languages, but dealing with the same problems that keep dovetailing one into another. An American ban on hyacinth bulbs disturbs the living of several thousand inhabitants of the Netherlands. An obstructive finger laid anywhere on the Rhine jangles the economic nerves of Switzerland at the south of Europe and Holland at the north. Particularly at present every country in Western Europe is bedeviled in essentially the same web of interacting tariff problems.

Outwardly, two countries could hardly be more unlike than Holland and Switzerland, one at the mouth of the

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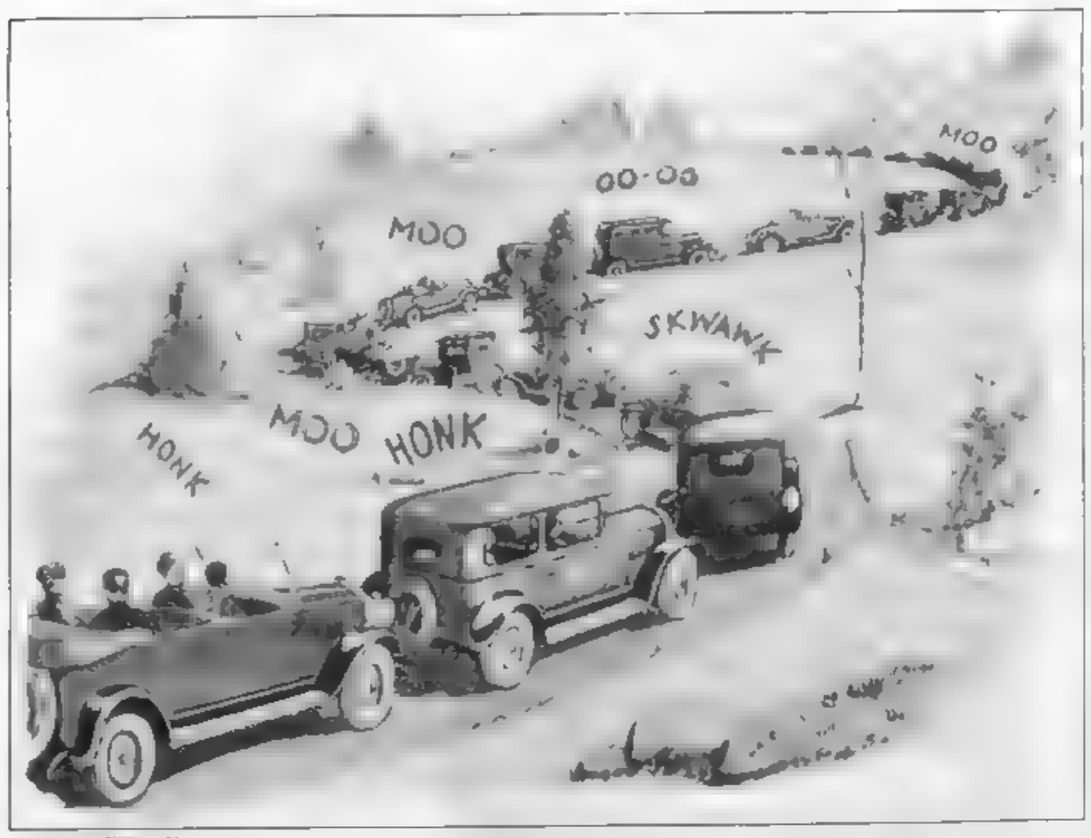
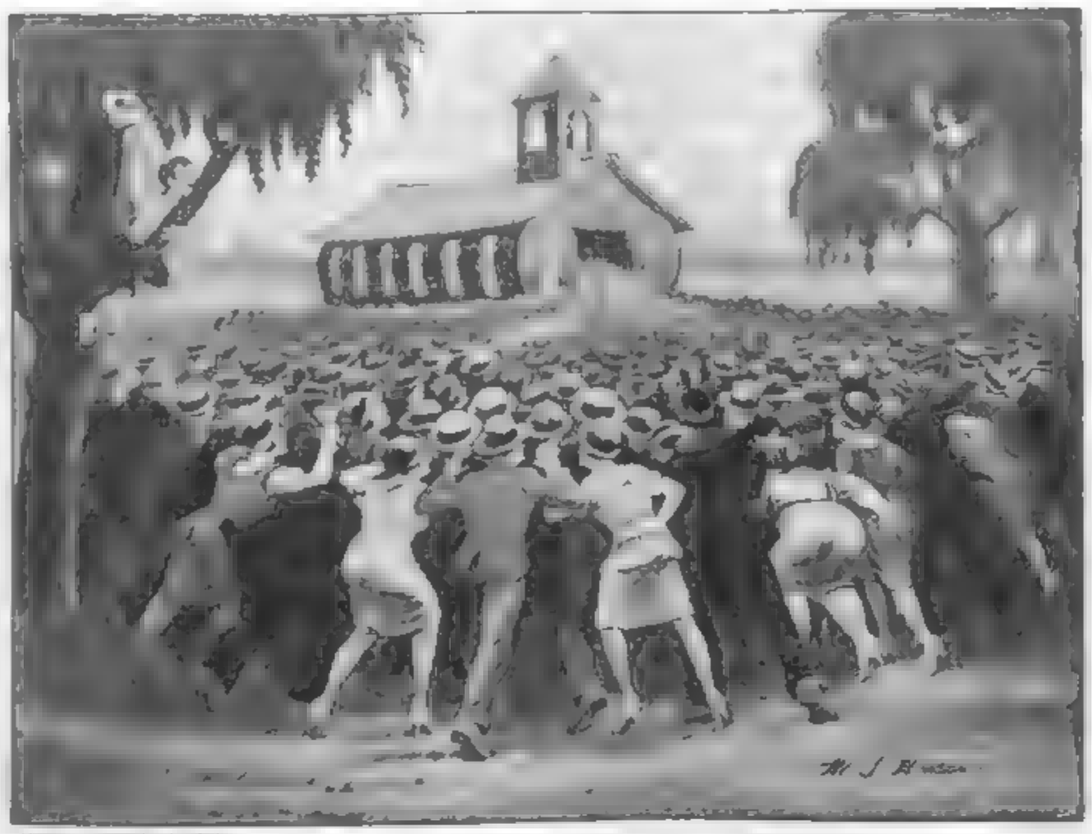
Unloading Cheese for the Market at Alkmaar

The Market Place in Maastricht

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



"The Lowing Herd Winds Slowly O'er the Lea"



New Pastor Gets a Flock. Local Paper: "The Famous Movie Star, Miss Lotta De Balone, Will Speak for Three Minutes From My Pulpit Sunday Morning"

To a Hostess

DEAR Mrs. Kirkland: Will you suffer me
To tell you how I loved Nest by the Sea?
Your charming daughter has a fetching glance -
Although I recommend she learn to dance.

So restful to take in the ocean view!
Or weed a bed of hyacinths or two.
I can't do justice to your lovely place—
Although you never should have trumped my ace.

I loved the riding more than words can tell.
You know I canter, trot and post so well.
No better exercise since Lord knows when—
Although it would seem nice to sit again.

I praise your gardens and your putting green;
Likewise the journey on the five-eighteen.
'Twas bliss to sit me down and eat my fill—
Although the chocolate soufflé made me ill.

So glad you kept me there that extra day,
Since Monday's dull for business anyway.
Too bad if I'd your invitation spurned—
Although I lost my job when I returned.

I trust, dear Mrs. K., that I've expressed
My fitting thanks for that agreeable rest
I'll come some other week-end if you'll let me.
Sincerely yours,
P.S. Just try and get me!
—Parke Cummings.

Courageous Characters. The Wife Who Told Her Husband's Favorite After-Dinner Story

Just Like You

I HAVE no time to spare to do
The things I do not care to do,
Until it is too late to do
The things I simply hate to do.
—Arthur Guiterman.

Sonnet to a Certain Party

A CERTAIN party, which it ain't my place
To tell their name for certain reasons, though,
Informed a certain lady friend I know,
Which told a certain dame whose name is Grace
That you admired my certain style of face;
Which made a certain hit with me, although
No gal ain't never knocked me for a row.
No certain gal I never cared to chase.

But I can do things I ain't never did;
And I'll admit, I've kinda fell for you,
So—what I mean—let's get together, kid!

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McNAB AND HIS NEIGHBORS

"My Little Margot, an' 'Tis Yere Birthday!

"An' Yere Daddy Has Gone to Fetch Ye a Wunnerfu' Present

"An' Here He Comes Wi' It"

"Mrs. McGregor Sent Ye an Oat Cake. Daddy Ate the Other Half to See if It Would Agree Wi' Ye"

Rich vegetable nutriment in this delicious Pea Soup!

It is a wise mother who serves good pea soup as a regular dish on her table, not only for the sake of her children but for every one in the family.

In the European countries, pea soup has always been one of the great staple foods. More and more America is recognizing the delicious, nourishing qualities of good pea soup and adopting it as a family dish.

Campbell's Pea Soup is pure, rich, wholesome vegetable food—the kind of food that contributes so much to rosy, vigorous health.

Sweet delicious peas are blended by Campbell's in a smooth puree, with golden country butter and delicate seasoning. A soup that mothers can trust for its strict quality and that all enjoy for its appealing pea flavor.

And so convenient! You simply add an equal quantity of cold water, heat to the boiling point, boil three minutes—and serve. Just one of the twenty-one different kinds of Campbell's Soups. See complete list on each label. 12 cents a can.

Tripping blithely on my way,
Here's a rhyme I gladly say:
Campbell's Soup inside of you
Makes you happy through and through.

Cream of Pea Soup is easily prepared with Campbell's!

Heat contents of can of Campbell's Pea Soup in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup . . . a little at a time, stirring constantly . . . (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately. Especially attractive topped with whipped cream.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE CHANGING ROAD

XX

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE prowler stiffened. He could not see the other distinctly, but that his name should be uttered in this Parisian side street was enough to alarm him.

"Fedor Lubovin!" The stranger laughed—terrible laughter. "Miracles, and I didn't believe! Do you remember me, Fedor? From the Boronov palace to the Boronov hotel is a long way. The Buterka—where you nailed me to a post. Remember? I'm going to kill you, Fedor." The words were in Russian.

So many things Fedor Lubovin had seen and done that but for the mention of the crucifixion he would not have remembered. Then he saw the stranger's face. He knew now who confronted him. He would rip the marrow from the bones of this damned aristocrat. And he had thought him dead these five years!

"Kill me, you scum of an aristocrat? Your grave shall be the Boronov gutter, which is fitting!"

Lubovin lunged. The pent-up venom of months was launched. Of all men in the world, he would have chosen this one. He laughed. Before he let the last breath out of this fool, he would tell him something. He had crucified the hands; now he would crucify the soul.

The Physical Contest Was Probably the Strangest That Had Ever Taken Place in This Side Street. Nearly Silent, Both of Them, Since Neither Wanted to be Disturbed or Cheated Out of His Death Lust

The physical contest was probably the strangest that had ever taken place in this side street. Nearly silent, both of them, since neither wanted to be disturbed or cheated out of his death lust. A duel between gorilla and man, the man having only one useful hand. The skill of the boxer over that of the wrestler, the hate of thwarted plans on one side, the hate of remembered agonies on the other. Death under the hand, when lethal weapons, such as the pistol and the knife, were not enough. Life must slip through the fingers alone and vanish. Nothing less would satisfy either man.

Lubovin did not understand at first; he believed it mischance; he could not get the other within his smothering arms. His enemy was always within reach; but when he reached, his hands touched only the eddies of air created by their whirling bodies. His inability to close was met by a rain of blows, on the mouth, the nose, the eyes. Lubovin was impervious to these stabbing buffets, the sole purpose of which was to make it difficult for him to breathe. He had no plan, only the desire to wrap his arms around this shadow and break the spine.

The stranger left nothing to chance; his alert brain prompted his every move. Sooner or later the other would lunge into an overbalance. There were no rules, no courtesies of the ring. They were bent on killing each other.

The overbalanced lunge came. A foot struck Lubovin on the knee and he plunged headlong into the gutter. He reached his knees for the rise. The impact of a merciless foot sent him rolling over on his back. Legs of iron instantly clamped his arms and torso to the pavement and lean fingers pressed savagely into his throat. He heaved and writhed and twisted; he could dislodge neither the iron legs nor the deadly fingers. . . .

The stranger got up and brushed his clothes automatically. The man in the gutter lay still. There was a straw hat to retrieve. This the stranger settled on his ringing head, walked down the street, and out of it, almost jauntily. He would not dance tonight for hire; he was no longer a *gigolo*; he was a man again.

An hour later he entered his hotel, which was situated near the Place Vendôme. The hotel was not patronized by Americans and Britishers with substantial letters of credit. Professors and students found it agreeable however.

As the stranger entered the electric lift and pressed Button 4, the little door boy whispered to the night porter: "Monsieur the *gigolo* has been out enjoying himself at last."

"Eh?" said the porter, who was busy sorting the morning calls.

"I said, old cabbage, that Solemn-Mug has been looking into his glass tonight."

"Why not?"

"Did you see his clothes? He has been painting the gutter."

"Be still, rabbit! He tips better than these professors."

The boy grumpily rummaged among the day's discarded newspapers for the racing events of the morrow at Auteuil. He knew a choice little spot where the police would not trouble him. His investigations were disturbed by the appearance of the night waiter, who came down the stairs four at a jump and vanished kitchenward. The boy grinned. Catch him running this time of night for some professor's ten-centime piece! What could one buy in Paris for ten centimes?

Presently the waiter returned with a bottle of champagne—a vintage.

"What?" cried the boy.

"Room 402," said the waiter. "And he looks as if he needed it."

"But he is already drunk!"

"No; but he intends to be," replied the waiter, dashing up the stairs.

The boy, having no suitable retort handy, returned to his newspapers.

"Open it," ordered the guest in Room 402.

"Yes, monsieur. This is the best we have—1913." The cork popped.

"Leave me." The guest gave the waiter the price of the wine and thirty francs' tip.

As this tip had a Ritz flavor, the waiter retreated with genuflections which threatened to unhinge him. A tip that equaled one-third of the price of the wine! Some woman had tipped him liberally, it was evident. But he was a good *gigolo*; he had the bearing and the manner of a gentleman.

There are varieties of intoxication. The man was intoxicated; that evanescent inebriation which comes out of tremendous emotional episodes was his. No remorse, no regret; he had not killed a human being, he had killed a thing. But vengeance did not bring back the dead.

He emptied the glass in three gulps. It stung his throat pleasantly. How many years had gone by since wine had tingled his throat? Champagne! He extended his hands and stared at them curiously. His left, from the wrist down, was practically useless, though he could carry a pail of water or a suitcase by pressing the handle into the palm. His right, however, was stronger than it had ever been because he had been compelled to use it constantly.

With one hand he had throttled Fedor Lubovin—fairly, for the odds had been greatly in favor of Lubovin. The police would never find the man who had killed him. There would be no motive visible, for Lubovin's valuables would still be upon him. No more to dance for hire; that phase was finished.

He lit his pipe. A pull at this, then a sip of the lulling wine, till the bottle was empty and the pipe went dead.

(Continued on Page 40)

The immaculate City of Sunbrite

"Double action" destroys kitchen odors that persist

Here is the sure way to rid your pans and kitchen utensils of those persistent odors from onions, cauliflower, lemons, fish, and similar foods.

When you are ready for dishwashing, moisten the pans and utensils and sprinkle them with **Sunbrite.** Let them stand until you finish the dishes. Then rub off the **Sunbrite.**

Very little of the old-fashioned scouring is necessary. **Sunbrite** leaves the pans and utensils as clean as they were before you began to prepare the food.

Sunbrite sweetens as it scours. Its famous double action polishes and purifies at the same time. Every odor—every taint banished.

Economical to use throughout the kitchen. **Sunbrite** costs so little.

Swift & Company

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR THE MID-WEEK WASH

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So Lubovin had returned there? Drawn by what? More treasure? Lubovin, who, as a boy, had been sent to Paris by his patron to be educated as a chef. The patron he had pistoled and booted that red night. Why had he left Russia?

The stranger shut his eyes. . . . It was folly to shut his eyes, for it was then that he saw clearly the ineffaceable.

How had he reached Vladivostok? He could not remember. Yet his dull brain had been cunning enough to conceal the locket and those three rubies of which now he had none left. In Vladivostok a money lender had given him four hundred American dollars for one of the gems—easily worth three thousand. A ship's purser had given him two hundred pounds for the second stone. The third he had sold in Marseilles for a little less. No one asked questions. All one had to say was, "Loot."

Suddenly he flung his arms across the table. The empty bottle bumped upon the floor. . . . Sobs that he tried to smother, torturing sobs which congested his lungs and throat and pinched his heart. Vengeance did not bring back the dead.

XXI

DAVIDSON was, as a rule, urbane in his adversities. All daring men are philosophers; the inevitable is readily accepted and understood. But as the hours rolled by, Davidson fell into an irritable mood, crotchety. He was in no imminent physical danger. If it was an affair of ransom, why didn't they come and lay down the conditions, get the yes or no of it and have done? What good would lengthy imprisonment do when the main thing hung in the air?

There was a solution, of course. Sonia, in deadly fear of Lubovin, had run to cover; or she had discovered that Ronald Davidson was the ass he had declared himself to be and feared the result of this spectacular enterprise. It seemed odd to him that so accomplished a thief should be so bereft of strategy. She had handled the first phase skilfully enough, but now she seemed to have run out of invention.

But he had himself to blame for all these dull hours. Had he shown her that locket—remembered it in time—he would have got the story. Whatever the story was, his imagination could not weave anything acceptable to his common sense, some of which was still functioning. Or had she known all along who he was and was dickering with his father, her listening post in another part of the city?

The beauty of her! He paced, keeping by the windows so that his feet might not blunder. To have gone all these years heart-whole, and then to be jarred spiritually as sometimes one was physically—the last step in the stairs, the step that wasn't there! Bump!

A crook, with a crew of middle-aged followers who would think twice before they leaped. Men out of whose brains the impetuosity of youth would be gone in favor of cold calculation. Damn funny business.

The memory of the kiss he had taken forcibly came back frequently, and with each return his conviction became all the deeper that it hadn't thrilled him a fraction of what the given kiss had. The reason soon became clear. There was no kick in a kiss one had to take forcibly from the woman one loved.

The kiss of dalliance—with a woman one didn't care a hang about—gave back a flavor infinitely more enjoyable. Perhaps shame had taken the kick out of it. He was learning something in this strangle jungle.

Analysis time after time attempted to dissect this love; but each time he rejected analysis, figuratively ran away from it. He didn't want to know the why and wherefore of this madness. He wanted knowledge not so much as the blind reckless swing of this uninvited passion. The sublime madness—let it carry him whither it listed. Once in his life to throw everything upon the winds!

Not once did he think of marriage; not once did there enter his heart any hope that Sonia might some day return this love. Between them lay a vast chasm, unbridgeable. The best thing that could happen to him would be the return of Mason with the police; if not with the police, then with the lunacy commission.

Davidson calculated that it was midnight when he heard the shrill blast of the police whistle. He ran to a window but of course could see nothing. But he knew that Mason had brought the police at last. Presently there would be the welcome sound of hurrying footsteps and crashing doors.

Silence. But that would be only temporary. Yet this silence lengthened. It was eventually broken by the racket of a large automobile as it entered the street. Still there came no sound of crashing doors, shouts, footsteps. The automobile ran away noisily. Davidson began to grow bewildered, and shortly this bewilderment dissolved into fury. He raised a foot and sent it through a window-pane. Perhaps someone would hear that. If anyone did he gave no sign. Silence returned, and Davidson cursed his stupidity. Why hadn't he bashed in the window immediately after the police whistle sounded? It would seem that he was playing the ass all around in this game.

As the futility of smashing windows became apparent, he righted his chair against the wall and tried to compose himself for sleep. But the excitement in him refused to die down.

What had happened? He had heard the police whistle. He had heard it too many times not to be able to identify it at once. Where the devil had they gone then? It was not possible that Mason had stood across the street purposeless; that he had been no more than idling through the street. Davidson's fury returned. He slid off the chair and tried the doors. Locked, as usual.

"Hello, out there!" he called.

He went from door to door, pounding vigorously. All he got out of this action was a numbed fist.

Still the silence. This time he accepted it philosophically. The worst phase of the whole business was the craving for tobacco. They might have given him something to smoke.

Through this doldrum came a freshening notion, humorous enough to make him chuckle. He groped his way to the closet and hauled out the bathtub, dragging it to

(Continued on Page 136)

She Knew That in Fondling the Pearls She Was Twisting the Sister's Heart. Good! She Had Twisted Sonia's

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 14

To women who guard the family budget—1927 is a turning point

A budget is a great responsibility. One unexpected repair bill due to faulty lubrication takes away the money you hoped to spend on things the family needs.

In today's cars you have noted new colors, new lines, new style. New driving comfort, too. New ease in handling. New power. New ability to speed up and slow down in traffic.

But—

Higher engine temperatures and faster working speeds accompany these changes.

And many oils which "worked all right" a few years ago are showing serious shortcomings today. Raising repair bills. Increasing carbon deposit. Causing other troubles.

They *haven't the margin of safety needed* for 1927 driving conditions.

As you drive over today's improved country highways, you find faster speeds both comfortable and safe. *But this puts a new burden on your engine and on your lubricating oil.*

As you crawl through crowded streets remember this: A few blocks of frequent starting and stopping *can injure your lubricating oil* more than miles of straightaway driving.

There is one oil which will surely keep your automobile bills at the lowest possible point.

That oil is the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil.

When you turn to the 1927 Mobiloil, you use the oil which is asked for by more automobile engineers than any 3 other oils combined.

The Mobiloil Chart tells you exactly which oil to use to meet the mechanical needs of your particular car. Every Mobiloil dealer has it.

We advise you to ask for the oil both by name and grade designation, thus: Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic, Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," Mobiloil "B," Mobiloil "C," Mobiloil "CC." The Chart tells which.

And Mobiloil is the most convenient oil you can buy—it is sold by more dealers than any other oil you can name.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927 Summer	1927 Winter	1926 Summer	1926 Winter	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp 6	A	A						
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Bros. 4-cy	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Maxwell					A	Arc	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc.
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

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In addition to flavor and bulk, Post's Bran Flakes provides valuable nourishment in the form of such essential food elements as iron and phosphorus, proteins and carbohydrates, and the essential vitamin-B.

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Try Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream every morning for two weeks as an "Ounce of Prevention". Each day you'll relish the flavor of the crisp, brown flakes. In two weeks' time see how much better you feel. Then you'll be glad to make your health a good excuse for eating every day a food that tastes so good.

Don't put off starting this important health habit another day. Keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly.

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everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

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"Now You'll Like Bran"

ME—GANGSTER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

AFTER Flop got his hands on the machine gun there was no chance of getting him into the poker game. I suppose it is hard to believe that a man could love the feel of a thing like that, but, for me, I believe Flop did.

The dick and Brad were both bad losers, and Grapes Quant was the best poker player I ever saw. They played a steep game, but now that I was in the gang with them I did not care. I knew I was looking at real dough and by Thursday or Friday I would make a clean-up. But I was just as well pleased when Snift called me out of the game and took me into another room. It was the second big room with the gambling table in the center of it, and the first thing he did was to fill the two steins and we had a beer and lit up cigarettes.

Snift got right down to business. "Tomorrow mornin'," he smiled, his gold teeth lighting up his face like little torches, "we want you to go out and get the layout of the streets around the Gander Mills. Make up a little map of them and be sure to watch out for bad holes in the pavement we got to travel. What we want to know is the best way of meetin' that pay-roll outfit when they land at the mills, see? We already got the time settled. We been watchin' that for weeks, an' we'll post a man at the bank to telephone us when the car leaves there. But we got to be careful about bein' seen out there, an' we figgered we could use you for the street layout, because nobody in town knows you."

"I get you," I cracked, feeling that they were trusting me a good deal and promising myself they'd not be sorry, "an' I know what you want. But that section of town is strange to me an' all I can get is the streets right around the spot."

Receiving Orders

"THAT'S all we want. We ain't askin' you to tell us what to do, kid. We know that. What we are askin' of you is to git out there an' bring back a little map of the streets leadin' away from the plant. Also the condition them streets is in. Another thing we want is the location of the two fire-alarm boxes nearest the mills. Make a good guess how far it is from the curb of the street up to the door enterin' the mills, too. You want to be sure that none of the streets is blocked off, an' watch out fer holes in them that might bust up a car. We'll pull this job by usin' an automobile, see? An' the get-away has gotta depend on our not gummin' the works by runnin' up a blind alley an' findin' a sewer open right across in front of us.

"You bust out there tomorrow mornin' an' call at the Gander office. You better tell 'em that you're an insurance agent an' want to see the president. They'll throw you out in a nice way, but you can crack somethin' about cuttin' their fire rates by lookin' over the lay of the land. Tell 'em you will send in a bid later on, an' pretend you want it to reach the real boss.

"Then if they see you measurin' hydrants an' wanderin' around the neighborhood lookin' fer fire-alarm boxes, they won't think nothin' of it. The whole section runs to warehouses, an' you want to figger out the best way to pull off the job an' then see if the streets we gotta use are in good shape an' open all the way through to some big main street. Savvy?"

"I got you, Snift," I agreed. "Some of the guys can tell me the way out to this joint an' I'll carry along a notebook like I was really a sap. I'll draw a map of the streets in the book an' bring you a picture of the whole works."

"An' keep yer yap shut," Snift warned. "We ain't guys that do a lot of talkin'."

"I'm Terribly Sorry, But I'm Afraid Mr. Squires Cannot See You"

"Don't make me laugh," I cracked, grabbing up the steins and going to fill them up. "Wait till I git back from this Gander joint an' see if you've picked a bloomer."

After that he led me back through the library and on into a room where there were four cots. He told me to take one in a corner, and I undressed and turned in, because the beer, on top of the hooch, had made me sleepy. But I kept thinking about Flop Gannon. I could see him handling that machine gun and, honestly, just the idea of his white face and black eyes and steady hands behind that machine gave me the creeps. I mean, against that thing and Flop, nobody had a chance in the world.

The next morning I went out to the mills. Snift had said that the neighborhood ran to warehouses, but he was not quite right in that. There were warehouses and mills both, but besides those were three little stores and a crummy-looking restaurant that was run by a greasy Greek who stood in the doorway when I walked past it. Right across from the entrance to the mills was a corner decorated by a speak-easy in need of a coat of paint. I stood there a second and a guy came out and hung out a blackboard sign that said something about beef stew and good brew for thirty-five cents.

It was about 11:30 when I got out there, and I figured a lot of the men working in the mills would pile into the saloon when the noon whistle blew. I wanted to be out of there by that time, so I crossed over and entered the office door. The place looked like a hotel lobby. Whoever Gander was, he must have had a soft thing for himself. There was a little blond girl sitting at a desk that matched her hair, and when I went in she got up and walked over to me and asked if she could do anything for me.

"I'm an insurance man," I cracked, "an' I'd like to see the owner of this place." She looked me over quick, and she was on her job all right.

"Have you an appointment?"

"Nope. I just dropped in because I figger I can save him some real money, lady. Mebbe if you tell him that, we can get together and crack this pot open."

She smiled a little, then asked me to wait. Back on her desk there was a telephone, and she spoke into that a couple of minutes and finally came back to me and said: "I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid Mr. Squires cannot see you. Mr. Squires would have charge of insurance, and he says that we are covered for several months and he isn't interested."

"Well," I cracked, "he can't be such a smart guy when he won't even talk to a bird that promises to save him money, but I guess I'll have a look around an' write him a letter. If I can find out just what the lay of land is here, I can give him lower rates, I bet."

Mapping Out the Job

SHE smiled, and then I understood why Mr. Gander had her there to meet people. She made a very good impression on me; in fact, she made as much as three impressions on me with one smile. When I took out my notebook and started out to get a diagram of the streets, my mind was on Mary, and I wanted to see her. The girl had done that to me. Good girls are like cops, I guess. You can always tell them at a glance. But thinking of Mary as I walked through the streets about the mill did not take my mind off the thing I must do. As a matter of fact, it seemed to make me all the keener. I guess I felt I was really doing this thing for her, because once I got a roll I would beat it to the Coast and go straight. I believed, no matter how many years we waited, Mary would come to me in the end.

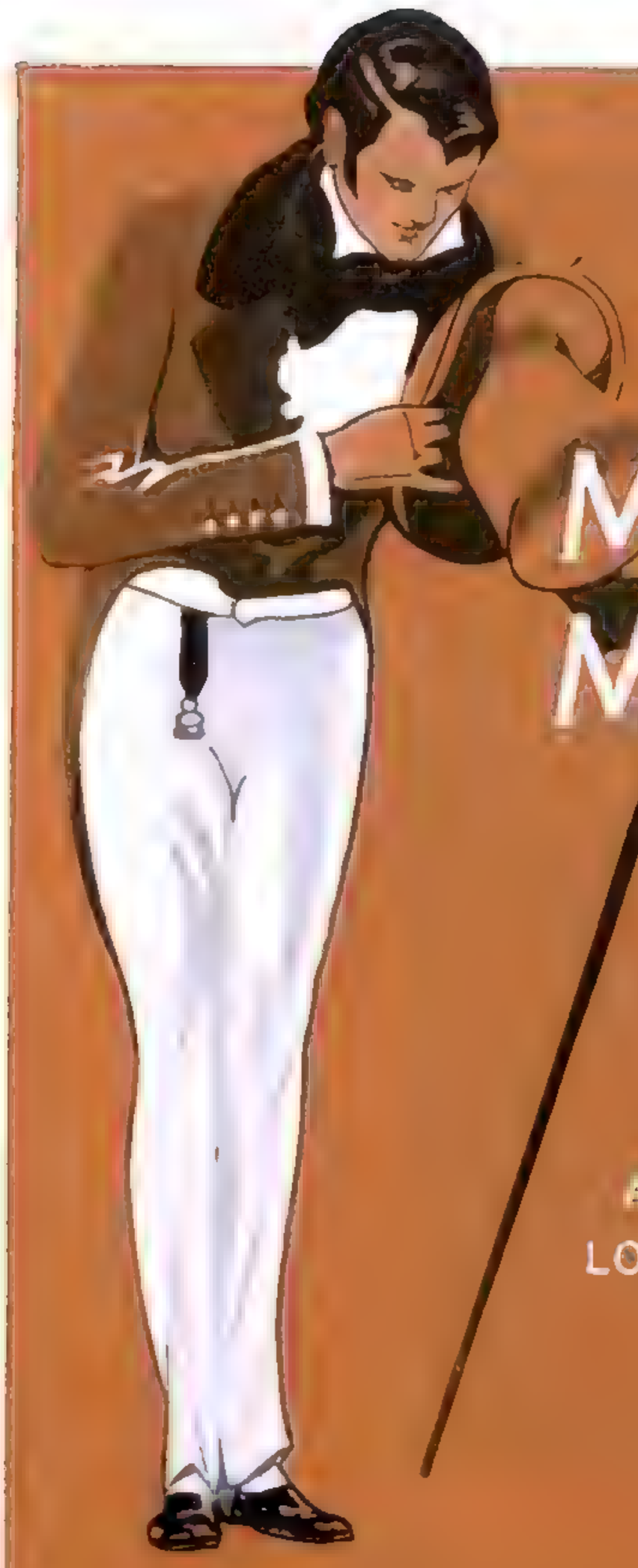
One of the streets was bad. It was narrow and made of cinders, and in the center it was full of holes and bumps. If a guy had to do any shooting in the get-away, that street would never do. How could he aim?

Right in front of the mill door there was a street that led away to a main crossing two blocks off, and this street was only a short block away from the cinder one. It seemed to me that the best scheme would be to park the car in the cinder street and wait for the suckers to come with the dough. Then we could swing into the street the mill was on, grab the mint and just turn into this well-paved street that led to a dozen easy get-aways. I walked four blocks down the street leading away from the mill door, and the pavement was fine and open. Then I tried each cross street of the four, and they were all open, so we could turn off if we had to do it.

Each street I drew into a kind of rough map in the notebook. I even wrote the names of the streets down and marked what was on each corner, just so that Snift and the bunch could see I was smart as well as game. I certainly did not want any dumbness on my part to do me out of this great break! They would look my stuff over pretty close when I got back and a dumb touch might ruin my chances.

After that I walked about eight miles looking up fire-alarm boxes, and marked the nearest two in the notebook just as they stood in relation to the mill. They were not very far away either. It was a warehouse section and fire was dangerous, I guess, so they had plenty of protection.

(Continued on Page 45)



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OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 43

Then I went back to Snift's place and Flop was still fussing with the gun, but his face had changed. He had oiled the gun and cleaned it and taken it apart about a dozen times.

"They claim," he said, "that every one of these guns has a hidden serial number on it somewhere. They say if you did find the number you could not take it off without puttin' the gun out of commission. I think they're liars; I can't find any number but the one in plain sight!"

"Don't toss the gun over the side on that account!" Brad gasped. "They'd spot that as a police-department gun in ten seconds ——"

"You talk like a sweaty fish!" Flop snarled, and just the way he cracked that showed the tough side of him Believe me, Brad had nothing more to say. Neither did Flop. He looked me all over when I came in, and he nodded back at me when I spoke to him, but he did not speak out loud.

He seemed nervous and touchy, and I did not wonder, because I knew he was the one to handle that machine gun and that was enough to give a savage the creeps!

He kept walking around the room, and finally he left and Brad turned to me and whispered: "Wants his hop, Flop does. Let him alone. He'll be fine when he gets a needle of dope."

Later on Snift came in, and Flop and him and I went over my maps. I told them all I had done and showed them the maps I had drawn and even the plan I had about parking the car on that cinder street while we waited for the pay-roll car to show.

The Strategic Outline of the Holdup

WHEN I had finished, Snift grinned up at Flop. "Well," he grunted, "was I right?"

"I guess you were, Snift. It's all right with me. . . . Where is that guy with my shot?"

"He'll git here in a few minutes, Flop. You know them things are apt to take a little time. You wanna go a little easy too. Be in good shape to pull this job."

"I know what I'm doin'," Flop snarled back at him. "You goin' to start tellin' me how to handle my own racket now? Git somebody else if you like the idea!"

Snift just grinned, and I knew he was being easy with Flop because Flop's nerves were all shot waiting for dope. I thought they might be steaming him up by degrees and stalling along so that he could take a good shot just before we started out on the job. That would make a tough egg out of a bird like Flop Gannon. I remembered Coky Nott ——

Flop lit a cigarette, but he only took a puff or two off it and then threw it away. I guess it tasted pretty flat to him After that he jerked out of the room and left me alone with Snift.

"You know the game there, I guess, kid?" Snift cracked, his gold teeth showing and his head jerking after Flop.

"Hop," I grunted. "Holdin' back on him, are you?" When I said that Snift looked around quick like he was afraid Flop might have heard and got suspicious, but Flop was gone into the other room.

"You're pretty smart, kid," Snift said in a whisper, "but never put an idea like that in his nut. He'd raise blue hell, I'm tellin' you! We gotta keep him steamed up for this next job."

I nodded and began to think I was pretty smart at that, until Snift pulled some papers out of his inside vest pocket and spread them out on the table. He laughed again as he did it, and you can imagine how surprised I was when I saw they were the same maps, only better than I had drawn that very day!

"You had it all the time!" I cracked. "An' I walked about eleven miles wastin' time!"

"You ain't wastin' time showin' us that you are on the level with us," Snift said. "Flop likes to be more than sure, so I agreed to prove you up once more. . . . Now here's the plan—if you're still dead sure you want to go through with us ——"

"Certainly I do!" I said, at the same time swearing. "You guys are about as careful as a politician at a mass meetin'!"

"Which ain't so tough to think about after you've thought it all over," Snift grinned, and I had to agree with him.

"Go ahead with the plan," I cracked. "Let's get down to business. I'm sick of mopin' around like a lost sheep."

"You're in on this fer one reason only," Snift cracked. "We know you ain't afraid to use a rod. Now get me: Thursday comes the pay-off. We will have a man at the bank to telephone us when the Gander car leaves with the dough. We will have a man stationed at each of these fire-alarm boxes on the maps here. You will see that there are stores near each box, an' we happen to know that each of them stores has a public telephone in it. The car generally gits away from the bank between twenty minutes after an' half-past eleven. At twenty minutes after, these guys will telephone here.

"They'll talk like they was sellin' somethin' an' callin' their central office, see? They'll leave the telephone-booth door open an' let people hear 'em promise to wait till we call 'em back. Then they'll go outside in the store an' buy somethin' an' hang around pretendin' they are to hear from their boss.

"Just as soon as we are tipped that the car has left the bank we telephone these birds at the stores. They step out an' walk around the corner, an' when twelve minutes has passed they crack in a fire alarm. That means two alarms from that district at the same time."

Knowing What They Needed to Know

"ON A CALL like that Engine 12, Hose Company 7 an' Ladder Truck 3 answer. The only way the fire companies can make the run from these stations is the way we ain't goin' when we grab that dough, see? Everybody around there will be chasin' up to the fire, an' in the excitement we make the get-away. All we gotta do is time it right, an' I guess we've done that."

I mean, they even had the streets figured that the fire trucks would use in the quickest run to the alarm boxes and knew just about how long the run would take. They had planned on this job for a long time and had even timed the Gander outfit, until they knew exactly how long the car would be going from the bank to the mill. I found out afterward they were satisfied that the pay-roll car would take twelve minutes longer than the fire department, and that was why the guys were to wait that long before cracking the alarms.

They knew just what they needed to know before they lifted a finger, and when they did start to work, after all that planning, what a break they gave everybody else! It was a case of going out and getting what they wanted, and when Flop cut loose with that machine gun anybody that had other ideas either saw the light or lost it altogether.

Continued on Page 145.

"Drop It!" Carrots Cracks at Them, His Voice Sounding Almost as Sharp and as Hard as a Shot

The attractive design above is the "WILTSHIRE" Gold Seal Rug 574

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Woman Without a Future

ONLY last week I heard from her own lips the story of a most successful business woman, which is a mine of interest and inspiration to young girls, as well as to young men also who, like myself, are desirous of getting on, for it was from this source that I gathered a very vital business maxim which has since proved invaluable to me.

"The chief point in my progress," Miss X said, "is that never at any time did it look as though there was very much future for me beyond the job I was then holding, or any chance of advancement. I had decided not to go to high school, for which I have since been sorry, but two or three years hanging around the house was all I could stand and I determined to go to work. There didn't seem to be much of a chance for a young girl in those days. I got a job as bookkeeper and cashier in a grocery store for five dollars a week. The hours were long—7:45 A.M. to six and seven o'clock at night, and Saturday nights, our busiest time, when we got through it was sometimes as late as midnight.

"My boss was a hard-headed, hard-fisted Dutchman, hard to please and hard to get along with—even his wife told me so. My work was hard; everything in that place was hard from the counters to the clerks. There was not a ray of sunshine indicating 'future' there; but even so, I felt better off than the two poor little girls behind the bread and cake, and stuck to it, working my head and hands off. Once the boss went on a vacation, fishing. All the men clerks went out and got drunk, and I had to run the store and the girls myself for two solid awful weeks. When the boss came back he cleaned the sheepish clerks out of the store with the business end of a broom and raised my pay to eight dollars a week. Still there was no future in sight. The store changed hands and I changed jobs. This new one was considerably farther away. I had to take a 6:54 A.M. train, change for a half-hour trolley ride and still be there at 7:45 A.M. It was a long, tiring trip home at night again.

"Five years of the grocery store had taught me several things. Keep your work cleaned up and then keep taking on extra work so that it would keep pushing you. Set a fast, steady pace and live up to it all day long—accurately! Be loyal to your boss and his business, no matter whether you think you're not being fully paid or cannot see any chance for the future. Learn to do every job in the office as if it were your own. Some might have felt that five years had been wasted. It wasn't. I had learned to work fast and figure like a flash—had to or the business would have swamped me. It made me twice as productive as if I'd started in with an easy-snap position. It also taught me to try everything and not rest satisfied until I could do it well.

"The new position paid ten dollars a week, which increase went into carfare, and there I first saw modern office equipment, adding and calculating machines. I spent lunch hours and spare moments teaching myself how to run them all. I not only picked it up, but I practiced until I could beat any girl in the office, even two girls who had been there twelve and thirteen years respectively. The president and owner of the plant was a crank on costs and wouldn't let anyone figure them out but himself. He heard of my ability to figure and called me into his office one day for a trial. From then on he gave me these complicated, detailed cost sheets to calculate. They were almost two feet long, with many close rules and cross rules and all sorts of mills and decimal places. Even his son was surprised to see me doing those cost sheets. I was doing well when finally we had a prolonged strike in the business, and I got restless without enough to do to keep me busy, so I left for a job where I would be assured of lots of work, although the president begged me to stay. I have found working is no fun unless you can keep yourself so busy all day that when you next look up at the clock after you begin in the morning it's almost suppertime. Short hours and easy jobs make hours seem twice as long and work twice as hard.

"In the new job I tended the switchboard, priced tickets, checked bills, sorted checks, filed letters and did everything anybody dumped on my desk, and nobody was at all bashful about dumping. Here I first ran into friend typewriter, and immediately set out to master it. Strength and enthusiasm got the better of my touch, for I could cut the center out of the O's, Q's, P's and other such closed letters as neatly as a conductor punches his morning commuters' tickets. A sheet fresh from my machine looked like a cross section of a player-piano roll. I decided to go to night school, but during the day my own first-finger, hunt-and-soak system undid all my nightly efforts on the touch system. The boss' stenographer went on her vacation and the girl that was to take her place got sick—it was not a large office at this time—so I volunteered. I sweat blood, but came through very creditably.

"Then the bookkeeper, who wasn't much good and used to stay out a lot, didn't come in. I did his work besides my own, so that when he was fired I got his job. Then one day the shipping clerk unexpectedly was taken sick. The drivers and men were standing around his window at a loss what to do. No one else in the office made a move. Our business was virtually at a standstill, so I took hold of the shipping and got the deliveries for the day started. A little later the boss came through and saw me.

"'You doing the shipping?' he growled.

"'Yes,' meekly.

"'Who told you to?'

"'Nobody.'

"'Who showed you how?'

"'Nobody.'

"'Hump!' and he went on, leaving me scared to death. "Evidently my initiative was appreciated, for a little later I got the rather important job of shipping clerk and had to do the bookkeeping besides for five months, until a suitable bookkeeper could be found. No need to say that I worked like a slave. All this time men around me were getting fired or advanced to higher positions. I, too, was getting raised almost every year, but I realized there would be an end to it, so that I wasn't surprised when one year the boss came to me and said: 'I'm sorry we can't raise you this year. There is a pay limit to your job, and you're now perhaps the highest-paid woman in the city.'

"Here was the turning point in my career. Never at any stage had I been able to see any definite fixed future ahead of me, but now, worse than this, my employer actually told me there was none. Others in similar circumstances might have lost interest and eased up—the temptation to do so was great—but I still ground out the work and hammered on the desk for more, and stayed loyal to my concern."

Eating All the Work in Sight

"I WORKED blindly on with a sort of unfounded faith that the future would take care of itself. Our business grew and with it a complete billing-and-calculating department had to be organized. The opportunity dropped unexpectedly right out of a clear sky into my lap. I got the job of heading and running the new department—a much bigger and better job than I had yet held. A whole new future opened out where a blank wall indicating I had reached the end had stood before. From this it was an easy step to become the office executive and manager for what had now grown to be one of the biggest and best corporations of this section, and now the future rests largely in my own ability.

"My advice to my young girls and men wanting to get on in our company is always simple: Be loyal and be productive. Eat work alive and come back for more. Use short cuts and business machines. Get to be an expert on them. Don't think about money. As someone has said: 'Those who worry for fear they might do a little bit more work than they get paid for, generally get paid for exactly the amount of work they do.' Above all, forget this future stuff and work. We either make our own future or make ourselves capable of handling somebody else's future who isn't ready for it when it comes. You can't chart out a career beforehand like the course of a ship, and the man who rows hard and steadily is bound to get there before one who frequently rests on his oars because he can't see the shore. There is a future in any job and any office, if we make it. My idea is to concentrate on the present and let the future follow along later.

"By the way," she added, "in these times, more so than when I started to work as a girl, the young woman has an excellent opportunity of getting on—almost as good as a young man." Because she is today receiving a salary larger than is being drawn by thousands of men all around her, younger and older, I have since been wondering whether her quick wit did not insert that "almost" in a sense of irony or perhaps to spare my male pride, for down deep in her heart I know she feels that a given young woman in certain fields of business activity can go just as far as a young man. Not to seem disloyal to my sex, I'm not quite sure they can't myself. However be it, directly after this talk I jotted down in my notebook of personal precepts:

"Take good care of the present and your future will take care of itself."

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

For a Rainy Day

FRED BAYLES is the same age as I am—twenty-eight. The other night he told me he had figured the whole thing out so as to set a regular saving stunt for himself to keep up every month of the year. He spread sheets of paper out on his desk.

"Before we look at these I don't know whether you know anything about building-and-loan associations or not. I looked into them pretty carefully first. They're a real saving institution under the supervision of the state banking-and-insurance department. Most people join as borrowers in order to get money for building their homes, but you can join as an investor, as I have. It's safe and usually nets you between 8 per cent and 8.25 per cent. At twenty-five I took out twenty shares on which I'm paying twenty dollars a month now. Here's the way my saving schedule works out. The shares with profits mature in about eleven years:

Twenty dollars a month for eleven years	$2,640
Increased by earnings	1,360
At thirty-six I'll collect	$4,000

"Now," continued Fred—I was thoroughly interested now, for I felt he had a real idea—"I plan to take that sum which the building and loan gives me in cash at the maturing date of my shares, and put it out in good old 6 per cent bonds and mortgages. None of this lurid gold-mine or oil-well stock 3000 miles away for me. This goes on homes that somebody thrifty and decent cares about keeping up in taxes and repairs—a real old-fashioned mortgage for about 60 per cent of the value of the house, where I can see it and watch it myself. Six per cent of $4000 is $240 a year, or twenty dollars a month. Well, I keep on plunking in my original twenty dollars, plus this income. Here's the picture at thirty-six years of age:

Forty dollars a month for eleven years	$5,280
Increased by earnings	2,720
At forty-seven I net	$8,000

"I reinvest this in 6 per cent first mortgages again and receive $480 a year, or forty dollars a month. By the way, I now have $12,000 worth of first mortgages on good safe property paying me $720 a year, sixty dollars a month, which plus my original twenty again gives this set-up:

Eighty dollars a month for eleven years	$10,560
Increased by earnings	5,440
I cash in at fifty-eight for	$16,000

"Mind you, I've done nothing but keep up my original twenty-dollar-a-month payments promptly on the first of every month, simply adding to that the income from what I've already saved, and yet here's what I've got:

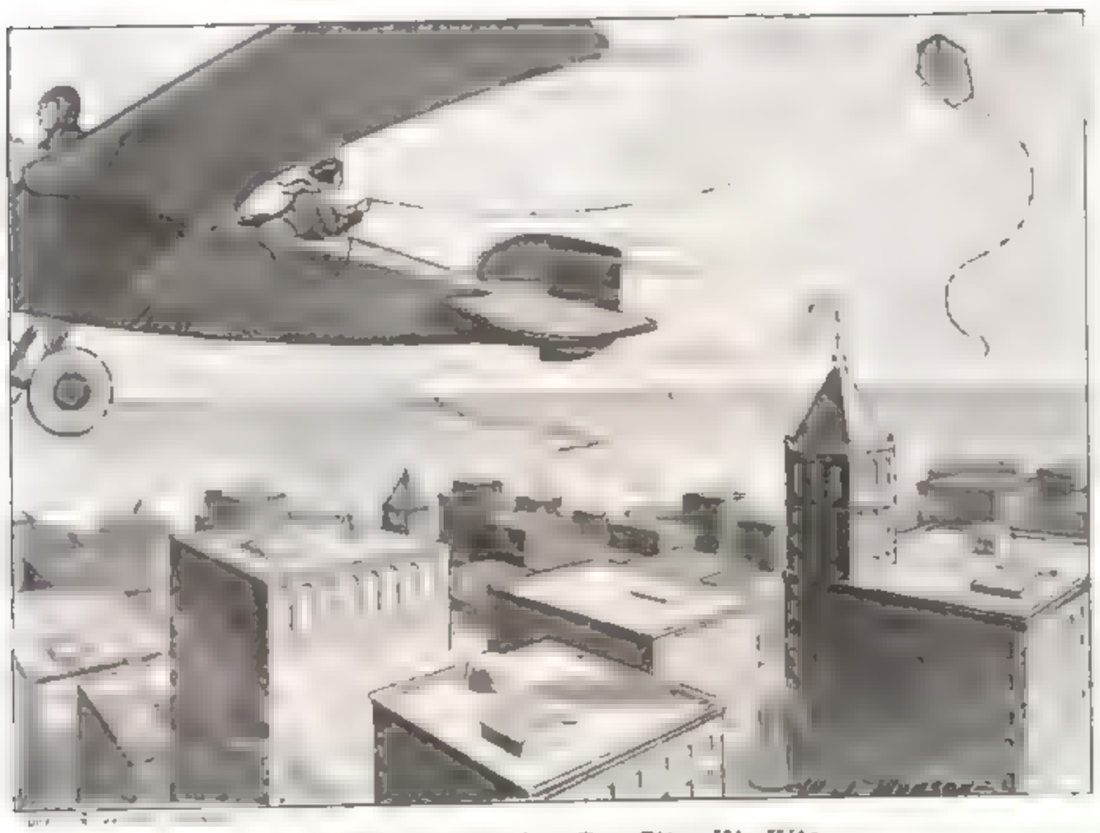
At thirty-six years	$ 4,000
At forty-seven years	8,000
At fifty-eight years	16,000
Total nest egg at fifty-eight	$28,000

"I put all this out in 6 per cent first mortgages, and they bring in $1680 a year without touching the principal. Imagine it; $140 a month income before I'm sixty—near that danger period—and I've only kept up twenty dollars a month! It really means I set aside and save only five dollars a week, and yet I've got enough at the end to be fairly independent.

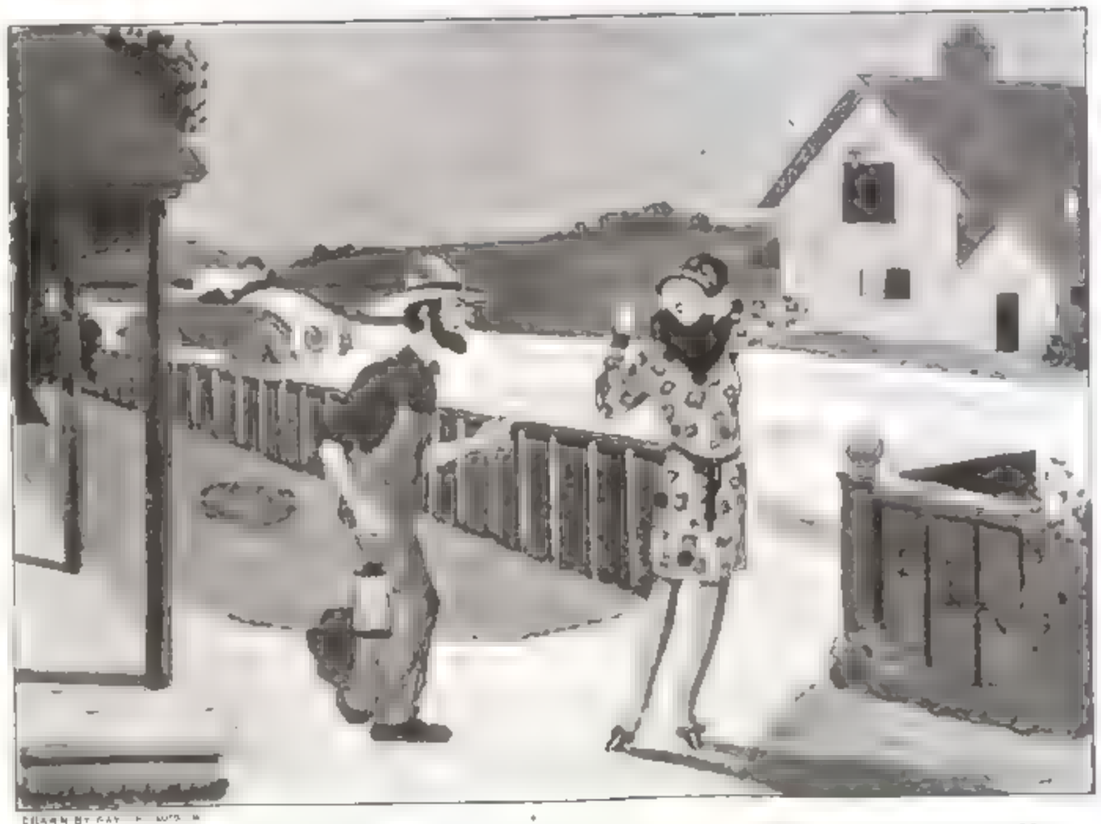
"Supposing I want to increase the amount and pay fifty dollars a month. By using the same procedure I'd have $70,000 when I'm fifty-eight. And really I haven't done very much to get it except perhaps economized a little on lots of things I probably shouldn't have anyway. Of course I mean to get my own house free and clear, and I'll be investing in other good stocks, too, but this is my saving minimum. Whatever happens, I'm going to keep this up. This is the last financial trench of saving that I mean to hold at any cost.

"A lot of people don't think it's worth while, don't realize it is, or are too proud to save five dollars a week. I think they're wrong—look what it amounts to in time. Then, too, we're all weak. We say we'll do something and keep it up, but it's so easy to slide back. What I like about this is that it makes me save at regular intervals in small amounts that aren't missed, and gets me into the habit of saving. Most of us try to go ahead blindly, and it's pretty hopeless and joyless trying to save without a plan of some sort. You don't feel you're getting anywhere. Since I worked all this out I've felt so much more secure and as if I was working toward a goal, accomplishing something. Why don't you try it?"

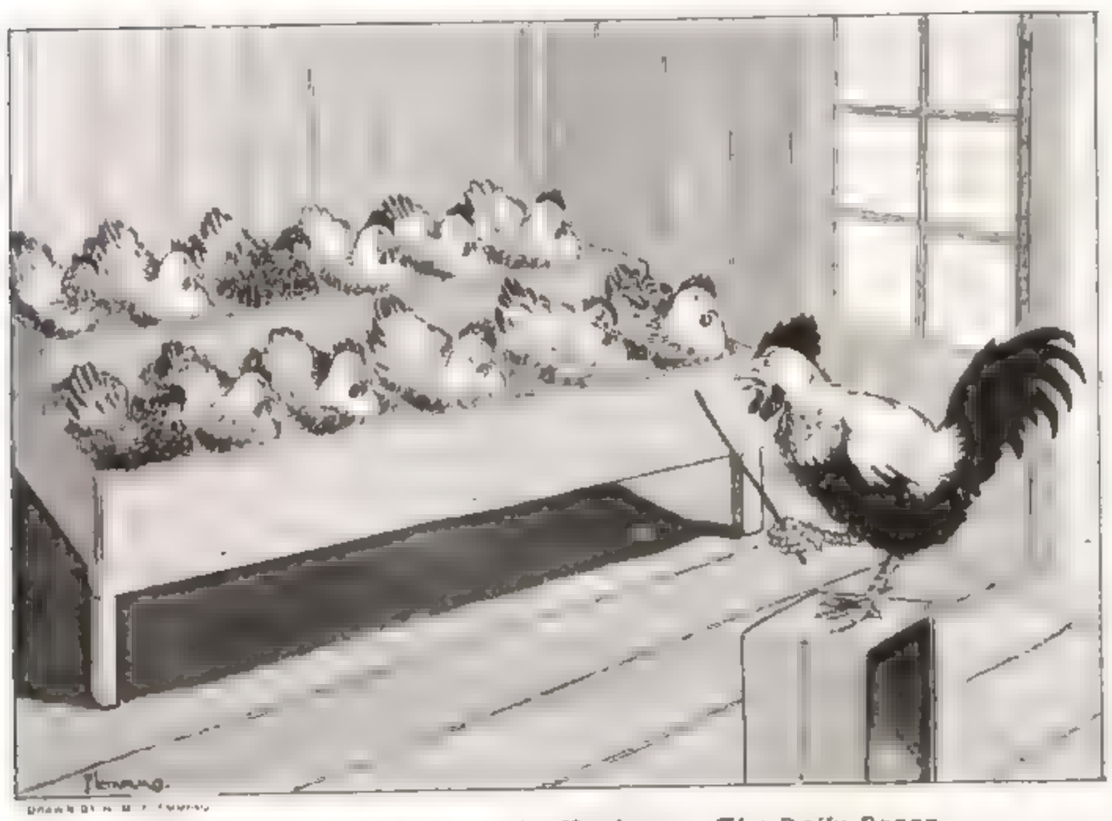
CARTOON AND COMEDY



The Little Rich City Boy Flies His Kite



Uncle Abner (to Visiting City Niece, Whose Boy Friend Has Just Brought Her Home): "It's About Time Ye Were Gittin' Up—Breakfast Has Been Ready an Hour or More!"



Setting-Up Exercises in the Henhouse. The Daily Dozen

The Man Who Insisted That His Wife Take Up Golf

Life Guard: "She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not"

HURRY UP!
I ONLY WORE THIS TIE FOR R YEARS AN' JUST LOOK AT IT!
HEY!
GIMME SOME SERVICE!
EXCHANGE THIS! I HAFTA CATCH A TRAIN IN TWO MINUTES!

Smith Opened a Store Because He Wanted to be His Own Boss

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Since its first day before the public, the Pontiac Six has been scoring a series of triumphs. First came the triumph of its introduction, which resulted in world record sales for a new make of car! Then came a steady succession of important improvements in quality, luxury and convenience—

—improvements that resulted in smoother operation and greater handling ease, in greater comfort, greater economy and greater owner pride—in higher standards of quality and higher levels of popularity!

And now Pontiac Six again represents a sensational new standard of value—the result of this notably finer quality, combined with beautiful new Duco colors on Bodies by Fisher, at lower prices on all body types.

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—and because no other six at or near $745 offers so many luxury and quality features, Pontiac Six sales continue to establish new high levels. Visit your nearest dealer. See and drive the finest low-priced six in automobile history!

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Sport Roadster $745 Landau Sedan $845
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Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
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The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

WHITE FOX

(Continued from Page 5)

Type does not mean good-looking: it can be a peon with one ear hacked off, or an old woman without a tooth in her head, but he will sure leap on them. He looked and panted and wiped his glasses and yelled for the interpreter. "José, get me that man! Dammit! José!"

But the interpreter was not there. It seems he stopped one of those blunt arrows with the back of his neck, and after that he did not know so much. Not so, Bolivia! He got himself together and went right on home.

So Mr. Hunter noticed Jimmy and grabbed him by the arm. "Is that their chief?" he wants to know.

"You might call him that," says Jimmy. "They'll do what he tells 'em, if that's what you mean."

"Tell him to come here," says Hunter.

Jimmy, he cut his eyes at me and sort of grinned. You cannot tell a young stag to come out of the woods and let you pat him, can you? So Hunter noticed and got more polite. He is a nervous fellow, Mr. Hunter is, but smart; I will say that for him.

"I beg your pardon—please! I've got to have him. He's just the type for Moctezuma. He won't have to act; all he's got to do is look like he's looking now." Only, he said Montezuma, like tenderfeet always do; maybe you do; the last king of the Aztecs, huh?

That was what got Jimmy interested. Him and Gene think a lot about the days when they had kings. Myself, I have lived with Indians many years, and married one, but those durn kids know more about them than I do. So does this Mr. Hunter—just from books, you know, studying up to make this moving picture.

Not Indian books. They had books once; the Spaniards burned them all. Once they had cities and libraries just like white people. There was a library at Tezcuco, Jimmy says, where King Nezahual' gave prizes every year to writers and poets and musicians. A big stone building like a palace, sir; the three main kings and their professors sitting there, and a big table loaded with gold and silver prizes, jewels and fine rich cloth and featherwork, just to pay men for writing books. This was a hundred years before the Spaniards came; but Nezahual', he knew. He was the wisest king they ever had.

"The pomp and power of yesterday," he says, "have passed like fearful smoke——"

Jimmy has wrote it down for me somewhere; remind me when we go to supper. It is the Song of Nezahual'.

"—— like fearful smoke from the throat of Popocatepetl, and there is no memorial but the written page."

But what if you burn up the page? Four hundred years the Spaniards ground them down—tore down their palaces and took their gold, what they could find of it; flogged them and made servants of them, stupid and ignorant and afraid. All they know now is yarns passed on by word of mouth—the names of men, like something shining far off in the centuries, the things they did all dim and twisted now.

They could not read books if they had them. Jimmy, he thought a moving picture would be quite a thing. So he asked Hunter this and that, and told White Fox.

"*Tzin*," he says—*tzin* is the Nahua word for noble, but he was talking Spanish; Nahua is too tricky for any white man—"these friends come from my country to make pictures that move and seem to live. They bring no harm; they wish to show the ancient greatness of your people. Will you not come and let them tell you what your men here have not understood?"

I never thought he would. It did not look like he was going to; but all of a sudden he went down head first into the river. Miss Dolores, she let out a lady whoop: "Yea, Duke! Come on, Duke!"

She did not mean he was a duke; the only duke around here is the Spanish one old man Moreno's daughter married; but it seems there is one in New York that is quite a swimmer. So she took to calling him Duke. Miss Dolores, she is quite a girl for pet names, and she cannot say Ixtaccicoyotl, though it is not hard to say unless you rush it. Ish-toc-coe—white, co-yotl—fox—that is all there is to it.

She is not scared of any handsome fellow; not if they come one at a time. The Indians all held out their hands, palm down, and bowed their heads and muttered "*Tzin!*" to him. He is supposed to be some kin to old Guatamo, and they are superstitious about him. But Miss Dolores smiled right up and says, "*Gracias, caballero!*" which she simply had to thank somebody for saving her life, and she knows that much Spanish, anyway.

So Jimmy says, "These are my friends," though he had never seen them till that minute—you know, to make him feel at home. So White Fox made the sign from his own chest, more quiet and dignified, and Jimmy tried to tell him. Now and then he would ask Hunter and Hunter would say yes.

"Can I say," says the kid, "that you will show the Aztec court according to their legends?"

"Legends?" says Hunter, quivering like a bird dog. "Does he know them? Will he tell us? Yes!"

Staring at White Fox and saying yes to anything. I remember some of the actors snickering; I did not know what tickled them, but Jimmy tells me it was quite a treat. It seems they all have to say yes to Mr. Hunter.

White Fox was something to stare at, I will say that for him. Standing there, still as a statue, his gray eyes quiet and his muscles showing through his wet brown skin—which an Indian's do not; Indians are more thick-skinned by nature. He tried to understand, sir, which most Indians would not. But how can you explain a moving picture to a man that never saw one? He does not know a thing about machinery. He could not figure a white woman dressed that way—undressed, I mean.

There was a look on his face I never saw before. Not timid—not exactly; but I can't explain. Far as I know, she was the first pretty white girl he was ever close to outside of Gene; and Gene, she never tried no woman tricks on him. Not so, Bolivia! Gene thinks he is quite a fellow; she is more sorry for him.

But Miss Dolores laughed and put her fingers on his naked arm. Coaxing—more personal—I can't explain.

"You will do this," she says, "for me? To help me? I shall be Malintzin. You shall be Moctezuma."

Her Spanish is just terrible. And she said Marina, which was what the Spaniards made of the name Malin; and Malintzin was nobody, anyway, compared to the king of all the Nahua nations. But Miss Dolores, she is beautiful. Her eyes are black like Naya's, but more long and narrow, and she sure knows how to use them on a young fellow. Coaxing you, daring you—old as I am, I would not be responsible. Oh, I am not blaming him! Naya, she is a pretty child and kind of pitiful, but I reckon she never tried to make a fellow's head swim. She has been engaged to White Fox all her life.

His voice got deep and soft and kind of shaky, and he says to Jimmy, "What will the señorita have me do?"

And Miss Dolores laughed and looked at him more —— Well, I can't explain. I reckon it tickled her to see him act so ignorant. Joshing, I reckon; but her joshing is not quite the same. It sounds funny, but it does not feel funny. More like she did not give a durn. Calling him Dangerous Duke for being solemn, and talking baby talk, and laughing because he did not understand. Calling me grandpa, when she would not have me for a grandpa on a bet. It was all right with me; I have seen tenderfeet come and go. But Ixtaccicoyotl, he is a serious-minded

Eh? Oh! *Eres tú*, Concha? *Ven; quiero presentar*——

My wife says supper is ready. Excuse her for not waiting to be introduced; she is right bashful about Americans. She is afraid you will take her for a servant. And when you come to think of it, you cannot blame her much. That is the way they have been treated for four hundred years.

She is not as big a fool as she looks. She knows when you are making fun of her. Jimmy and Gene can do it, and she thinks they are great kids to pay that much attention to an old woman; but you can imagine how she felt about these actors. Dudes, every one of them; they thought this was the jumping-off place; they nearly fell dead when they saw Gene's house—electric lights and all fixed up like in a city. Real jolly young folks, at that. They used to come up here at night, joshing and singing and taking turns at the piano, or trying these pieces of the picture—rushes, they call them, but they did not seem to be in any hurry. They would sit sometimes and jaw two hours about it.

They had a sheet to show them in their camp, but Jimmy talked them out of it. If those hill Indians was to see them and get superstitious, you could not get them in front of a camera again.

I reckon you have seen moving pictures, huh? It is just a yellowish ribbon, but they fix it up in a big automobile wagon and it comes out black with little pictures—not much bigger than your thumb nail, sir; but you would be surprised. They showed them on the wall in Jimmy's patio, which is eighteen feet high, and it could make a man's face pretty near that big. I remember yet the jump I got when they first showed a sample of White Fox—not doing anything, just turning his face like Jimmy told him; you know, to see how he would look.

I thought it was just terrible, but Hunter fairly whooped. "What a face!" says he. "Tremendous! Tremendous!"

It was all of that. Big as a barn door, his brown skin darker and his gray eyes paler than they are—creepy somehow; like he was seeing things. Well, sir, that was the way they wanted him to look. Because where Malintzin is talking to him, and all the Aztec princes standing there, you can see things come up like ghosts behind the Spaniards. Old sailing ships and cannons shooting and Spanish cavalry pouring up—that was what she was supposed to be telling him; you know, to scare him for Cortez.

Oh, nothing magic about it; Jimmy says they just take a picture somewhere else and fake it in. Hunter, he sent a fellow to Tepic and got these other parts by mail, and showed the whole thing finally. That was the bargain Jimmy made, to pay White Fox for ——

Eh? *Sí, sí*, Concha; *vamos yá*.

She knows we are talking about him, and she does not like it. He is a kind of sacred fellow to them. And do not fool yourself about her talking English; she is too bashful, but she has been hearing it too long.

I felt right sorry for her when they showed this sample of him. I thought it would be a treat, but it durn near scared her out of a week's growth. You know, they turn out all the lights. First come the fighting, which it was on the same ribbon, and you could hear her breathing hard. And then here come this huge face on the wall. She knew who it was, all right; she thought the gods was going to strike us dead or something. And then his eyes begun to turn and look at her, and she just yelled and threw her apron over her head and started praying to Huitzil'. You could not tell her it was just a picture, took by machinery and not by magic. You ought to heard those actors laugh. I reckon they do not pray much, even to our white man's God.

But you go out and live with Indians, sir, and their ideas will not seem funny to you. Foolish, maybe, but not funny. Let the sun burn you and the desert starve you and enemies kill you and flog you and make servants of you. Let the hills loom over you—yes, mostly it is the hills. Looming up over you day and night, so big and deaf and blind and everlasting—they must have loomed that way out of the first darkness of the world, when nothing lived; when nothing moved or balanced itself or rubbed together, the Indians say. Only the flat dead ocean and the hills looming up like monsters in the dark.

Look at them now. Like something waiting over you against the stars—they must have looked that way when the first savage came alive to see. They must have looked that way when Toltecs lived and tried to copy them with great huge pyramids, God knows how long ago. They must have looked that way when Aztecs built their first mud village in the lake, and kings rose up to rule over fine cities and rich nations, and Nezahual' sang in his splendid garden—and when the Spaniards' crowbars tore their temples down.

Savages learning to be civilized, fighting up out of the dark, reaching for God knows what—and white men coming to grind them down to savages again. It is no wonder they think their gods are cruel on them. The wonder is that they can keep on hoping, but they do. This boy White Fox ——

But drink up, sir. We better go on in.

IV

WHAT is it that gets into tenderfeet, anyway? You cannot blame them for being green and doing things a native would not do; but they do things they would not do at home. In New York, they tell me, Miss Dolores is quite a fashionable young lady. On Fifth Avenue, I bet you, she would not dream of teasing a naked Indian. That is a street where upper-class families go walking, like the inner circle of the plazas here.

Once or twice I tried to get Gene to talk to her. "She ought to be ashamed," I says, "to let a naked Indian think she is flirting. Has that girl lost her head?"

"Lost what?" says Jimmy.

"The thing she wears her face on," says Gene, sarcastic. But Jimmy says, "Kitty, kitty!" and starts looking under the chairs, and Gene tried to slap him and it put them in a good humor. Kitty means you are jealous, but he knew durn well she was not.

He held her hands so she could not do it, and asked me, "What's a good Nahua word for wise cracker?"

"Huh?" I says. "What's a wise cracker?"

"Dolores is," says he. "But I can't think of a delicate way to explain it to Ixtacci'. I hate to use any Spanish word he'd know—about a white woman."

"She ought to think of that," I says.

"Uncle Lew ——" says Jimmy—him and Gene both call me uncle, though I am no kin to them; and Jamie calls me grandpa; maybe you noticed. He says it plain enough for anybody, huh? Oh, I admit he could not talk so good when they was here; this was last dry season. That was how Miss Dolores took to calling me grandpa, because I tried to prove he said it. Like it was funny to get old and have no young folks of your own.

Jimmy, he made excuses for her. He was so wrapped up in this picture he could not find time to work. He rode herd on Ixtacci' like he was his mamma, interpreting and smoothing things over, to keep him from getting mad or tired of it, or superstitious. He did not think it would hurt the boy to get vampired a little, long as it kept him interested; he did not think she meant a bit of harm. It seems she is quite an actress and you have to make allowances.

"Uncle Lew," he says, "you mustn't judge Dolores by our narrow standards. She's an artist," he says. "Ixtacci' is not a

(Continued on Page 53)

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. . . but did you know DUCO brings these same qualities to a host of articles that come into the home?
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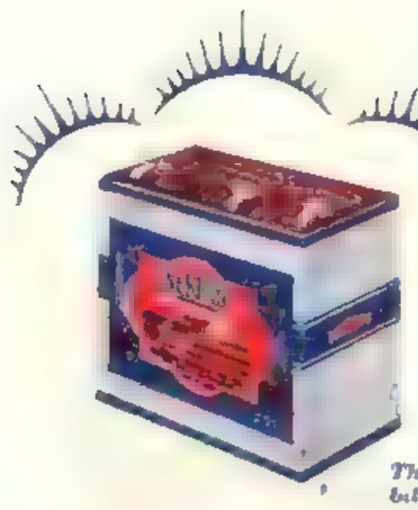

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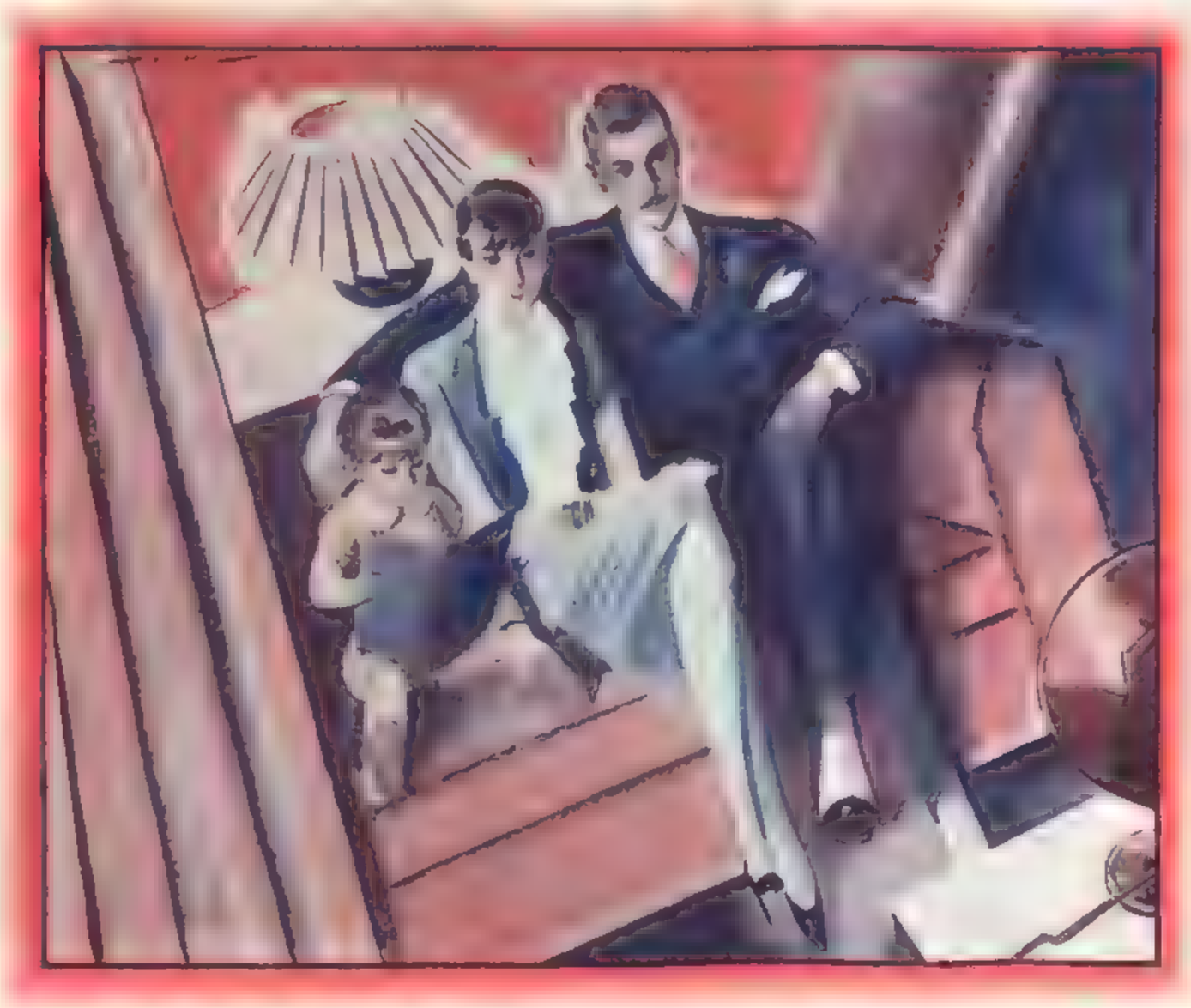

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Batteries themselves have improved, as has radio. Today they are so perfect, and so long-lasting, as to be equal to the demands of the modern receiver. Power your set with the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. This is the battery whose unique, exclusive construction makes it last longer than any other Eveready. Could more be said? In most homes a set of Layerbilts lasts an entire season. This is the battery that brings you Battery Power with all its advantages, conferring benefits and enjoyments that are really tremendous when compared with the small cost and effort involved in replacements at long intervals. For the best in radio, use the Eveready Layerbilt.

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Have you heard the new Victor record by the Eveready Hour Group—orchestra and singers—in Middleton's Down South Overture and Dvořák's Goin' Home?

(Continued from Page 50)

naked Indian to her; he's not a man at all. He's just ——"

"He looks a good deal of a man," I says, "to me."

"—— the beauty of the male," says Jimmy.

"Pants are so inartistic," says Gene.

"Civilization stifles her," says Jimmy. "She told me so."

"She would," says Gene.

"Yes," says Jimmy, twirling where his mustache would be if he had one. "I am a man of the great open spaces, and she ——"

"She's a wild, wild woman," says Gene. "She is a S-Spaniard!" says she, kind of twinkling at me, which she did not believe it any more than I did. "The blood of the conqueror is in her veins!"

"It could be, at that," says Jimmy. "I hear Cortez cut quite a swath among the ladies in his time."

"You ought to be ashamed," I says, "talking that way before your wife."

"I am," says he. "I just can't bring myself to the simple frankness of her generation," he says, poking Gene in the ribs, which he is always pretending she is too young to know.

But Gene is not so green. She was nice to Miss Dolores, being company, but she certainly did not like the way she acted when she was not acting.

Tenderfeet come and go, but it makes trouble for white women that live here.

"I hope she doesn't get too wild," says she. "Ixtacci' is an amateur and a gentleman, but he's nobody's animal cracker."

I reckon cracking an animal is the same as breaking or taming it. But I could not see that Miss Dolores was so wild. She had a stylish French *criada* to take care of her. She talked about the hills—how fine it must be to strike out into them with nobody but a mule; but you ought to heard her when she had to walk because the automobiles could not get there. She tried to shoot a bow and arrow once—White Fox, he never heard of a woman wanting to; but she admired that big black bow of his, and took an arrow out of his quiver, and first thing he knew she was right up against him and he was holding her hands in place and helping her pull—I could not bend that bow myself. But it hurt her fingers and she tried to yank them out, and the string slipped and slapped her arm and skinned it; and she cried, which no wild woman would have thought of doing.

I reckon she did not realize how he was taking it. Maybe she felt like he was just an Indian and it did not make much difference—I mean, until she heard him sing.

V

SHE heard him call the Indians in the fighting, and she says "My God!" If she was a Spaniard it would be all right; in Spanish it is not swearing.

"What if that bird," she says, "could be taught to sing!"

"He sings," says Jimmy, "fairly well already."

But he is a bird that cannot be made to sing. She tried to coax him, joshing and vampiring, but he says, "I cannot, señorita." In cold blood, he meant. I reckon you cannot sing five or ten songs at once, and that was how he must have felt—mixed up, I mean.

The fighting was all right. He knows about the great days of the Indians; Guatamo raised him; it is all Guatamo thinks about. He knows about men dressing up like gods and kings and going through motions, which they do it in religious services. But they do not have much to do it with. There was the Aztec army, Spaniards and all, like he has heard of it a thousand times—you could just see his gray eyes shine. He thought these actors must be friends, like Jimmy said.

But you could not make head or tails. The fighting comes afterward, but they did it first, while their painters and carpenters was working; that was the way they did everything, wrong end to. They had their camp down yonder in the basin, and some walls with Aztec curlicues on one side and rough wood on the other. But there was the throne of Moctezuma, big as life and twice as natural.

It was the biggest curiosity that ever happened around here. The fine families from the haciendas came down in their carriages, and peons and Indians in canoes, and forty miles on foot. Hunter had all the types he could shake a stick at; he would just prowl a minute and say "You!" and Jimmy or this man José would tell them more polite, and mostly they would do it, whether it was a rich man's daughter or no matter who. The señoritas have seen moving pictures in Tequila; they was real tickled to be in one. The Indians, though, they took it serious. They get their gods and their old kings mixed up sometimes.

This long black oilcloth floor, and White Fox sitting there, like a brown statue on that golden throne—Naya, she must have felt like it was all a dream. I saw her watching him, just saucer-eyed. Spaniards and Aztecs bowing down to him, Mr. Hunter yelling and these camera fellows grinding, and a string band playing music for them—they said it was to make them feel a certain way, but they never paid any attention to it that I could see. Naya, though, she thought it was just grand. Raised in a cave like she was, out there where nothing ever happens but another day—you can imagine.

Hunter, he noticed her right away. There is not many pretty girls out in the hills; they live too hard; the sun burns them too brown. Naya, she does not get out in the sun much.

"Hi, James!" says he to Jimmy. "Here's my *nenetzin!*"

Only he said ne-netson; he did not give a durn about pronouncing. It is not a name in the first place—*nene* just means child, or baby, and *tzin* because it was a little sister of the king. But one of the Spanish soldiers was supposed to make love to her, and Jimmy knew Naya would never stand it.

He saw who it was, and grinned to her, and she smiled, timid. She likes Jimmy; he is the only fellow that can make her laugh—far as I know, he is the only one that ever tried. But Hunter saw her do it and says "Yes, sir, that's my baby!"

"Not a chance!" says Jimmy.

"Why not?" says Hunter.

"She'd be scared to death," says Jimmy.

"So was Nenetzin," says Hunter.

"Not," says the kid, "to make a Roman holiday!"

But you could see what Hunter meant. Timid and wondering—that was the way Nenetzin must have felt four hundred years ago. That was where Hunter showed his smartness. He knew full Indians could not act like actors; long as they looked like Indians he was satisfied. He even wanted Miss Dolores to, though she was the prettiest and smartest actress in his outfit.

Yes, and it durn near busted up the show.

You say you did not see this picture? It is about the Aztecs and the conquering, but it is mostly Miss Dolores. They tell me it means hunt the woman; but you do not have to hunt. She keeps bobbing up like a sore thumb. First, she is a princess from a nation they are fighting, and they sacrifice her papa. So then the Spaniards come. So she vampires Cortez and goes with him into the Aztec country; you know, to get revenge. So Moctezuma does not know she is the daughter of his enemy, and thinks she is a friend of his, because she vampires him and whispers that Cortez is a terrible dangerous fellow and a brother of the Fair God. So he believes it and is scared to fight.

Well, White Fox was not scared exactly. Not so, Bolivia! He could have licked a dozen actors, and he knew it. But he was certainly vampired. He did what Jimmy told him, quiet, just looking out of those eyes of his—mostly at her. Not that he had to do much. Most of the time Hunter just let him sit there, whether he was having his picture took or not; White Fox, he did not know the difference.

Acting like Moctezuma was no joke to him. Those yarns are like the Bible to that boy. He thinks they are about his own ancestors.

He would put on the brass arm rings and glass jewelry the actors gave him, but he would not wear their imitation *huitzin* cape; he turned up next day with his real one. And I will be durned if Miss Dolores did not take it right away from him and try it on.

Jimmy, he heard the Indians muttering, and saw her. "Have a heart!" says he, meaning be reasonable.

"Another thing," says she, "that isn't done?"

"Unless you're Aztec, male," says Jimmy, trying to josh her out of it, "and claim royal blood."

But you can imagine. What does she care about old superstitions? She knows they have not got anything to be royal over, even if it is so.

"Bet you a hundred," she says to Hunter, "I wear it down Fifth Avenue!"

Hunter, he would not take her up; he knew that girl. Jimmy, though, he kind of lost his temper. "I'll take that bet!" says he. But that reminds me. I forgot to ask him if he ever paid her.

Huh? Oh, *huitzin* means humming bird. It is a cape made of the skins of them. Not the common gray ones; the tiny million-colored ones, like little jewels dancing in the sun; the sacred sign of their war god Huitzil'. It must take thousands of them, but you cannot see how they are put together. Like velvet, only softer. Like silk that changes color, melting and rippling when a man moves inside of it. I reckon she was the first woman that ever tried it, but I will say this for her—she sure knows how to move.

What was I telling you? Oh, yes. She had him vampired all right. It looked to me like she was trying to—putting on extra dog, I mean, the minute she started acting to him. But Hunter snapped his fingers and says, "No-no-no!" He is real quick at noticing, Mr. Hunter is.

Indian women do not walk that way. They train them from little girls to balance water on their head and keep their shoulders still. Miss Dolores now —— I can't explain. Graceful but slithery; in my time it was not ladylike.

"No-no-no, Dolores! You're not in the Follies now," he says—not meaning foolishness; it seems to be a theater where she learned that way of walking. "You're an Indian! Here, you," he says, snapping his fingers, "show her how to walk!" And he pointed at Naya like a gun. Naya, she was just paralyzed. She thought he was scolding her, and she had not done a thing. So did the Indians; you could hear them muttering. They call her *nenetzin* themselves, you know.

"What's the row?" says Jimmy, coming up.

"Search me," says Hunter. "Just ask her to walk up and down a bit, can't you? She's got the gait I want," he says, more like she was a horse.

So Jimmy laughed and says, "The Señor Director begs that Naya will show the señorita how an Indian lady walks," and White Fox said it in Nahua for her and it was all right. Naya, she was not scared if Jimmy said so. She walked right out and showed her—serious, you know; she thought the señorita really wanted to walk right. They think white women walk disgraceful, anyway.

But you can imagine. Miss Dolores, she was mad at Mr. Hunter, and she did not half try. It was ridiculous.

"No, no, no," says Naya, innocent, not realizing that the señorita was already tired of getting no-no-noed. And she swung her *manta* off and handed it to her mamma and pushed her long hair back and patted her shoulders with her little fingers, meaning watch them; you know, from the waist up it is like sliding in a groove.

She did not hear Miss Dolores snicker. She did not think a thing about it. Naked to the waist, her little—you know—bosom sticking up as innocent as you please. Miss Dolores would not dream of showing her chest that way. But—well, sir, this jeweled

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

DOROTHY GULLIVER

One of Universal's Charming Young Stars

I am doing everything possible to clothe Universal Pictures in beauty so that every one may leave a pleasing impression. The whole world loves beautiful faces and figures—beautiful clothes—beautiful scenery and settings.

Oftentimes the movie-fans prefer more beauty and less talent, but my efforts are directed towards securing both. When beauty and talent balance, and the story is good and the director capable, the result can never be in doubt.

Universal Pictures coming to you offer many of the noted beauties of the screen in LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY PHILBIN, BARBARA KENT, MARIAN NIXON, JUNE MARLOWE, DOROTHY GULLIVER and LOIS MORAN. Moreover, they are all talented and successful. You will see them rather often in Universal's list of pictures for Fall.

Be sure to see HOOT GIBSON in ***"Painted Ponies"*** if you like Wild West stories, hard riding and courage. The story is out of the ordinary, and the picture has many thrilling scenes. The titian-haired beauty ETHLYNE CLAIR supports GIBSON. Reaves Eason directed.

Also watch for ***"Cheating Cheaters,"*** from the stage success by Max Marcin, starring BETTY COMPSON and KENNETH HARLAN. This picture I can cordially recommend. It had a long and successful run as a stage-play. It is a story of the underworld and has splendid dramatic power. Please let me know what you think of it as well as other Universals you see.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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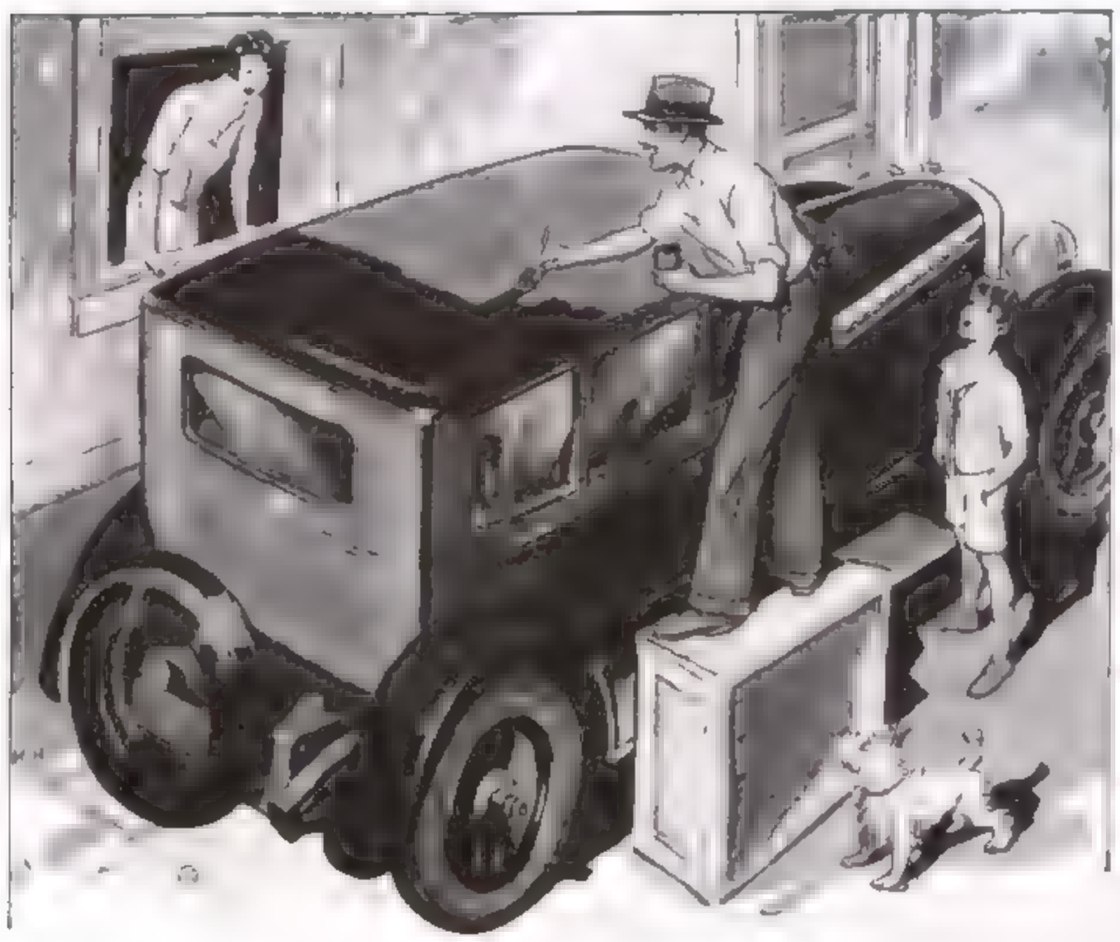

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chest protector did not more than cover the case. She did not mind showing her back. And she has got pretty legs and does not care who knows it. Myself, I do not say short dresses are immodest; I used to think so, but Gene wears them and I know she is not. Naya, now, she wears her dresses to her feet.

No, sir, I do not know just what immodest is. I reckon it is all in what a man is used to; yes, and how a woman means it.

Naya did not feel naked. And she did not look it—not to me. Little and slim, her head up and her big black eyes looking at Jimmy, more proud and trustful—like a baby somehow; she was real glad to help a friend of his. Jimmy, he laughed and nodded to her, and she smiled, and Hunter clapped his hands and says, "At-a-baby! James, I've got to have that kid. Get that look in her eyes, will you? No bob-haired actorine could fake it!"

Naya, she could not help cutting her eyes to see if White Fox noticed, but not so, Bolivia! Indian walking was no novelty to him. He was watching Miss Dolores try it. And I will be fair with you—I did not like that girl, but she is smart. I reckon she had her dander up; I reckon she did not like to be called bob-haired, though it is a fact—she had to wear a wig to be an Indian; her hair is black enough, but short like a man.

She pushed it back like Naya did. And maybe she could not balance water, but she did it. Just from the hips—yes, and a little more so; you know what I mean. I do not say she did it to mock Naya, though I admit I thought so at the time. I do not say she did it for White Fox's benefit, but I can swear she looked at him and laughed. And then she had to turn and laugh at Naya.

I can remember yet. The laugh stayed on her face, but more like it was froze there. It must have come over Naya all at once.

All of a sudden she flew at Miss Dolores, clawing and spatting—she does not know the first thing about fighting; I reckon it was the first time she ever tried. But she would have scratched her eyes out if this wig had not slipped over them. She realized it was a wig, and you know what she thought—when they cut an Indian's hair off she is disgraced.

No, sir, it was not funny at the time. Jimmy jumped for them, but White Fox beat him to it, though he was thirty feet away and sitting down. He put his hand on Naya's shoulder and said something, and she just fell down on her knees and started crying.

So Miss Dolores motioned to this French *criada* to bring a looking-glass, and started straightening her wig, calm as a cucumber now that she was over being scared.

"I hope you're satisfied?" says Jimmy.

"Hardly," says Miss Dolores.

But Mr. Hunter looked at her. He talks real fast and snaps his fingers generally, but he was mad; he talked polite and smooth. "I realize perfectly," he says, "that Indians are only scenery for your fatal beauty," he says, sarcastic. "I won't take on the girl if you're afraid she'll show you up. But take a look at the scenery," he says, "and you won't worry about your make-up. We're in the ditch," he says, or maybe he said Dutch. He was plumb out of sorts with her.

The Indians was just standing there, most of them in their Aztec war get-up, and their looks to match.

"I'm—I'm sorry," says Miss Dolores, scared again.

"Try looking it," says Jimmy, speaking short. "See if you can manage an apology. If this boy runs out on us ——"

White Fox, he meant. Well, sir, that girl can put on looks as easy as I can my hat. She turned around and held her hand out to him, pitiful—you would have swore her heart was broke. "You won't run out on us, will you," she says, "Dukelets?"

VI

WHITE FOX, he looked at her and he looked at Jimmy. His brown face never changes much. Only his mouth will move a little; only those white man's eyes of his, aching to understand. Jimmy, he felt right sour about it, but what could the poor kid do?

"She says she is sorry she was informal," he says—in Spanish it means hurt your feelings without meaning to. "She begs that Naya will forgive her."

You could hear señoritas squealing, scooting for their carriages; and one of the actors says, "Talk pretty, James! I love my art and all that sort of hooey, but I've got a family at home."

But White Fox touched his chest and made the sign to Miss Dolores, quiet. "I beg," he says, "the señorita will forgive It is that Naya does not understand the strangeness." And he picked Naya up and motioned to her mamma and their paddlers, and off they put in their canoe and back he climbed on Moctezuma's throne.

He did not understand it either. He just took Jimmy's word it would amount to something. Most Indians would get tired of things they did not understand; but if you ask me, sir, that boy has got things in him that he does not know. Maybe we all have, when you come right down to it.

Up to the last few years, far as I know, no white man ever heard of him—till he grew up, I mean, and got that big deep voice of his. You cannot hide a thing like that; not in a district that is settling up like this one is. Then Jimmy blundered on their cave, like I was telling you, and he found out there was one square white man. Once in a blue moon he would show up at Jimmy's house, at night, when he would not run into anybody—slipping down out of the dark, standing there, still as a statue, trying to make up his mind; but Jimmy did not treat him like a ghost. He would just say, "*Qué hay, tzin?* Have a seat," casual. And Ixtacci' liked it. Being a sacred fellow must get lonesome, sir, when you are young and full of wondering as that boy is.

Questions was what he came to ask. All he knew then was what Guatamo taught him—this poor old cripple, crazy with hate for what white men have done to them. Not the United States; that is just politics, too up-to-date for old Guatamo even to realize. He is still thinking of the Spaniards and the conquering, and the men that burned his feet up sixty or eighty years—I do not know how long ago; it was before my time. I never paid much attention to these yarns of Aztec gold. I used to hear about him in the old days, more like a fierce old spirit of the hills or something; you know, a yarn the mothers told to scare their children. I did not half believe he was a man.

But nowadays the world is getting small. Where can you hide from white men and machinery? How can you keep a boy from seeing them? And wondering, if he has got it in his heart to wonder? Like a young wolf cub ranging in the hills, hiding and hating—watching and getting used to it, till he forgets to hate and only wonders.

Many a time I have sat here and thought of it. Out yonder is the white man's world, New York and England and the United States, railroads and battleships, telegraphs and telephones, steam and electricity and moving pictures, and white men doing things—always doing things—spreading and spreading, shading off into Spaniards and half-breed politicians and peons. But there is still a million Indians in the hills, not doing anything, not wanting to do anything, just living by the sun and moon and stars. Now and then they fight against the government and get carried off to Yucatan, but most of them just wait. They think the stars will save them. A white man cannot realize; you can be married thirty years, like I have, and still feel them thinking things you do not know—like something reaching off and off into the dark.

Moving pictures are quite a trick, at that. Myself, of course I know there is no magic in it, but -

VII

THEY showed it on the outside wall of Jimmy's house, where all the Indians could sit on the hill and see it. That was the bargain Jimmy made, but it was more

(Continued on Page 58)

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Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

(Continued from Page 54)

than he had bargained for. He had not seen the parts they made in their own factory. He simply did not realize how good the faking was.

You said this was a quiet place? You ought to been here. The Indians started coming before sundown, and the last I knew they was still coming. Time does not mean a thing to them; they have got nothing but. The fine families from the haciendas came; more like a *fiesta*, all shaking hands and saying how good to ask them, the young bucks bowing and paying compliments to the mammas, the mammas giggling and pretending not to notice if they whispered to the girls a little, and this string band playing to pass the time away. Jimmy, he asked White Fox to bring Guatamo, but he knew the old fellow would not come. Not so, Bolivia! He had got along without moving pictures a hundred years or so, and he was not going to start fooling with them at his age. Once or twice I wondered what Guatamo thought about Ixtacci' getting mixed up in it. But Ixtacci' did not say much, and you cannot ask an Indian about Guatamo in so many words.

Ixtacci' came, quiet and serious as usual. But people had got used to seeing him; they did not hardly notice. He did not come down front with the fine families—he knows his place; they have got Spanish blood and would not like it. Back in the dark somewhere, so still that you forgot about him being there. The actors all felt jolly because the job was done, laughing and joshing and drinking Jimmy's liquor; but not him. White Fox, he thinks of one thing at a time. They told him he would see the picture on that wall, and that was where he looked—still as a statue, waiting, a thousand Indians on the hill behind him.

Here is a funny thing, sir. I never knew when he began to sing. I remember the commotion when the lantern started clicking and some reading flipped out of the dark—English; not that it made a bit of difference to them:

"Once there were kings in Mexico."

And there was a picture of this basin, took down yonder where the river widens, and these little cities in the water—toy cities, really; like something for kids to play with; I will show you tomorrow what is left of it and you will laugh. But I had already seen it and I knew how big they was. It did not fool me then. I reckon it did not fool anybody. The señoritas clapped their hands, polite, and says how pretty.

But all of a sudden it began to blur and change. You saw a piece of causeway in the water, and a palace door, and warriors marching with a line of prisoners. And right there, sir, was where I started getting lost. You saw slaves carrying a covered chair, and you caught a glimpse of Miss Dolores in it—Malintzin, you know—but dressed more like the princess she was supposed to be. And there was an actor with her I never saw before.

You saw this palace room with naked dancers—I can swear they did not have hide or hair of dancers here. But there was Moctezuma watching them—White Fox, you know, as big as life and twice as natural. You could hear Indians grunt all up and down the hill. You saw him wave his hand to stop the dancing. You saw him listen, solemn and fierce and royal, hearing his captains tell about the war. You saw them throw this captive king down on his knees, but the old fellow would not ask for mercy.

Even then I did not realize what was coming. They did not have a *teocali* here; Hunter, he swears he made that part in his own factory. They just cut steps in a clay bank and told the Indians to rush up it, howling—they did not know what for, outside of forty cents a day.

But in the picture, sir, it is no laughing matter. It blurs and fades into the great *teocali* of Huitzil', and Aztecs howling for human —— Huh?

Oh, temple of the gods; this monstrous pyramid where they sacrificed their captives. You catch a glimpse of Malintzin, just horrified, which it is her papa getting his heart cut out. You see the main priest waiting—he was a dark-complected, hook-nosed actor, name of Schwartz; he looks more like an Indian than Ixtacci' does, at that. Dressed in a bull's skin, horns on his head and cat claws on his hands, and the light flickering on him from the sacred fires—he looks just horrible. You cannot blame Malin for siding with the Spaniards afterward.

Oh, I admit it is no way to treat a man! And yet —— I can't explain. It does not mean Aztecs was savages; not in that day and time. Spaniards was crueler, from all I hear. The Aztecs only killed them, and they killed them fighting. They would just chain a man to this big stone and let him fight their warriors one by one till he went down; and if you ever got a knife cut, sir, you know it does not hurt you much while you are fighting. They did not do it for a punishment; they thought the dead man's courage would come into them.

They never claimed it was to please a good, kind-hearted god. Huitzil', he was their war god and no bones about it.

It kind of gets you, sir, it comes so fast. This fierce old king backed up against this monstrous idol, the firelight flickering and the *maquahuitls* flashing—war clubs, you know, studded with blades of glass—and naked warriors waiting to run in. Whim! Wham! He was a fighter, that old fellow was. He had them piled three deep before they got him.

Then the main priest steps in. You do not see him do it; you only catch a glimpse of Malintzin swearing vengeance, and then you see the Aztecs rushing up to catch the dead man's bravery. Oh, I admit it was no sort of thing to show to Indians! Jimmy, he says he was just paralyzed.

You saw them howling, rushing up the steps—and that was not the worst of it. Not so, Bolivia! You heard them.

They do not have human sacrifice nowadays—not that white men can swear to—but they are still the same inside. They was fierce fighters once; they had to be. White men have ground them down, but the great hills and the desert and the burning sun worked on their souls too many centuries before.

You heard the mutter catch and spread like fire in grass, and then some old man yelled. That started spreading too. The picture started slowing down, but Jimmy's voice cracked out: "Keep that projector going!"

You know, he figured the rest of it could not be any worse, and he knew better than to let it stop with that taste in their mouth. The picture sped up again, and the yells died out, but it was quite a while before my back hair would lie down again.

Moving pictures are quite a trick, at that. When you see pieces of it, like these samples, it is more of a curiosity to see it move just like they did while they was taking it. But when it keeps on going, you forget. It does not seem a wall in front of you; more like a window where you see into a place no living man has ever been. Then you forget, and feel like you are there—back in the city of Nahuatl, gold and glory, warriors and priests and kings around you, feeling an old yarn come to life inside of you.

You see Malin in prison and the women telling her about the vision—about the Princess Papan and the angel in the Valley of Dry Bones. Jimmy, he says that part is history, but it is beautiful. It all comes up before you like a dream.

Papantzin, she died, the story goes. But the next morning her little sister found her walking in the garden, and she told them. In the night an angel came and took her down into a valley, beautiful and green, but strewed with bleaching skeletons—the bones, he said, of warriors yet to die. You see the angel towering, misty and beautiful, pointing far off, and then you see the ocean gleam. You see white ships with wings like birds against the sunrise.

Then the sky darkens and the lightning flashes, and you see white men come riding up out of the storm, the Fair God leading them, holding his shining staff with the winged serpent on it.

Quetzal', you know—the Feathered Snake; that is what Quetzalcoatl means. A blue-eyed, whiskered god —— Where did they get that idea, sir, long centuries before they ever saw a white man? They say he came out of the Eastern Sea, a thousand years ago, and taught them to plant corn and cure the sick and have one wife apiece. He tried to get them to stop human sacrifice; but Huitzil' would not stand for that. They quarreled, so the story goes, and Quetzal' went back home into the sunrise on a raft of living snakes. But you know what that means. This lone white man from God knows where, bucking the Indian priests—he had to fake a miracle to get away.

Many a time I have sat here and thought of it. Five hundred years before Columbus—shipwrecked, I reckon, and his partners drowned; starving or dying of slow thirst, after all, out on his raft, when he had done so much for them! They realized it finally. Kings claimed to be descended from him. Priests made a living prophesying his return. Five hundred years they kept expecting him. And then Papan had this vision—and the Spaniards came!

They could have wiped them out, sir, ten times over. They would have done it, too, if they had been the savages the Spaniards claimed. Oh, part of it was superstition, I admit. They thought the guns shot lightning and killed by magic. They thought a man on horseback was a god because he loomed so big and went so fast—you know, they never saw a horse till then; that was how Papan saw them in the vision, like the riders grew right out of them.

That was all right. They could get used to horses. They found out Spaniards could be killed, even through iron armor. They did kill quite a few of them before they got unsettled in their minds.

Quetzal', he was the only white man they ever heard about, and he was good.

Once they had drove him out, and they had been sorry for five hundred years. They thought the Spaniards could not be so bad if they was like him. Of course the Spaniards found out how they felt about it; Malintzin, she told them. She told Cortez about the vision, and he told her how to work on Moctezuma—pretending to be friends, lying and scheming all the time to make slaves out of them and get their gold.

The Spaniards never licked them, sir; it was their faith in the best god they ever had. I have heard of it all my life, but I had never realized so keen until I saw it there before my eyes. You can just see it in the eyes of Moctezuma—handsome and proud and strong, but all torn up by wondering.

It did not seem just like a picture; a man's soul was in it. And then I realized just why it took me by the throat.

"O Quetzalcoatl, pity us, thy foolish children!"

This deep voice shaking you—not loud; more like it was tore out of him. I have heard children say it when their papas whip them harder than they can stand. They teach them not to cry, sir, but they cannot keep from begging sometimes.

The boy was praying. I could not follow what he said; I do not know the words; but I remember how it made me feel. More like that his soul was there in front of me. Maybe it was; maybe there is more in machinery than we realize. How do we know just where an idea comes from, and what it will amount to in the end?

I am no fool; I know there is no magic in it. And yet I swear to you that boy stood there behind me in the dark and wove his voice into that picture—into all of us. It was alive for him; it was alive for us. You knew it was the truth. You saw a king that only had to lift his hand to save himself—afraid to lift it. Not of Cortez; not of the Spaniards' guns. Not like the Indians you see today, that can be whipped and cowed and sent to Yucatan to work their lives out in the sisal fields. He was a king. He was

(Continued on Page 59)

Standard equipment on the motors of
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To remove the most common cause of:

- Excessive Carbon
- Pitted Valves–*loss of power*
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YOU know what it means to have a perfect-running motor. But you may not realize that when your engine does not run perfectly, nine chances out of ten, the reason is because of faulty carburetion.

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You know the first thing you do when your motor doesn't function properly—you pull out the choke, perhaps run for miles with it open. This is dangerous. Feeding raw gasoline into your cylinders by means of the choke means diluted crankcase oil, pitted valves, excessive carbon formation, and leads inevitably to burned-out bearings, scored cylinders—and big repair bills.

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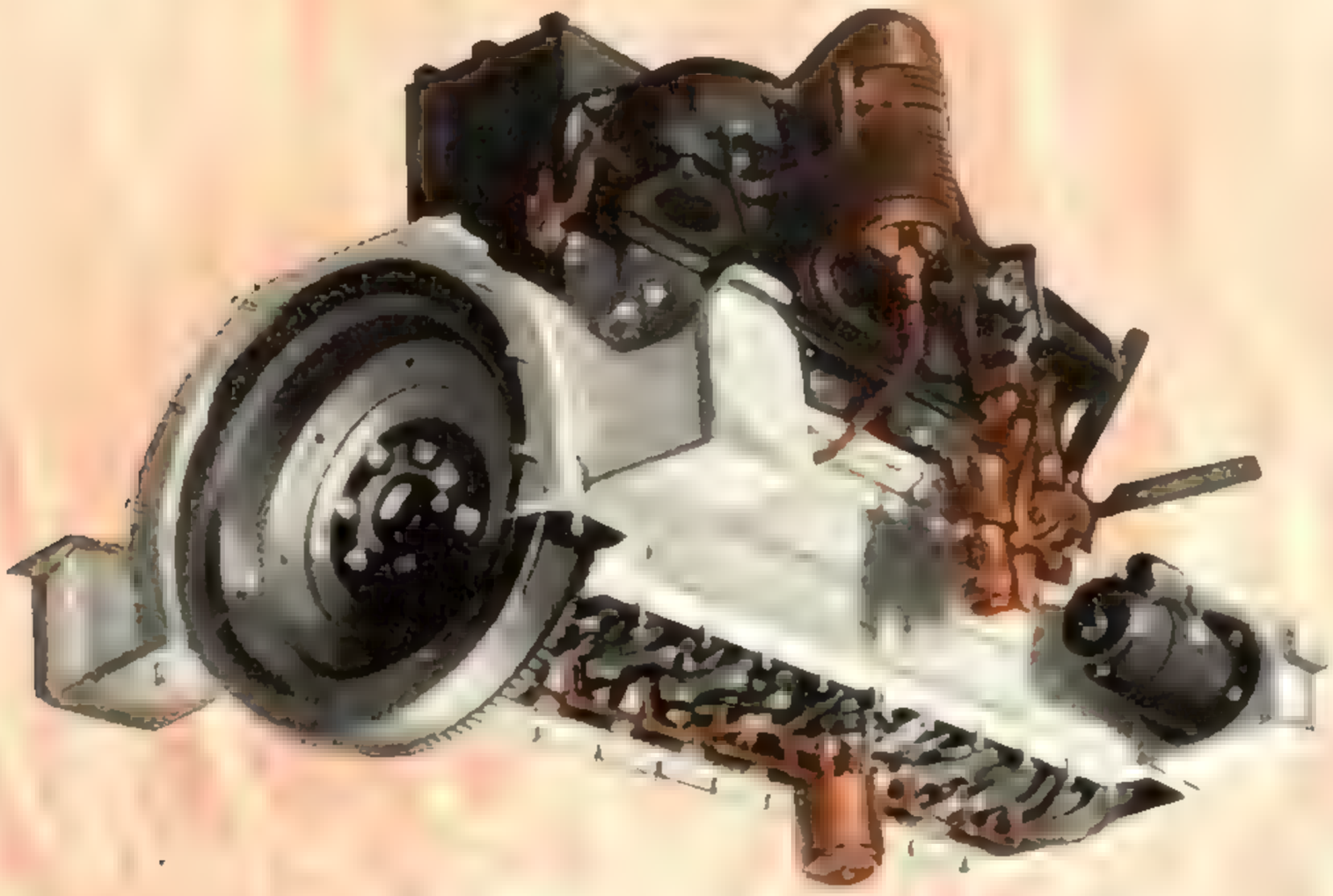


. . . the deadline is a thin film of oil

THINK of the top of a red-hot stove. Think of the flame of a plumber's blow-torch. Think of the hottest thing you can —and the chances are it won't be as hot as the heat in your high-speed motor.

For today, in order to make faster, more powerful motors, the number of explosions in a single combustion-chamber of your motor has been stepped up to as many as 25 a second—1500 a minute—faster almost than the imagination can race. One explosion follows another with lightning rapidity until they almost fuse into a flare of white heat.

And that searing blast is prevented from reducing your living motor to a dead mass of overheated metal—only by a thin film of motor oil.

Your motor's life or death depends upon oil

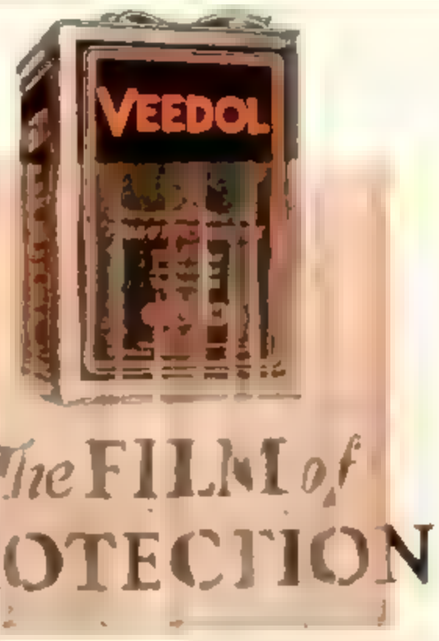
Heat *above* the piston-heads in a motor is a constructive force. Heat *below* the piston-heads is a destructive force which sends hundreds of thousands of motors to the scrap-heap every year.

But inevitably the terrific heat generated in the combustion-chambers above the piston-heads must radiate down. Only your motor oil can rob that heat of its destructiveness and shield the vital motor parts from damage.

What a test that is of the character, the stamina, the fighting qualities of an oil!

That is why lubrication authorities recommend Veedol, the heat-tested oil that gives the "film of protection".

Because the whole problem of correct lubrication lies in a film of oil, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone, but *oil-films*. Finally, they perfected, in Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—the film that masters deadly heat and friction.



This oil gives added heat-resistance

To maintain the fighting quality of the "film of protection" Veedol is tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor.

It is that extra margin of safety, that added protection, that is winning for Veedol new thousands of users each month.

Stop today, at the orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular make of car. Put the heat-tested "film of protection" on the job safeguarding your motor and conserving its power.

Always ask for Veedol lubricants by name. Ford owners should ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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(Continued from Page 56)

the ruler over nations—greater than Spain, that empire was. You felt it then. You felt a hundred thousand warriors waiting, a thousand drums to thunder out the answer of a king. I can't explain. You felt it, and the wall flared white in front of you and made you jump.

"Good God!" says Hunter, and it did not sound like swearing.

VIII

IT WAS a still, dark night, the stars more dim like they are getting now, and not a breath of wind. The lantern had stopped clicking. The ladies from the haciendas forgot to clap their hands. That deep tremendous voice had stopped, but for a minute—like sometimes when the sun goes down and hills go still and black against the glow, and the sky burns and darkens like the doors of heaven going shut. Something far off and splendid that gets into you, lifting you up inside, calling you on—and fading out because you are not man enough.

It died away. The actors started chattering: "Hot dog!"

"Sweet papa, what a voice!"

"Hey, hey, Dolores! What price Dukelets now?"

But Miss Dolores was too busy scolding Hunter. "They've cut my close-ups 30 per cent," says she. Somebody snickered "'Tain't enough!" and they all started joshing.

"Please!" says Gene, begging them to be quiet so the boy would sing again.

He does not do it like a white man, to amuse somebody. More like he did not realize, just letting out a feeling that was in him. You heard him only in the hills, far off—you never knew how far. You know? His voice is not inside of him like yours or mine. Like in the woods sometimes where trees are big, and the wind singing soft and deep and all around you.

The clicking started and you saw it going on. Cortez and Malintzin and Spanish roughnecks making a sucker of a great rich king—Cortez was brave, sir, and you cannot get around it. He was a robber just as sure as any bandit is, but he was brave—risking the sacrifice every minute, talking to the Aztec priests, the girl Malin interpreting, getting them tangled in their own religion—you can imagine. Five hundred years they had been praying the Fair God to come back to them, and here they had more fair gods than they could shake a stick at!

You saw great Moctezuma on his golden throne, royal and fierce and proud, his brown face never changing; but you could see his eyes just go from side to side, just desperate. These white men swelling around his palace—he hated them, but by now he had Quetzal' mixed up with Jesus Christ.

You can see how he would. This blue-eyed, yellow-whiskered god that came long centuries ago, and did his best to teach them how to live, and promised to come again—not so durn different from Jesus, huh? Many a time I have sat here and thought about it. Maybe God had His eye on Indians, too, and sent a man. Maybe not His own Son; but he was good and brave, and died for it, and left them realizing through the centuries. Like us. I mean—maybe it meant the same to them.

And Cortez took advantage of it. One of his captains had blue eyes and yellow whiskers, and before your eyes you saw him grow and change into this great kind-hearted god; you know, to show you how he looked to them.

"No!" says White Fox, his voice ripped out of him like a man crying in the dark. "Fools! Fools! A Spaniard, nothing more!"

Oh, they all know it now! They know great Quetzalcoatl has not come. They know the Spaniards have hornswoggled them; but it is everlastingly too late. Temples and palaces, warriors and priests and kings—where are they now? Only these dim and twisted yarns of glory left. Only poor old Guatamo left to claim it—this pitiful old bag of bones, crazy with hate, crippled by white men trying to rob him even of his gods—all his life hiding in a cave to save them. Nobody left to save them for but stupid, ignorant hill tribes and peons; too ignorant to realize, too stupid to lose hope. Still waiting for the stars to bring their day again!

The half-breeds and politicians are not waiting. Not so, Bolivia! They are too slick. They have run Spaniards out, the last few years, and took their land—to give it back to Indians, so they claim; but you will notice they got plenty for themselves. I am not blaming them. Only our politicians in the States, they do not seem to realize. Half Spanish and half Indian—slick on both sides! They think Americans are simpletons to say just what we mean and do just what we say we will. Themselves, they have got sense enough to change their minds—three times a minute if it pays.

Guatamo was no politician. Lame as he was, to his last day he would not even ride a horse because the Spaniards brought them. He claimed to be descended from Guatemotzin—the *tzin* Guatamo or Guatémoc, nephew of Moctezuma, that held out to the last against Cortez and his shenanigans; that killed his uncle finally to keep him from surrendering.

It is all in the picture. You see Cortez take Moctezuma prisoner, still pretending to be friends; making him think it was an honor to be guarded by fair gods. You see his nephew talking to him, scowling, mad as hops because he will not let him start the war drums thundering.

He was a fire-eater, that young fellow was. You see him talking to the Aztec priests, trying to get them to advise his uncle, but half of them are on the Spaniards' side. You see him talking to the warriors, but they will not fight against the king. You see him praying then. He hides his bow under his splendid *huitzin* cape and walks into this crowd around the throne, the Aztecs all befuddled and the Spaniards watching him like a hawk, ready to shoot him in his tracks if he gets too persuasive.

But he is too quick for them. You see the arrow fly and you see Moctezuma fall—you would have swore it flew right into him.

It must have given White Fox a funny feeling to stand there alive and see his picture die. I can remember when they had him fall that way—over and over, holding his side, the butt end of an arrow sticking through his fingers—it did not look a bit exciting. But in the picture, sir, it makes you grunt.

Guatemotzin throws down his bow and falls down on his knees, begging forgiveness. The Spaniards are just paralyzed. And Moctezuma, dying, knows he has been made a fool of. He lifts his hand and lays it on his nephew's head and tells him to save the kingdom.

The Spaniards jump to grab him, but he whirls up and gives the cry. On a dark temple top you see a priest whirl back and swing his club against this huge drum by the sacred fires. Another and another—drums here, drums there; the air is full of drums, the causeways full of warriors runing out, the housetops full of women crying to the gods. Too late! Priests of the Fair God pray instead of beating drums. The captains hesitate; you see the feet of warriors pouring past, disorganized. You see the Spaniards fighting now, driving them back—the city was in a lake in those days; the Aztecs could not come at them except in front, taking the gunfire in their face. Even the horses killed a lot of them. They cut the bridges down to stop them, but they drove them back into the gaps and rode right over them.

I could feel Concha shaking—my wife, you know. When she was young she worked for a rich Spanish family, up in Sonora, and her boss got mad once when she did not get out of his way, and he whipped her and rode her down. That was how I —— She crawled into my camp with a lung full of broken ribs. I —— You cannot blame her for remembering. The horses —— Back in the dark White Fox bust out again.

He knows about that awful night—I mean he knows the yarns; but seeing it is different. The swords and *maquahuitls* whirling and crashing, the arrows whizzing up to glance on iron armor, the warriors surging up to die—you knew it happened centuries ago, but you forgot. You knew they had to lose, but you forgot. A flood of courage rolling over you, beating like drums, swelling and swelling like the glory of long centuries gone by. Swirling in darkness, ruined because their faith was gone. I hope I am a Christian, sir, and yet —— The temple tops went black, and you could hear the boy's great voice break in his throat. Daybreak at last. High on the palace walls the Aztec banners fell; up went the crown and lion of Castile.

Daybreak, but never again for them. Darkness and slavery forever—and he knew that too.

IX

OH, NOT in the picture. You saw a sunny palace window afterward, Miss Dolores and her Spanish captain loving, laughing and looking down; Spaniards and Indians mingling on the causeways, happy again; and like a dream it melts into the City of Mexico today. Well, I admit the city is beautiful in spots.

The ladies from the haciendas liked it, anyway. They are part Spanish; they are real proud of Mexico today. They are part Indian, though they like to have you think not much, and it made them feel good to be proud of that. They clapped and clapped and says how beautiful. Jimmy turned on the outside lights and the actors went in the house to get another drink, and Gene told the servants to pass chocolate to the families, and it was real jolly—down in front, I mean. I could feel Concha tremble, getting up. Back in the dark you could hear Indians scattering.

Hunter, he was afraid White Fox would get away. "Where's the Duke?" says he, popping out all excited with a highball in his hand.

"You better leave that boy alone," I says.

"How come?" says he, just joshing me; he does not say how come; he is an educated man. He is no fool, at that. He is just naturally a tenderfoot and he did not realize.

"Look me over," he says, waving his highball. "Am I your idea of a fairy godmother?"

"Oh, exactly," I says, humoring him. I have heard fellows claim to be a hairy wolf, but I could not figure how he got that way so quick. I reckon you can reach the bottle? Help yourself any time.

"I'm going to take him to New York," says Hunter, happy as if he had good sense.

"Huh?" I says. "Who? Ixtaccicoyotl?"

But he just laughed. "Won't that be a grand name," says he, "for them to break their pencils on?"

"Who?" I says, lost in the brush.

"Reporters. Think of the news stories!" says he, meaning the advertising. "His voice and his looks and his part in the picture—Moctezuma played by his own descendant—a real Aztec prince!"

"You can't swear to that," I says, but he just laughed. It seems you do not have to prove it in advertising, long as you look like one.

"He's front-page stuff," says Hunter. "Man, it's a crime that such a voice should be unknown!"

"It ain't," I says. "I told you he could sing."

But he saw Jimmy and Gene doing the polite thing by the families and leaped on them. "James," he says, "you've got to pay me back! You and Gene have got to come on to New York for the ——" Not premium; it means the first real showing of the picture. Yes, premier. It seems they put on wagonloads of dog to get the advertising.

But at the time I did not know what he was driving at. He is a nervous fellow and it makes him start things in the middle.

"Can't you just see it?" says he, fairly sizzling with it. "The curtain goes up on

Here's how to make tomorrow's breakfast *a real event!*

Nothing hard about it either—just have pancakes and Wigwam—the delicious *new* syrup

There's *something* about the marvelous flavor of Wigwam Syrup that makes waffles and pancakes disappear like a "June frost." Don't wonder what that *something* is—just get a can of Wigwam and let the family be judge and jury. You'll see the verdict instantly in a circle of smiling faces and the reappearance of several long-lost breakfast appetites! Try Wigwam tomorrow and see Once you've tried it, Wigwam is *your* syrup.

Wigwam is made by a skilful blending of the finest imported and domestic sugars The kind of a syrup you would expect the makers of the largest selling high-grade syrup in the world to make for you. Use it for every syrup purpose. It will give your pancakes, waffles, biscuits, and French toast a new deliciousness. And another thing—it actually costs less than you've probably been paying for just ordinary syrup

Wigwam comes in four sizes. Ask your grocer. If he hasn't it now, he can easily get it. Just tell him Wigwam is made by The Log Cabin Syrup people at St. Paul, Minnesota.

"The mellow blend of golden sweetness"

TOWLE'S

WIGWAM

SYRUP

"In the Red Can"

Table size, One pound net weight, 20¢

this gorgeous Aztec scene—king on his throne, chorus of Indian maidens and Spanish cavaliers—we were already figuring on that. But here's the punch," he says, meaning surprise for the audience—"the punch we've been praying for!

"All through the opening chorus he just sits there, silent and motionless as stone, until they get an eyeful and forget him. But at the climax," he says, throwing his highball away in the excitement and waving his glass—"at the climax—we've got a leader that's a bear on musical arrangements; we'll have him take a theme from that battle song. And at the climax, chorus and orchestra thundering away—up gets the Duke and simply knocks ——"

"I thought you smelled like hop!" says Jimmy, snorting. You know, a kind of loco weed; you smoke it and it makes you crazy.

"Think he won't go?" says Hunter. "Man, he's got to!"

"Oh, if he only would!" says Gene.

"Why should he?" says the kid. "What can you offer him?"

"What'll it take?" says Hunter.

"Money?" says Jimmy. "He's got no use for it. I've tried to tell you—he's a holy man."

"And what does that get him?" says Hunter.

"'More things in heaven and earth, Horatio,'" says the kid, though Hunter's name was George. "What do you get?" he says, sarcastic. "Money and what else? Nervous prostration. Seven million elbows in your ribs. Fame, we'll say, and the slim chance of slipping some bit of your immortal soul into a bedlam of box-office stuff! Can you look up at the slow certain wheeling of the stars and feel your life a part of some great certain destiny? Can you run forty miles, and sing because you know you can? Did anybody ever hear you pour out your heart from a high hill at sunrise, not humble before the majesty of creation, but exultant, proud to be part of it? Hell, no!" says Jimmy, snorting. "You're all of a tremble till you get your coffee in you!"

"'You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din,'" says Hunter, joshing right back at him. "But what's that got to do with the price of onions?"

"In words of one syllable," says Jimmy, "what would he do in New York?"

"Sing!" says Hunter.

"See it!" says Gene.

Drink hearty, sir! You do not know that girl. Born and raised in New York herself—most tenderfeet cannot stand big hills and deep *barrancos;* the size of things gets on their nerves, and the wide-open sky makes them feel small and helpless. But not her. Not so, Bolivia! She likes the world; she is for anything that makes her—helps her to realize. And that is not the worst of it. She is a woman. She cannot help thinking what is good for you, even if it kills you.

"He'd hate it," says Jimmy. "The noise and the confusion and the endless jam—he doesn't know there are that many white men in the world!"

"But he ought to know!" says Gene. "He mustn't grow into a thing like old Guatamo, nursing one thought till it eats him up, shriveled and cracked with waiting for a day that never comes!"

"Better the bitter truth," says Jimmy, "than a glorious illusion?"

"How glorious does he feel now?" says Gene.

White Fox, he was still standing there. Half in the dark—just standing there, all his brown muscles slack; wondering, I thought, what made young white folks feel so jolly. You could see Miss Dolores sitting in the window, and she sure looked beautiful and up-to-date.

"He's too intelligent," says Gene. "Can't you see it, Jimmy? This is his chance! No matter what comes of it—even if he can't stand it—he will have something to remember, to think about, all his life long. We'll go north now," she says, "instead of in the fall, and you can look after him. You can keep him from being too much bewildered."

"Oh," says Jimmy, feeble. "Did I forget to say?" he says to Hunter. "I'll look after him!"

"Come on," says Gene. "You've got to put it up to him."

"Just what I was going to suggest," says Jimmy.

White Fox, he was still standing there. Not waiting; he knew it was all over. More like he could not get up energy, or like he had no place to go. Maybe he felt that way. It must have seemed right dull to think of traipsing back into the hills, after all that excitement, and nothing more to happen but the sun coming up and going down.

Most of the Indians was already gone. You could see Naya and her mamma waiting, and these naked paddlers squatting, patient; they knew better than to bother Ixtaccicoyotl.

"*Qué tal?*" says Jimmy, friendly. "How did it seem to you?" His voice came harsh and loud; you know, like he forgot to turn the power off.

"*Así fué.*" The end, he meant, and the eternal ruin. "Thus it happened!" But Gene touched his arm—not flirting; not like Miss Dolores; sorry, you know—and said the same words after him, meaning the gold and glory to be proud of.

"Thus it was. *Tzin*, we are grateful to you."

"Eh?" says White Fox. "*Mande, señora?*"

"In your person," she says, "we have seen Moctezuma as he must have lived. In your voice we have heard voices," meaning the voices of old splendid things.

But none of us realized how literal he took it. He knew durn well the acting had not looked like that; what he had seen before his eyes was what he felt in his own heart and soul. He says to Jimmy, "Where are the spirits now?"

"They are not spirits," says the kid, and stepped over to the lantern and brought a roll of ribbon and showed him the tiny pictures against the light and tried to tell him how the lantern made them big.

"They do not move!" says Ixtaccicoyotl. "They have died again!"

"They never lived," says Jimmy, trying to explain. "I mean ——"

But how can you explain it to a man that does not understand machinery? Myself, I can see how it might work that way; in fact I know it does; I know there is no magic in it. But all White Fox got out of it was that Hunter could take that ribbon to the States and show the pictures any time. *Sombras*, he called them—shadows. It is a way of saying ghosts.

Well, they are shadows, as I understand it. How else could Jimmy put it?

"The Señor Director," says the kid, "can make them appear and move. But they are voiceless. Hear me, *tzin*. He begs that you will go with him and sing as you have sung tonight, so that my countrymen may feel the truth as we have felt it."

"I?" says White Fox, not much surprised at anything.

"Yes," says Jimmy. "We are a great new nation, ignorant of your great older one. We, the Americans, see Mexico only as it is; the long great past is hidden. Come," he says, "a few days, a few weeks, that we may see it as you know it in your heart. We are your neighbors and we ought to know."

"And in your turn," says Gene, going on quick, "you will see wonders—the things my husband has tried to tell you of our country, but more wonderful than any telling. We will go, too, so that you need not fear the strangeness. But I know," she says, "that Ixtaccicoyotl does not fear."

"No, señors."

"Will you come?"

"No, señors."

And I remember how he stared a minute at the open window—Miss Dolores sitting there, and actors laughing, that would be gone tomorrow into a world he did not know about—and turned his face back to the everlasting hills. "*No puedo*," says the boy. "I cannot!"

And that was all they could get out of him. Like a brown statue standing there, listless and dull. Hunter lost patience finally and grabbed his arm. I started to tell him not to; it is not safe to put your hand on that boy; but it was too late. His arm just jerked and Hunter hit the ground ten feet away. The highball glass went tinkle somewhere and White Fox was gone.

"Well," says Hunter, "that's a glass I owe you!"

It tickled me. "You ought to got Miss Dolores," I says, "to do your vampiring for you. Why didn't you sick her on him?"

"Unfortunately," says Hunter, "she's a bit sick already."

"Oh," I says, "that's too bad! I didn't know."

But they just laughed. Jimmy, he told me afterward -it was Ixtacci' she was sick of. She was supposed to be the main thing in the picture, but she was not. You know—that dark, still, handsome face of his, and those fierce ghostly eyes—royal and fierce and pitiful somehow—I can't explain. You had to look at him. She could act rings around him, but where he sat just seemed the middle of the picture.

You can imagine how she felt about him singing and getting more attention. You can imagine what a fool I felt when Jimmy told me. Telling her good-by that night, I put my foot right in it.

"Well," I says, "much pleasure, Miss Dolores! I hope we will meet again. I hope you are feeling better," I says, polite. "Too bad they couldn't get the Duke to go along, huh?"

"Oh, go sell your papers, grandpa!" says she, snapping my head off.

She did not give a durn if she never saw the boy again. I never thought she would. Next day we saw their automobiles string out across the basin, dwindling far off, crawling up into the hills and gone. I drew a deep breath and I says to myself, "Now we will have some peace."

Well, it was peaceable, all right. Nobody but coyotes prowling around their camp. No automobiles zipping, no Hunter popping up to yell for help, no actors strolling up at night—I never knew how to take them, but we had got used to having them around. We had been living in a swivet about the picture, and all of a sudden it was all over.

The days seemed twice as long. Time is a funny thing, sir, when you stop to think. There is so durn much of it. When you are looking to a certain day, you do not realize; but when the day has come and gone—then it bears down; then it piles up on you. It is all right when you are old; you are more used to it; you know it is not liable to be different, and you can amuse yourself by looking back. Oh, I know things change! But it comes on so gradual that you do not realize; only when you are old you see it, looking back.

But young folks cannot pass the time that way. They are too full of life and go; they feel too keen. They need to see things coming, breaking time into pieces for them. They cannot stand to see it all at once.

Jimmy and Gene felt kind of lost; I could see that. Nothing to do but work, and not much of that, what with the rainy season coming on. They was half in the notion to go north and see the—what?—premier of the picture, after all. Mostly they go in winter, to enjoy the cold; the New York summers are too hot, they claim. But one night we was sitting on their porch, talking about it, and White Fox came slipping down out of the dark, wrapped in his *huitzin* cape; I wondered why. He never put on dog to visit Jimmy.

All of a sudden he made a sign like giving up. "*Tengo*," he says, and had to clear his throat. "*Tengo que ir*," he says. "I have got to go."

x

YOU and me, sir, we can guess what ailed him. Day after day he had got used to something happening. Day after day he had been in the middle of it, perched on a golden throne, actors and Indians milling and the cameras grinding and Mr. Hunter yelling and the string band playing and queer scenery to look at, and the prettiest girl he ever saw vampiring him, making his heart beat fast; which Miss Dolores can just do that thing. She never vampired me, but I am not so old but what I can imagine.

Then the terrific jolt the picture gave him—and then nothing. Only the empty hills again, and the sun coming up and going down.

"I cannot sleep," says Ixtaccicoyotl. "Through my shut eyes I see the shadows moving, and I hear ——"

Fumbling for Spanish words in that deep quiet voice of his. He could not tell us what he heard. He would not take a seat; he even had to take a step or two while he was talking, which was unusual with him. Mostly he stands so still that you get fidgety.

"An hour I felt the soul of *el Azteca* in me. My feet have felt the bridges of Tenochtitlan, and in the waters I have seen Tezcuco shining. I have heard ——"

The Aztec—he meant Moctezuma. He is supposed to be descended from him through Guatamo, on his mamma's side; but old Guatamo says his papa had Tezcucan blood. Maybe he did; I never heard of anybody seeing him; but his own mamma says he was a pure-white baby. That was how come they named him —— Huh? No, Tezcucans was pure Indian; only another tribe of Nahuas, like the Aztecs. Only two different cities in the lake. Here was the Aztec city of Tenochtitlan, and over here Tezcuco. First one and then the other ruled the Nahua empire for three hundred years.

He felt like he had slipped back through the fog of time and seen them in their day of glory. You can imagine it would make the hills seem dull.

"Tell me," he says: "*Las máquinas*"—engines you know; he meant the automobiles—"fast as they go, can it be true that they are going yet?"

This was not more than four-five days; Jimmy, he stopped to figure. "Yes," he says, "but in trains now, with the great *máquinas* that run on iron rails. It is very far across my country."

"Yes; I have felt it," says Ixtacci', quiet.

And I remember how he held his hand against his chest, looking away across the basin. I cannot tell you what he thought the picture had took out of him; but for a minute you got the feeling of it dragging him, invisible, stretching and stretching off into the dark. Hour after hour, day after day—that is what gets you. Time.

"I am empty," says the boy. "Is it too late? Is it not possible to overtake them?"

"When will you go?" says Jimmy, sitting up. "Tomorrow?"

"Now," says Ixtacci', fretting to be off.

Jimmy and Gene looked at each other, and they laughed. They could still make the morning train at Orendain if they started quick, and that is the one that makes the best connection.

"Game?" says Jimmy.

"Watch me!" says Gene.

A thing like that just tickles them. She flew into the house and started packing, and snatched Jamie up and dressed him and told him he was going to see his other grandpa. And the little rascal laughed. Not that he remembered much about Mr. Ward; grandpa means me, even if I am no kin to him. But that is the way he is. Would you be jolly if they yanked you out of bed at midnight? Not so, Bolivia! You would grumble bloody murder.

Jimmy, he made White Fox try on some clothes, so he wouldn't get arrested on the train; you know, in cities they make Indians wear at least a pair of pants. But if you ask me, sir, he looks a durn sight better naked.

He would not wear them till he had to. He peeled them off and took to walking back and forth, nervous and strong, like fretting to be off, looking away across the basin.

"Don Luis," he says, "will—will Malintzin be there?"

(Continued on Page 65)

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Use a Hotpoint electric percolator
make coffee—right at the table

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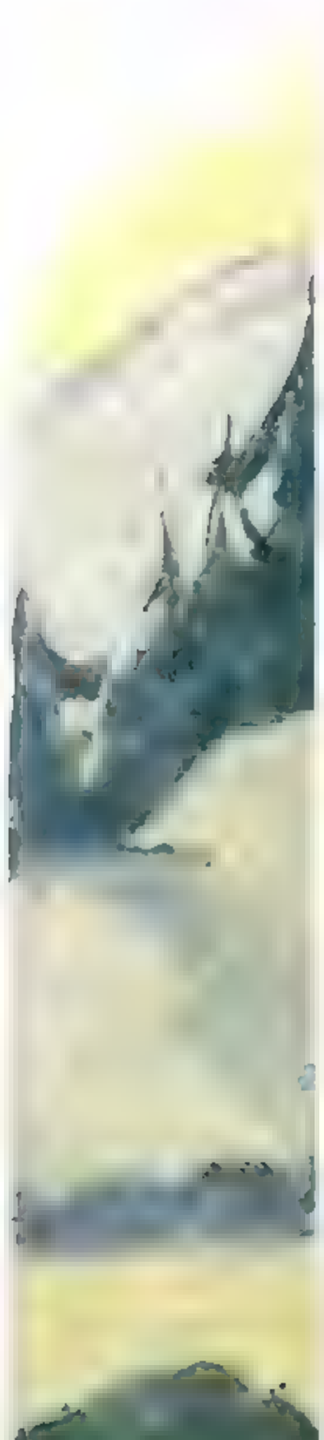

An Expert's Opinion

"CLAIMS that the new Hudson's operating characteristics rival those of the steam car, whose smooth running, old-timers love to recall, seem not in the least exaggerated.

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—Automobile Topics
July 16, 1927

HUDSON

Super-Six

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New Motor

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Instant startings in cold weather and freedom from oil dilution are further accomplishments of this invention.

No wonder such performance results have won for Hudson its greatest triumph. There is a full line of Hudson Super-Six models on the 127-inch Super-Six chassis. And with the new 118-inch chassis, a duplicate of the larger car in all particulars save length, there is also a car for those who want such signal quality and performance in a shorter, more compact car.

Hudson offers a genuinely new kind of performance. Drive it and you will know.

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Fisk Balloon Cords

FISK

"FISK SAYS IT WITH MILEAGE"

(Continued from Page 60)

Afterward I remembered. He never called her Malintzin while she was here. But I knew who he meant, and never noticed.

He would not ride a horse; he gets that prejudice from old Guatamo; but Jimmy says he led them all the way. Just loping off in front, Pablo behind him with a pack mule that can do eight miles an hour, and Jamie yelling back from Jimmy's saddle, "Good-by, grandpa!" You can tell what the little devil says real good when you are used to him.

You could have called it quiet then. No blue-eyed bumble puppy crawling in your lap and going through your pockets; nobody to chew the rag with after dark our shift men are both married, and their wives do not think much of me because my wife is Indian; and our superintendent is an honest fellow, but not much on talking. Lonesome as all get out, I felt.

No sense to it, either. When I first drifted by this basin, thirty or forty years ago, I did not have so much to brag about. Half cracked with lonesomeness. Only some rich old Spaniard now and then that had no use for ragged strays like me; and Indians like dumb animals, fighting shy till you forgot you was a white man. I heard them talk about Guatamo, and I half believed. I never thought I would lay eyes on him. We never dreamed of railroads in those days, and tenderfeet zipping in to make a moving picture! I never dreamed I would be sitting here, in a fine camp like this, a fine young hellion for a partner and a girl like Gene to keep us up-to-date.

Yes, sir, things change. Many a time I have sat here and wondered what Guatamo thought about this up-to—— Huh?

No, we did not have a moon tonight. It is just clouding up to rain. Oh, no, not like the coast; down there it just sets in to rain five months on end. Up here it —— Listen! Hear it coming? That is the wind sucking through Xuxu Canyon; sometimes it roars four times that loud. You can imagine how the Indians think there is a spirit in it. Many a time I have sat here and listened, and I could believe —— Maybe it is. Thunder and lightning and the wind—what do we know about them? This and that, we say; but in the end we find a thing we do not know the name of. Something too big for us. Splendid and terrible—and beautiful, when we are not afraid. Just listen to it come! . . . Maybe that is what makes us men. We hide like animals, but we can still hold up our heads and look.

Oh, sure, most likely you can ride tomorrow. When it busts loose like this it seldom hangs on long. Only the first storm of this rainy season, like I was telling you—that was a great-granddaddy of a storm. Jimmy and Gene was stranded four days in Orendain. The night I ran out after Naya, I pretty near got lost and drowned by rain. It was a week before we could get down to old Guatamo's cave; the only mouth we ever knew was in the bottom of that canyon, and the water —— Huh?

No, this was afterward. I thought I told you; they had been gone a week or so when Naya stumbled in here, scared to death and bloody from head to foot, and said Guatamo was about to die.

It gave you a funny feeling, sir. It was the one thing you would never think of old Guatamo doing.

I can't explain. He was already old when I first heard of him. *El Viejo*, so they called him—Old One; even the oldest of them felt like boys compared to him. More like a queer old spirit of the hills or something. And even when you saw him you still had the feeling —— I can't explain. Like he had got as old as any man could get, and just lived on. Oh, I knew he was a human; many a time I wondered how he felt about this up-to-dateness creeping in and White Fox acting in a moving picture. I reckon he thought the young folks was going to the dogs.

That was how come poor Naya was in such a shape. We had a hard time finding out; she would not talk to anybody but my wife, and Concha has durn near forgot the Nahua language. But finally we got a glimmer.

It seems nobody had the nerve to tell him the boy was gone. They let him think he was just ranging in the hills, thinking of this and that and studying the stars, like the old hellion taught him. You know, Guatamo's hopes was wrapped up in that boy, and him and Naya having kids to carry on the line, so they would have a king all ready when the stars came right, even if it was to be another century. He got so worried finally that Naya told him. Likely she told him about Miss Dolores, too; it must have been right heavy on her mind. And

"He was angry with me," says the poor child, shaking.

He was not crippled in his arms, sir, I can swear to that. You ought to seen the shape the child was in. Maybe he blamed her for it; maybe he thought she was no use without a husband; or maybe he just felt so bad he had to take it out on somebody. He whaled the daylights out of her and then fell down across his bed to die. And when a man like that gives up to die, he does it. That was what scared her most: it knocked the props right out from under everything she knew. Concha, she says she could not hardly hold her still to wash the blood off.

"Where is my husband?" she kept asking. Far as I know, they were not married, but the Nahua word is just the same, and that is how Concha told me. "Where is my husband? He went away with Laughing White Man. Where is he now?"

"Too far away," says Concha finally, to pacify her. "Beyond Orendain and Guadalajara and cities without number"—which she has heard us talk about the railroad changes—"to the Rio Grande, and yet many days into the country of Americans, *nenetzin*. A city called Nueva Yor'," she says, which is as close as she can come to anything that ends in *k*.

I was down at the mine. The next I knew, Concha came screaming after me, and I saw Naya wabbling off toward Orendain. I grabbed a horse and took out after her, and she tried to run; but when I caught her arm she just keeled over, cold. She was all done. She had give up like old Guatamo did. She would drink milk when Concha made her—not goat's milk, either; cow's; Jimmy, he says he did not raise his son to be a mountain climber. But Naya never noticed. You could have poured sulphuric down her just the same.

I sent a fellow to Orendain with a telegram to Jimmy. But they had flew off in such a hurry they forgot to say what hotel; I sent it care of Mr. Ward, which I thought sure they would be seeing him; he is Gene's papa. I did not know he shut his house in summer and went fishing. Gene knew, and sent him word to come on back and see the picture, which the old gentleman has been here once or twice. But he was off in the woods and did not get the word till just a day or so before the show. That was how come they did not answer. Naya, she did not seem to give a durn; she never had no faith in magic telegrams, anyway. And when they did, I did not have the heart to tell her.

It said—the man that runs the telegraph in New York must be an ignoramus, but I knew who he meant—it said Isadore was lost.

XI

NEW YORK must be a city and a half. I would not believe all that I hear about it; but Gene was born there, and Jimmy has been there, and they swear it is gospel truth. Seven million people jammed into one city—half as many as all Mexico, from California to the Isthmus. Trains hauling people underground and overhead on trestles, and still the streets are jammed with automobiles and street cars and rivers of people surging on the sidewalk. You would not think they would have room to notice anybody, but they did. They noticed Ixtaccicoyotl.

He had on city clothes, all right, but you cannot make him look like city people. He walks different. He stands different. He holds his head up and it makes you notice his fierce handsome face; Jimmy, he says the people stopped in crowds to stare when he stood still. The queer thing is, he did not stare at them. He did not seem to notice them, Gene says. Always a far-off look in his gray eyes, like he was listening.

At night he would take off his clothes and squat for hours by his window, listening. Of course he had this cloth around his middle, decent enough; but it seems somebody saw him and got scandalized, and the hotel manager jumped on Jimmy, and Jimmy had to teach the boy to turn out his light to take his comfort. White Fox, he did not give a durn. He did not need a light to hear his voices.

Every day they went to practice for the show. Hunter, he took them first, to tell this music leader; he says to Jimmy, "Just ask the Duke to hum that battle song."

So Jimmy told him, and White Fox looked puzzled. So Hunter waved hands and hummed a piece of it himself: "O, ah, hai, houm! O, ai, ta, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta, houm!" I cannot sing for sour apples any more; neither can Hunter, Jimmy says, but he has got a durn good memory for the feeling of it. Ixtacci' raised his hand to stop him, nodding, and then let his own voice come, quiet, solemn and fierce and sad, which he told them afterward it was no fighting song. It was a song of bravery for warriors dead.

"My God!" says the music leader, staring. "Where has thees man been hiding him?" He is the fat bozo I was telling you about; you know, Italian; that is the way he talks.

"Like his voice?" says Hunter, tickled.

"Who am I," says the bozo, "to say I like the gift from the good God Heemself? There has been no such voice since great Caruso—and never, never before!"

You know, this man Caruso was Italian too; he would be partial to him. But I have heard Caruso sing on Jimmy's phonograph, and it is nothing like it. High and keen, not big and deep and powerful.

"Tell him to sing the same again, but *forte, fortissimo*," he says, meaning the same as *fuerte*—strong. "That is how such a song should feel," he says, which showed he knew.

He had him sing it twice, and wrote the notes; you know, the dots they read music from. Then he would thump the piano, Jimmy says, and write more notes, and ask the boy to sing again; and finally he tried to play it with him, but threw his hands up and just pulled his hair.

"No, no, no!" says Ixtacci', reaching over him, and hit a piano key himself. It did not suit him, but he tried two-three more till he found one that did. Just one deep note, over and over till you felt like you could not stand it; Jimmy, he says it did not sound near right to him. But the Italian knew. He bobbed his head till Jimmy thought it would fly off, and played again, and Jimmy says it knocked you for a loop. Four miles beyond the modernists, he says—whoever they are.

White Fox, he seemed to think the bozo was all right; they never had no trouble in the practice, which they both liked music.

Jimmy, he thought the show would go off fine. All Hunter wanted of White Fox was that one song, to give them a jolt and put them in the humor for the picture. He had real actors and some dancing girls to do the rest; he was too smart to count too much on an ignorant hill Indian. But even a little is too much if you go at it wrong

All this time they never had no trouble. All this time they never saw hide or hair of Miss Dolores; White Fox, he never even mentioned her. He did what Jimmy told him, quiet—quieter and quieter, Gene says, like he was listening more and more to what he heard. Jimmy, he thought the boy looked lonesome, and he took him once to this hotel where Mexicans and Cubans stay; but you can imagine. They are

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upper class. They are part Spanish; he was more like a peon to them. Only outside the door there was an old tamale peddler. Jimmy, he bought some, thinking Ixtacci' might enjoy the taste of something that reminded him of home. But the old peddler was just staring at the boy. And he said something—not Spanish; Jimmy says it sounded like a rusty hinge—and Ixtacci' answered and the man fell down on his knees and would not take the money.

So Jimmy says, "Can I do anything for him?"

"It is a thing no man can do," says the boy, quiet.

Listening—always listening.

They had one last big practice for the show in the theater where it was to be; a whale of a theater, Jimmy says, all decorated up like a plush horse; but Ixtacci' never turned a hair. He just sat on his golden throne—that was no novelty to him; it was like acting in the picture. Only he watched the dancing girls till the manager told him not to; you know, he was supposed to sit still as a stone king till they got ready for his song. Well, sitting still is no great trick to him; he did that part of it to a queen's taste.

About this time Gene's papa got back from the woods and found my telegram. It sure put Jimmy up a stump. He hated to tell the boy and get him all upset before the picture, and after all this time he did not think another day would make much difference; and yet he hated to take the responsibility.

"We've already taken it," says Gene. "What's done is done; don't weaken now," she says. "Give him his moment, anyway."

So when they started for the show Ixtacci' did not know a thing about the telegram. They took him back behind the stage and helped him fix his golden sandals and his brass arm rings and his royal feather helmet—imitation; only the *huitzin* cape was his; that was the real article. They saw him go on the stage, where dancers was already limbering their legs, and up the golden steps onto his throne; and back they put into the *palco* Hunter had for them.

And there was Miss Dolores, big as life and twice as natural. They had a spotlight on her, Jimmy says; you know, a long beam shooting down out of the *paleria*, and she was telling them she loved them all—vamping them by thousands; it was a big theater, Jimmy says, and jam-full to the roof. He says it was her moment and she more than held it.

But she did not vampire Gene and Jimmy when she saw them. I reckon she did not hardly know them in city clothes.

"Why," she says, "it's our Mexican ranchers, isn't it? Hah-do?" she says, and went on talking to three-four reporters. "These people live on a ranch," she says, "near one of our locations—the weirdest place, my dears! Days from any sign of civilization. Our lives in danger every minute—but you've got those stories, haven't you? I've given them to Rankin," she says, which Rankin seems to be her advertiser. But even an advertiser would call a four-stamp mill a sign of civilization, huh? Even a tenderfoot knows the difference between a ranch and a high-grade, free-milling, up-to-date gold mine. Huh, sir? Did you take it for a ranch?

Not so, Bolivia! She was just high-toning them.

"Give us a tip, Dolores," says one of the reporters. "Hunter hints that he's got something big to spring tonight. What is it?"

"Poor George," says Miss Dolores—though she calls him Mr. Hunter when he is bossing her—"poor George, he does get carried away with his inspirations! There was a strapping savage with a foghorn voice, and he's actually brought him all this way for—for local color. I hope the poor thing doesn't die of stage fright"—meaning she hoped he would. "These people are here as his interpreters," she says, and coos to Gene, "And how do you like New York, my dear?"

"Oh, it's just wonderful!" says Gene. "You've lived here always, I suppose?"

Jimmy, he says the curtain saved his life by going up.

Spaniards in golden armor and brown-skinned girls in nothing much but skin, dancing and weaving fit to make you dizzy; gold-and-blue scenery like a bad dream of Aztec splendor, Jimmy says. Only Ixtacci' sitting straight and still, his feather helmet towering over him, his brown face quiet and his fierce eyes looking straight ahead. They say you cannot see the audience for the glare of lights; they said he looked like gazing into the dark of centuries.

"Is that your savage?" says the reporter. "Wow!"

So still that you forgot he was alive. But all of a sudden they finished the first part and the handclapping started. The actors bowed, and the bozo bowed and rapped with his little stick to give an encore—more of the same, you know. But Ixtaccicoyotl was not up on encores; he was coming down. They started on the music for the dance over again, but he had started on his song of bravery—*forte, fortissimo*, as the bozo says. The bozo tried to wave him back. He stopped his song and lifted up his arms, meaning he wanted the orchestra to stop. The *huitzin* cape slipped from his shoulders. The dance got tangled and the audience began to laugh. The curtain dropped, but Ixtaccicoyotl was in front of it.

That was the glimpse they got—this brown, hard-muscled statue with his golden headband and his feather helmet, holding up his arms—before somebody turned the footlights out. Somebody must have tried to grab him in the dark; somebody landed in the orchestra, Jimmy says, like a ton of brick.

Not him. Sudden and deep and soft his voice rolled out and swept the commotion down. Close to the footlights he had got the feeling of the audience, and he let it out the only way he knew.

Not like we call a song. A throbbing chant, Gene says, like the deep throb of some great underground machine, shaking the darkness from the floor up to the ceiling. It did not seem to come from him exactly: somebody shot this beam of light down from the gallery, they say, and you could hardly see his lips move. His voice went up a little and began to swirl—that is the word, Gene says—to swirl. Like a man rushing here and there, breathless and feverish, like going somewhere in a hurry but not knowing where. Panting—but White Fox, he was not out of breath; a man that can outrun a horse on mountain trails does not get out of breath. He was just telling them what he had been listening to.

Steady and swift, his voice began to climb; soaring and soaring to the breaking point; dropping and soaring up again, Gene says, until a picture came into your mind. And finally he threw up his arms like he could almost reach to God, and broke into crazy laughing. Twiddling his fingers, stamping his feet, singing and laughing—not in his eyes; he was dead serious. Only the audience, they laughed.

Gene says she got it then. She has got pieces on the piano and phonograph that sound like that. Jeering, I mean; like everything was drunk. They call it jazz.

He had been listening to New York. The deep and powerful machine that builds great cities; the swirling and bewilderment of men; the building up and up, the feeling that men do it all, and then the wondering—what for? The pride that makes men drunk, and then the jeering—because men know themselves for what they are, yet pride themselves that there is nothing better. Jeering at everything, sneering at everything, to prove they are not scared of anything; to make themselves feel stronger than—themselves.

But the New Yorkers only laughed because it was a novelty. He knew they did not understand him; he bowed his head and stopped. They clapped for him a little—laughing.

(Continued on Page 68

CREATES IN CAR INTERIORS
A HOMELIKE CHARM

THE lord of the house, or his lady, may now step into a closed car without feeling that the intimate charm of home has been left behind . . . . CA-VEL velvets, used as upholstery by the majority of America's fine car makers, have wrought this transformation. Their glowing beauty, their rich texture, their lustrous surfaces re-create in the car's interior the intimate appeal of a favorite room . . . . Velvets were once the exclusive luxury of kings and cardinals. CA-VEL velvets—a modern development of this ancient textile art—are superior in many respects to the colorful fabrics that glorified the middle ages . . . . Their beauty is enduring and thoroughly practical for hard service. They are pile fabrics. The yielding surface never loses its shape, never becomes ruffled, never injures the most delicate garments. Colorfast, they remain fresh and inviting longer than the life of the car itself . . . . More yards of CA-VEL are used for closed car upholstery than of any other textile. Make sure your next car has the advantages it offers. Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Boys and Girls!

be especially careful crossing the streets when it rains

Even when you cross at a corner where there's a policeman, or a boy traffic guard, or a stop light, please don't walk or run across until the cars have come to a stop.

Most drivers drive slower when tires and streets are wet. This is because they know their cars won't stop as quickly when it's skiddy.

The really careful drivers use WEED Chains and drive slower in wet weather.

But please be careful. Stay on the curb out of harm's way till the street is clear or the cars have stopped.

Last year over ⅓ of all the people killed by automobiles striking them were children under 15 years of age. Over 8,900 children were killed. And many other thousands were hurt.

Wet Rubber *Slips*
WEED CHAINS *Grip*

(To Teachers and Scoutmasters:
An enlarged copy of this advertisement suitable for use as a poster will be sent free on request. Address the American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.)

Continued from Page 66

"Poor simp," says Miss Dolores, laughing, "his stuff goes over big in his own village, but ——"

"Big enough to save your life," says Hunter, sour.

"Was he the one?" says a reporter, grabbing Jimmy's arm. "The chief that took such a shine to Dolores that he stood over her and held them back when they had planned to massacre the troupe and carry her away? I took it for press-agent stuff!" he says, meaning advertising.

"No, it's true he saved her life," says Jimmy, stretching it a little to give Ixtacci' credit. "Sorry I can't give you the details; I never attend massacres myself."

About this time the orchestra struck up again. This fat music leader, he meant well, Jimmy says; he wanted the boy to give them a song the audience would understand; so he struck up the music he had worked out to go with this song of bravery. But White Fox was not in the humor. He raised his head and motioned them to stop. So the bozo had them start again, and reached his little stick across the footlights and tapped him on the shin, coaxing. Well, I reckon White Fox was not in the humor to get tapped on his shin either. Quick as a cat he stooped and grabbed his arm, and then the slack of his pants, and in two jumps he shot him off into the wings—which is nothing to do with flying.

It means the side of the stage; he was right square in front of Hunter's *palco*. Then he saw Miss Dolores, and touched his chest and made the sign to her. "Malintzin," he says, "my heart greets you."

XII

"WHAT does he say?" says the reporter, yelling in Jimmy's ear—the audience was just whooping and laughing at the look on that bozo's face; Jimmy, he says they half thought it was all framed, but that bozo was no actor; he was scared. "What did he say to her?"

And Jimmy says he could not resist; he told him.

"Hot stuff!" says the reporter. "Heart interest there, Dolores! Did you join his tribe?"

"Heart interest" means people being fond of you. But Miss Dolores is not fond of getting laughed at. Not so, Bolivia! She likes to do the laughing part herself. She looked at White Fox standing there, and did so—exactly like the audience, Jimmy says; more like he was a funny animal or something.

"Joining tribes," she says, "is old stuff. Don't be ridiculous," she says to the reporter. "In character, I had to give the boob more or less ardent glances, as you'll see if we ever get this truck out of the way and see the picture; and to his simple mind, I suppose —— You understand?"

White Fox, he looked at her a minute. He is no fool; but his brown face never changed. He just marched back to the middle of the stage.

"What'll we do?" says the stage manager. "How can we get him off without a riot? He's cracked two stage hands already."

"Keep your shirt on," says Hunter. "You're getting a million dollars' worth of publicity—just give it to the papers and send us the hospital bills. Sh-h!"

White Fox had only started telling New York what was on his mind. He stood a minute looking at them, Jimmy says, and they stopped laughing.

Then he put out his hands, palm down, and let his voice roll out of him, level and deep and quiet; on and on, Gene says, until you felt like your own breathing stopped; like the slow wash of ocean in a windless dark. Then he dropped to his knees and let his fingers dance; his voice got little like the voice of dolls, and then swelled and broke into a singsong chattering; Jimmy, he says it sounded like Chinese. He says White Fox began to point one finger, slow, like following a thing that moved on the horizon, shivering like he was cold. And Jimmy, he remembered.

There was a Nahua story White Fox used to tell how the first men was born out of the earth, in the dark Seven Caves of Chizomoc, far to the north in the lost country of Tlapalan. How the pale sun came weak at first and circled low on the horizon. How men grew stronger, and the eagle led them south and south, and the sun grew stronger and climbed high, until they came at last into the rich green woods and lakes of Anahuac—where Mexico City is today. All this he told them. Standing there, naked and brown and strong, his deep voice shaking with the gladness of the promised land; stooping to dip his hands in the sweet waters of

Huh? Yes, the lakes are gone. The Spaniards cut down all the woods to make it like the Spanish plains they had been used to, and where there is no woods there is durn little rain. They tore down all the palaces and temples, because the heathen Indians built them—even the great palace of Nezahual'—a thousand by twelve hundred yards, that palace was. Built on a hill where they had grooved and polished blocks of black obsidian, pointing straight down into a black-walled, sheltered pool—the Queen's Bathtub, the Spaniards called it; but today professors come to study how they used it for a mirror, measuring the stars.

And the Temple of the Unknown and Invisible—that does not sound much like a heathen, huh? Nezahual', he built it: ten stories high, it was, with a black vaulted roof and golden stars; no idols in it, and no sacrifice, only sweet music and the burning of sweet gums in praise of the All-Powerful, the Unknown and Invisible—how is that different from our white man's God?

This was a hundred years before the Spaniards came; Tezcuco ruled the Nahua empire then; Jimmy, he says that was their Golden Age. They had great schools and great libraries and the wisest king they ever had—that was King Nezahual', like I was telling you. Huh? Nesh-ah-ual—hungry, co-yotl—fox—Fasting Fox, because he hid and starved seventeen years from Maxtla, a traitor that killed his papa and took the kingdom from him. But his people loved Nezahual' and would not give him up; they hid him, and they could be skinned alive before they would give him up. He was worth loving, sir. Because when he got back his throne he would not take revenge on the nobles that had gone back on him from fear of Maxtla. He says, "A king may punish, but revenge is unworthy of a king."

Huh? Yes, White Fox was named for him. They claim he got his gift of poetry from him, and his gray eyes—there was no scandal about gray eyes in those days; nobody had them but the kings that claimed to be descended from Quetzal—the Fair God, you know; he was the only white man they had ever heard of then.

What was I telling you? Oh, yes. White Fox, he sang about it to this audience of New Yorkers, and they did not laugh. They had got used to his queer way of singing, and the fierce beauty of his face took hold of them, Gene says. Something that fought its way up through the centuries out of the unknown dark, slipping back a little now and then, like a man will when he is climbing hard; the Aztecs had slipped back a little from the peak of Nahua glory when the Spaniards came. They might have climbed again; but they had gold to rob, and white men had the guns.

Yet look at Spain today. Sometimes you feel like it is all a mess—men hating and fighting and lying to each other, working shenanigans, grinding each other down, and never a one of us satisfied with what we get. Always looking for a day to come; not through one lifetime only, but just on and on. A man can die, but something that he was can still go on.

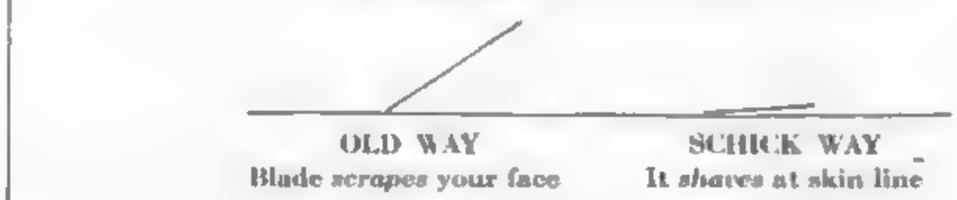
White Fox, he claims to be descended from Nezahual'; his voice got soft and solemn when he came to that. Like you would, sir, if David was your great-great-something-grandpa and you sang his

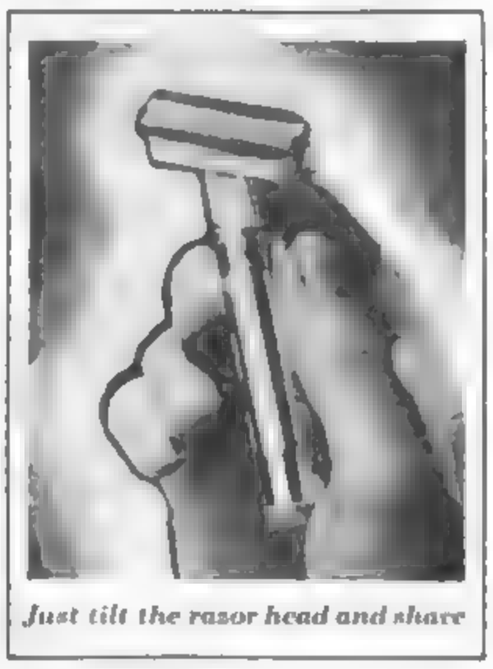
(Continued on Page 70)

A faster, smoother shave . . because you

SHAVE at the SKIN LINE

Note how the Schick Razor head is held flat against your face. Blade edge moves parallel to the surface of your skin. Razor drag and pull vanish. You don't scrape your face; you cut your beard.



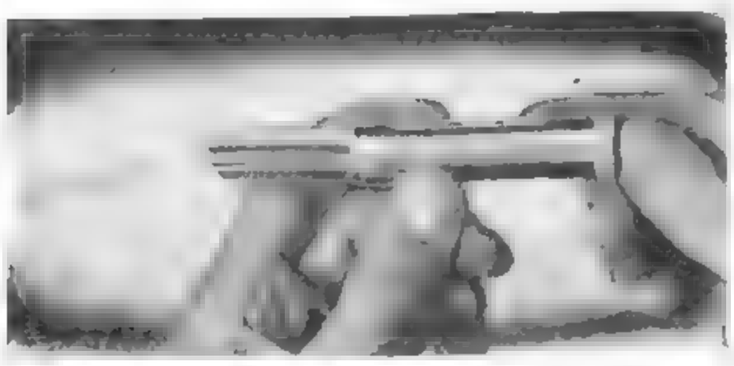


Just tilt the razor head and shave

IT'S no accident—the cool, clean Schick shave. The Schick Razor head is built to hold the blade flat against the surface of your skin. The blade edge meets each hair squarely. It cuts your beard—never hoes it. No drag, no pull, no scraping—yet your beard is shaved off clean—*right at the skin line.*

Schick blades, too, are made to shave better. They are all alike . . . uniformly sharp. Packed in clips of twenty, they are stored right in the razor handle.

Instantly you get a new blade in place by a pull and push of the plunger. New blade slides out of the handle—old blade falls from the razor head. You never hunt for blades—you never handle them.



Move the plunger out and in. New blade slides in place. Old blade drops out.

With no paper wrappings—no handling of any kind—each Schick blade reaches your face with its super-keen edge unmarred. That's why your Schick shave at the skin line is consistently good.

The Schick banishes the nuisance of bothering with separate parts before and after shaving. Simply tilt the razor head, shave, rinse and put it away. The blade dries without removing.

Men who own a small museum of razors never give them another thought after their first Schick shave.

Look for the Schick at your dealer's. If he has not received his stock, use the coupon for your order. The razor complete with twenty blades costs five dollars. Extra clip of 20 blades, 75c. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Magazine Repeating Razor Company
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Dealer's Name_____

In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00
Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd.
St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

Look at your top – everybody else does !

A Beautiful Car
—all but the top!

So many cars are that way—bodies beautiful in line and finish, but ruined in appearance by dull, dead tops.

Look at your car's top! Does it look as new and well-groomed as the body? With Duro Gloss, The Top Finish, you can keep your top looking like new. And it will pay you to do so, for a *dull* top is a *decaying* top—on the road to ruin unless its finish is restored.

Duro Gloss is not a mere dressing, but a *finish*—the same finish used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material. Easily applied with a brush, it dries overnight, without streaks or brush marks, to a lustrous, new-top finish—weather-proofing and preserving the top. *Duro Gloss* never leaves a "done-over" appearance. It is impervious to heat or cold.

Nearly every good accessory dealer, service station, paint or trim shop has *Duro Gloss* in convenient cans if you wish to apply it yourself. Or, if you prefer, you can have your top *Duro Glossed* at any car service station, garage, paint or trim shop. If you have the least trouble in obtaining *Duro Gloss*, write us, and we will see that you are supplied.

J. C. Haartz Co., New Haven, Conn.

Duro Gloss Top Finish
Half-pint size, 65c
Sufficient only for roadsters, coupes, and small sedans

Pints, $1.00 Quarts, $1.85
Furnished in larger sizes for shop use

Duro Gloss Guaranteed Top Material—If your top is so far gone that *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, cannot restore it—then you need a new top. Specify *Duro Gloss* Top Material, *guaranteed* to give complete satisfaction. Your trimmer can get it readily from his jobber. If the material *should* fail to give satisfaction, he will replace the top at our expense

Duro Gloss Top Patching—for automobile tops.

Duro Gloss
The Top Finish

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *DURO GLOSS TOP MATERIAL*

(Continued from Page 68)

Psalms. It puts you in mind of David somehow. Come on inside and I will Jimmy has wrote it down for me out of a Spanish copy of Ixtlil', which is a book of —— Wait till I find my spec's. Are your feet wet? You ought to told me, sir.

Just listen to that wind! Huh? No, it does not make me lonesome. Sunsets and clouds and thunder and the wind—when you get older, sir, you will take comfort in the feeling of things bigger and stronger even than machinery. You can manage that; you have to; but you do not have to worry about managing eternity.

This is the Song of Nezahual': "Sing thou in praise of the All-Powerful, the Unknown and Invisible; for the glory of this world will fade. Rejoice in the freshness of thy spring, for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain. The scepter will pass from thy hand, thy servants wander desolate, thy sons drink distress ——"

Yes, sir, old Nezahual', he knew.

"—— thy victories and triumphs live only in their recollections; yet the remembrance of the just shall never pass away.

"The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us. The earth is a sepulcher and nothing lives that shall not be entombed beneath it.

"Rivers and torrents flow onward to be buried in the deep of ocean; not one flows backward to its pleasant source. The things of yesterday are no more today; the things that are today will change, perhaps tomorrow. The pomp and power of yesterday have passed like fearful smoke from the throat of Popocatepetl, and there is no memorial but the written page.

"The great, the wise, the brave, the beautiful—alas! Where are they now? They have been mingled with the earth again, and that which hath befallen them shall happen to us also. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and great chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects.

"The tomb is the cradle of the sun; death is the shadow of the portal to the brilliant stars. O, let me touch sonorous music from my instrument and sing!"

The theater was so still that you could hear his sandals click when he turned to go.

Then Jimmy says the roof blew off. Some of them must have liked his voice and some his looks and some the novelty, but some of them must have felt what he was driving at—partly, I mean. Even Gene and Jimmy did not realize till afterward.

They did not only clap; Gene says you heard two thousand seats go up, and a roar from the gallery, and there was two thousand people on their feet to a hill Indian.

Jimmy, he says he found him sitting in his dressing room, his brown hands hanging limp between his knees—tired, I reckon, and you cannot blame him. The manager tried to get him to go out and bow; he said the people wanted him; but White Fox did not give a durn. Jimmy says that was why they liked it. He says New York has scared many a man to death, it is so big, and a man trembles with the hope that it will like what he has got to sell. But White Fox did not have a thing to sell. He was not asking anything; he was just telling them, because he had a feeling on his chest and could not stand it. Jimmy, he never knew how big that feeling was—till afterward.

All the reporters came back in the dressing room, and they asked Jimmy this and that, and felt the boy's muscles and said "Wow!" White Fox, he did not seem to notice them. He was not even listening any more. But Miss Dolores, she came skipping in, and then the boy got up like he was tired and swung his *huitzin* cape around him. But she bustled up, stroking his cape along his arm, vampiring him again—now that he had two thousand people yelling for him.

"*Felicidades*, Dukelets!" says she, laughing, airing her scraps of Spanish. "That's what I call him—Duke," she says to the reporters. "He looks royal, doesn't he? Well, he is—pure Aztec," she says, which is not so. "This cape—know what it is? Made from sacred humming birds. Cost you a thousand to get one made—only you can't. Only the Indians know how, and they won't, except for their men of royal blood, like my Dukelets here. Isn't it gorgeous? Women aren't supposed to wear them, but he lets me. You watch!"

And she reached up and took it off his shoulders, smiling most impudent and beautiful, Jimmy says, and put it on and strutted for the reporters. White Fox, he never moved. "Do I look like an Aztec princess?" says she. "Well, I must be running back. Bye-bye, Dukelets," says she, taking off the cape. "Thanks. Bring him to the studio, won't you, James?"

Jimmy, he swears he did not say a thing. White Fox, he never moved to take the cape; but he grunted swift and savage.

"What does he say?" says Miss Dolores.

"He says," says Jimmy, translating loud and clear because it cost him a hundred-dollar bet, "he no longer wants the cape."

It must have took Miss Dolores by surprise. She hugged the cape up to her; but the reporters looked at her, and they looked at Ixtaccicoyotl, and Jimmy swears the boy threw back his head and bust out laughing like a white man.

"Go with your friends," he says, and touched his chest and made the sign to Jimmy. "I have seen New York; now I will rest," he says. And that was the last they ever saw of him.

XIII

THEY saw the picture, just like they saw it here, only some parts cut shorter and more printing in it, and Jimmy says the people even clapped for pictures of White Fox. He says he never did see Miss Dolores leave. But plenty of people did, because White Fox was gone out of the dressing room, and when he started asking, nobody had seen him. Hunter asked Jimmy and Gene to go to supper, but they went back to the hotel.

He was not there. He was not there next morning either; only the papers saying what a great new voice. So Jimmy and Gene's papa did everything they knew. They told the policemen, and they told the papers the Indian singer had got lost. They went to the Mexican places—lower class; they even found this old tamale peddler, but he swore he never even heard of Zorro Blanco, or Ixtaccicoyotl, or White Fox. You know how Indians are. They will talk sometimes, but asking questions only shuts them up.

It makes them realize that our words do not mean the same. They live in the same world we do, but it feels different to them. Maybe it is. You can live with them—you can be married to them thirty years, like I have, and still feel them thinking things you do not know; like something reaching off and off into the dark. Naya, for instance; she is a slim child, and her big black eyes are soft and trusting as a baby's; yet there is something —— I can't explain. She has been raised as tender as a hill girl could be, but if she put her mind to it she could be killed without a whimper. She is not used to suffering, but

She has got centuries of it behind her. The cold and darkness of the Arctic first; it must have been the Arctic; where does the sun swing low on the horizon? The heat of deserts and the strength of hills is in her, little as she is. And the secret ——

Listen! No, it is just the wind.

What was I saying? Oh, about Indians. White Fox, now, he is a little different. There is sure white blood in him. Only a drop, maybe; maybe it does go back to Nezahual', and on back through the centuries to the Fair God, like they claim; you know how blood throws back sometimes. I do not claim to know, but you can bet your bottom dollar they believe it. I know this—sometimes his mind works like a white man. About this *huitzin* cape, I mean. The minute they told me how he laughed, I knew.

(Continued on Page 72)

FACTS
—AND THE OPEN MIND

THE MOST important element in business success—and the most difficult—is to be sure that you have all the facts before you act.

TO GET them all, from every possible source, is the first objective in General Motors. The Research Laboratories contribute some. These are nuggets, left in the crucible, after hundreds of ideas that looked good have been burned away. The Proving Ground contributes others. Dealers contribute. The public contributes. Every department contributes. Through the whole organization runs a spirit of inquiry and of rigid insistence on proof.

OUT OF such thinking come the new models announced from time to time by Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Buick, LaSalle, Cadillac—all with Fisher Bodies. And by *Frigidaire*. Each new model is a tested step forward. Nothing goes into it as a result of habit or guess or pride of opinion.

Nothing counts but hard-won facts, gathered and used with an open mind.

CHEVROLET
CHEVROLET

PONTIAC

OLDSMOBILE

OAKLAND
OAKLAND

Buick
BUICK

LASALLE

CADILLAC

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

(FRIGIDAIRE)

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

The Singing Shave

- a symphony in be sharp!

THE new Ever-Ready Blade strikes a new note in shaving comfort! It literally *sings* through the toughest beard—and that's more than a figure of speech. With every stroke, you can actually *hear* that little, humming swan-song of whiskers fading away before a *real* razor blade.

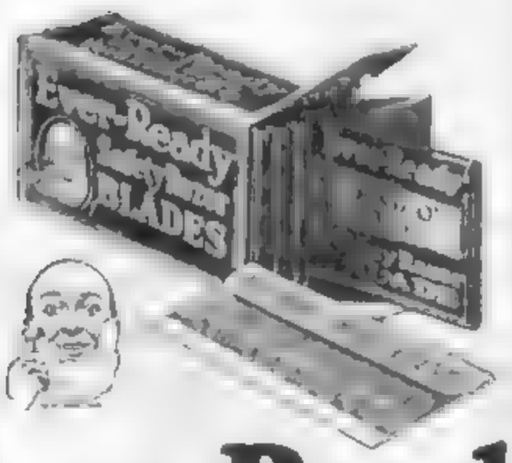
Here's why. The Ever-Ready Blade has *"the keenest edge in the world".* 3 miles of careful honing, 1800 feet of delicate stropping, give it an edge that whisks off whiskers *pianissimo!*

ALTHOUGH keener than a barber's razor, Ever-Ready has the same rigid backbone—that *won't* give in to the stiffest beard. It has the same tough substance—that not only *takes* a keener edge—*but holds it!*

In brief here's a blade that brings out your smile as it takes off your beard!

We want you to know what a tuneful shave Ever-Ready gives! We want you to enjoy the sweetest chin music ever played! So we make this astonishing offer:—

Mail us twenty cents today to cover mailing cost and we will send you a miniature "grip-full of shaving aids"—containing the standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This trial is strictly limited—better write today.



Ever-Ready Radio Blades sold everywhere, 35 cents a package. Ever-Ready De Luxe Razor, $1 complete.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

(Continued from Page 70

"You'll never see Guatamo's gods again," I says.

And why? Guatamo was dead or dying, and White Fox had seen what he had seen. He had seen pictures of the glory he had always heard in yarns, more glorious even than he had imagined, and he had seen the ruin of it. He half knew then that it could never be again.

And then he had traveled across a country greater than the empire of his yarns, and with his own eyes he had seen cities greater than his greatest dreams—and then New York, heart of the white man's world. He is no fool, that boy; he knew. He still stood fast to inward things, but for the outward things—he laughed; not with the bitter courage of an Indian, that can laugh at his enemies while their fire is licking at his legs; not like a sniveler, trying to save his worthless pride. Like a white man, sir—seeing the joke on him for having a superstition four centuries out-of-date; seeing the joke on Miss Dolores—he knew she was showing off, and simply laughed and showed her up.

And after that? God knows; he is not all white man. The next I got was a telegram from Jimmy saying they was coming home; but all he said about Ixtacci' was, "No luck."

So I told Concha to tell Naya. Naya was sitting in that chair where you are sitting now; she did not lift her head, but she muttered something.

"What did she say?" I says.

"She says Ixtacci' is not with them," says Concha.

"So you got up nerve to tell her?" I says.

"No," says Concha. "I have tried, but I cannot tell her that. I fear she would die if she could not wait for him."

"You think he is dead?"

"No!" says Concha.

"Why not?" I says

"He is Ixtaccicoyotl," she says, not looking at me.

"Guatamo is Guatamo," I says, tricking her.

"Was," says Concha, falling into the trap.

That is the way you have to do with Indians. They can trust you, but ——

Listen! . . . Never mind. The wind makes funny noises in the gulches sometimes, dying down. Huh? Yes, the storm is nearly over. This time of year they seldom last more than an hour or two.

But the first storm of this rainy season—wow! Jimmy and Gene was stranded four days in Orendain. They caught a few hours' break and got on home, and then the storm cut loose again. I bet they wished they was back in New York many a time. Gene did her best to cheer poor Naya up, and it did seem to do the poor child good. She would sit up sometimes and listen; but it was only the deep wild whooping of the wind.

One night Jimmy and Gene had been here, and put on their slickers and paddled home. The wind was more than kicking up a row. But I was back in that corner of the porch where we was sitting just now, smoking my pipe and listening to the storm, when I heard Concha yell. I ran to see if it was a tarantula, which is the only thing I know she is afraid of, and Naya went by me like a ghost.

"Catch her!" says Concha. "She is crazy! She says she hears him, but she will die in all that fury!"

That was the truth. Naya was never fat, and by this time she was just thinned down to a whisper from not eating; I thought the wind would blow her right away. I did not wait to get a slicker; I did not even have a hat—the more fool me. The rain beat in my eyes and blinded me, which she had started windward. So I just put my head down and bumbled on, slipping and stumbling and looking sideways for something white. And finally I saw her, not down, but running yet, off to the left of me. I heard her scream.

And all of a sudden she just vanished. I got to the place, but there was no ravine, no nothing she could have fell into. I would not put it past her to jump into something, just to end her misery, especially in a storm; they think the spirits are more close around them then. Or maybe it is the other way about; maybe they feel more close to—whatever made the hills and storms and humans; yes, and the storms inside of humans too.

And all of a sudden I heard: "Oh, Don Luis! *Adios!*"

Many a time the wind sounds like *adios*, and hello too; but it durn seldom calls me by my name. I saw them then, high on the ridge—that is, I saw a naked man loom black against a lightning flash and the white flutter of a dress under his arm or thought I did; but to make sure I bumbled back and got Jimmy out of bed, and we got slickers and flashlights and went over the ground. We did not find any dead bodies, which was some comfort.

It was a week before we could get down to old Guatamo's cave. The only mouth we knew was in the bottom of Xuxu Canyon, under two thousand feet of rock, and still under water. Jimmy took off his clothes and dived through, and he was gone so long I was durn near in the notion to go after him. I never did much swimming, but a man cannot leave his partner stuck.

He came out shivering. "Ugh!" says he. "Let's get away from here."

Guatamo's cave was never jolly to begin with. Oh, big enough—this main room running up two hundred feet or more, and cracks high up to let the air out; but durn little light came in. Only enough to see things glitter—this big black *teocali* in the center, a pyramid, you know, with steps on all four sides, and golden plates where the old fellow put his crippled feet; the altar in the center, and the sacrificial stone, although I cannot swear to any sacrifices; this monstrous golden statue of Huitzil', the war god, and these other statues of Quetzal' and Centoatl and a dozen other gods; gold, most of them, and worth a mint of money. But not jolly. Not so, Bolivia!

Even the living parts of the cave was not jolly to a white man's mind. Feather canopies on the beds, and catskin covers, yes; but some gold or silver sacred animal looking you in the face.

"Well," I says, when the kid quit shivering, "anybody there?"

"Guatamo," says Jimmy.

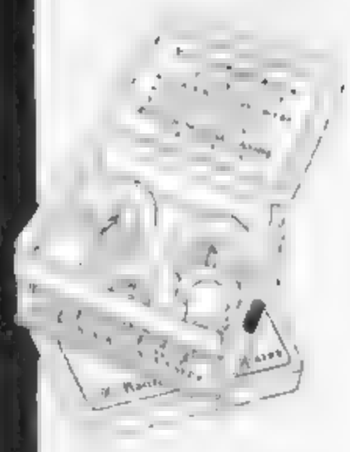
It seems he came up by the pyramid and climbed the steps to get a look around. The gods was gone, just like I knew they would be. He missed the glitter of them, and went feeling in the dimness where they used to be, and put his hand on old Guatamo's face, sitting there, staring forever into the darkness white men drove him to.

Jimmy says he just sat there by this deep black lake and shivered quite a while. It got to preying on him that there might be dead men in it, or these golden gods—nobody knows how deep it is; a huge black spring, I reckon, which an ice-cold current is always flowing out into the river; nobody knows how big—we never saw the back of it. And nobody ever will know. Because the kid got to thinking about some smart gold hunter getting in there by machinery and dredging; and if you think the kid would stand for that, you are all wrong. He thinks a man has got a right to his own gods, gold or mud or just imagination. He took a box of dynamite and went and dropped a ledge on it, and I will bet you a good hat that I can show you in a hundred yards and you cannot find it.

And Ixtacci' knows it. If you do not think so, in the morning you step up and slap Jimmy's face and let an Indian see you; and I will bet you another hat you will not live two days.

But we have never laid an eye on him. I always hope we will; he is a square young fellow, full of life and possibilities, and lives exactly up to what he feels. And he feels plenty. Especially in storms I listen for him; that is how he seems to me, the voice of things we are all made of—strong things, unguessable and yet eternal; and sometimes I think I hear him. But maybe it is only the howling of the wind.

Light up....for confidence



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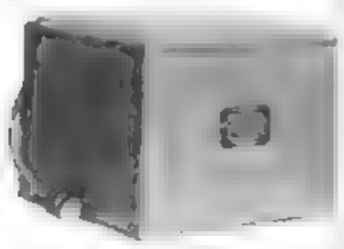

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efficient and of the type best adapted to the particular set. USL offers a complete line of

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Price 60-cycle unit, $25.00. 25-cycle unit, $29.50.

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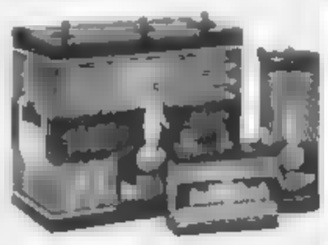

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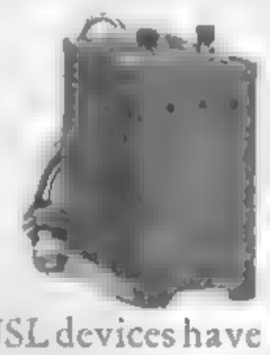
Converts any A storage battery into a complete and continuous A power supply. USL chargers contain no fluid and require no attention. Price 60-cycle unit, $10.50. 25-cycle unit, $12.50.



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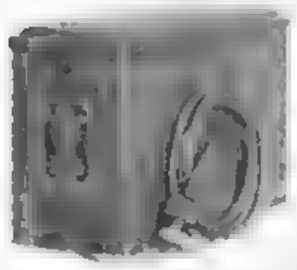

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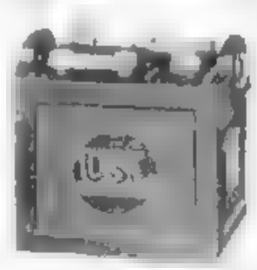

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USL radio A battery assembled in a durable, one-piece composition container. Thick USL plates and separators insure long battery life. Prices and capacities to suit every need.

Your nearest USL dealer will gladly study your radio problems and recommend units best adapted to your set. He has radio power for every known

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USL RADIO POWER

USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

DOMINUTRO

(Continued from Page 17)

"Doctor," I said, when I could speak once more, "if you would just wrap up the other lessons, I will be pleased to eat them at home."

"It would be a pleasure to grant your request, Mr. Struve, but experience has shown us that we must prepare and vary each lesson according to the state of mind of the student when he is assimilating it. But there is nothing to prevent you from taking the lessons here at the Dominutro office as rapidly as you see fit. You are now, Mr. Struve, at least 100 per cent more dominant than you were when you walked into this office. Come back as soon as you are ready for the next lesson, and remember you have our ironclad guaranty in your pocket."

As I walked out into the sunlight I tried to make myself feel the same as the doctor had suggested. The Shagburn Building where Old Man Shagburn had his office was on State Street, only a half block away, and I gave myself a tryout to see if I was dominant enough to make a preliminary call in reference to Air Wave ventilators. I got as far as the elevator, but by that time I was feeling so much like a sack of bran I decided I had better put it off once more.

I might have felt considerably discouraged if I had not remembered the doctor's statement about the ironclad guaranty, and if I was not satisfied at the end of the thirtieth lesson I would receive back ten times the cost of tuition, and ten times three hundred dollars makes three thousand.

It was while consoling myself with this idea that I ran into Nelse Blattenburg for the second time that day.

"Hello, old Double One," he said. He would always call me by the name of one of the dominoes, because once I had told him I wanted to be a dominant character, and that was the way he had picked out to kid me. "How is the dominating business going today?"

"All right," I replied, with a sinking at the stomach which can be understood. "How is everything with you?"

"I am on the top of the world. I didn't have to go to Chicago after all; so I walked into the Exchange National Bank, and by displaying a two-dollar bill, succeeded in dominating the cashier enough to rent a safety-deposit box for the lodge. So you can give your little old treasurer those Liberty Loan bonds any time you are ready."

The sinking feeling at my stomach grew suddenly worse.

"What Liberty Loan bonds, Nelse?"

"That two thousand dollars' worth belonging to the lodge. What is the matter, Double Blank? Are you losing your memory? I met you this morning and asked you to put them away in your box till I got back from Chicago. And you gave me a receipt for them."

"Yes, yes, Nelse," I said, as a horrible suspicion dawned on me. "I remember now. They are all right. I have put them with my own Liberty Loan bonds. Yes, I will turn them over to you in the near future. No, I am not sick. I just felt dizzy for a moment."

Stopping in the nearest convenient doorway, I emptied the contents of my inside pocket. Then I knew the worst.

When Nelse had given me that two thousand dollars I had placed those bonds in the envelope along with my own and then had forgotten all about them. And the ironclad Dominutro guaranty read that if at the completion of the thirty lessons I did not feel myself a truly dominant character, they would be pleased to refund me ten times the sum paid for tuition, or $23,000.

III

THE first thing I did was to rush to the nearest telephone and call up Killingsley Throckmorton. The clerk at the El Dorado said that he had left town on the 3:15 and there was no address. The next thing I did was to sprint at top speed to the Dominutro office.

The doctor was about to leave the office as I entered. I cleared my throat and said, "Doctor."

That was as far as I got. I have read over a good many books on salesmanship and I have sold a good many things to people who did not want to buy them, but I never saw anything like the dominant way in which the doctor sold me Lesson Two.

My idea was to suggest a compromise and how he could keep my Liberty Loan bonds to the value of three hundred dollars and cancel the rest of my course if he would only give back the two thousand. But I never got a chance to explain my proposition.

"Mr. Struve," he said, "do not apologize because you want to take Lesson Two this afternoon. All our students are the same. When once they have tasted Dominutro they cannot get enough of it. Many a time they wait in the street all night so as to be the first to get their little plate in the morning. How did Lesson One affect you?"

I started to tell him the exact truth, but he interrupted with the words: "Yes, that is what they all say. They have never experienced anything like the action of those polarized magnetones in laying the foundation for a magnetic personality. And now, with Lesson Two, which I have already especially prepared for you, we take up the dynamic elements necessary to the dominant individual." Here he pulled out of the sideboard a plate which seemed to have been waiting there, and stirring it with a spoon, brought it over to me.

"Sit down, Mr. Struve. This second lesson is full of electronettes on a base of dynamogene, and sometimes there is a rush of these elements to the head, because the ordinary human system is not accustomed to such powerful forces. Sit down, Mr. Struve, and take a spoonful, and tell us if it is not the most dynamic preparation you have ever swallowed."

Before I could protect myself he had slipped it into my mouth. The magnetones of the first lesson had not been either good or bad. They had just been dry. But the second lesson had a terrible smell, and it tasted just the way it smelled.

Once again I started to tell the doctor that I had not come to take the second lesson at all, but as soon as I opened my mouth he put another spoonful of electronettes and dynamogene inside. And every time after that, when I would try to state that all I had come for was that two thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Loan bonds, the same thing happened. And when not engaged in educational endeavors with me, the doctor would be waving the spoon in the air and yelling, "Electronettes made Julius Cæsar and they will make you!" Or, "Look at that diagram on the wall. It shows a healthy, dominant human system packed full of dynamogene. That is the way you look now on the inside." And once when I tried to get up, because I could not stand any more, he put his hands on my shoulders and shoved me back in the chair, at the same time saying in an excited voice, "He is full of electronettes. We have never seen anything like it in all our long professional experience."

I began eating Lesson Two because the doctor took me by surprise. Then when I saw how dominant he seemed to be about the matter, I made up my mind to finish the lesson, cost what it might, and explain my errand afterward. But as a matter of fact, I never got to the bottom of the plate, no more than a party who eats a lot of hard-boiled eggs and drinks a lot of strawberry pop and then tries to run around a mile track on a hot August afternoon will get around that track.

The next thing I remember is the doctor pushing me out of the door and at the same

(Continued on Page 76)

New beauty for your roof that neither time nor fire can destroy

Here are shingles that will glorify your roof with color, protect it against the menace of fire and save you the necessity of ever thinking of another roof. They never burn and they never wear out.

Sturdy, beautiful Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, with the widest choice of shapes and colors in history, now cost so little that there is no reason for the use of flimsy, temporary, inflammable materials.

Rich blue-blacks, soft reds, gay variegated colors, dignified grays—all are fire-proof and everlasting, and low in price.

Re-roof for the last time with these indestructible shingles. Leave the old roof on. Lay these beautiful everlasting shingles right over it. No fuss, no dust, no litter, no danger from rain while the work is in progress.

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WHEN YOU wear a Knox hat you have no apologies to make to anybody. And after you have worn it a long, long time we have no occasion to make them to you. The Knox "Fifth Avenue" at $8 is a very economical hat. Other hats with label of Knox at $10, $12 and up to $40.

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452 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. — Roosevelt Hotel (*Madison at* 45th)
161 Broadway (*Singer Bldg.*) — Waldorf-Astoria (*Fifth Ave. at* 34th)
The Paramount Bldg. (44th *and* B'way)
711 Fifth Avenue (*Near* 55th *St.*)
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

AND AT ACCREDITED AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 74)

time saying in a dominant voice, "It was the rush of electronettes to the brain that made you feel faint. It often happens. We have put the rest of this wonderful lesson in a paper bag, and you may eat it at your leisure. And now, as soon as you have assimilated Lesson Two, come back for Lesson Three."

He gave me a last little push, and I pretty near fell down the stairway. I did not turn and come back. I just kept right on; that was all I could do.

As I staggered along the street I hoped nobody would think I was drunk, because I knew if I tried to explain it was just the result of dynamogene mixed with electronettes, many would not believe.

I was feeling desperate in every way, and maybe that was why I got as far as the third floor of the Shagburn Building, opposite the water cooler outside Old Man Shagburn's office, before collapsing. I do not know yet who it was that took me down in the elevator and called a taxi and got me to my room.

That night I did not eat any dinner. In fact, the only time I left my bed was to answer a telephone call from Lora, who said that a foreign music professor had heard her sing that afternoon and had praised her voice in the highest manner. About all I could reply was "All right," so I said this, and crawling back to my room, collapsed again.

Until midnight I tossed on my bed, not knowing what I had better do next. Sometimes I thought the only thing to do would be to leave all and run away to South America before the police got me. And sometimes I thought it would be easier to become dominant along my own lines, rather than go back and tackle Lesson Three. But in the end I saw there was only one course possible.

I did not have any money to get me to South America, so that was out of the question; and even in case I became a dominant character overnight, I could not earn two thousand dollars quick enough to keep out of the hands of the law. And since, as I saw now, I would never be able to force the doctor to give me back my tuition, the only thing left was to go to the Dominutro office and eat all the remaining lessons in one gulp, so to speak, and then demand the $23,000 as per ironclad guaranty.

Having decided this I went to sleep. But not until four hours later.

IV

"WELL, well, well, well; it is Mr. Struve," said the doctor the next morning as, coming up the stairs at nine o'clock, he found me waiting outside his office. "We will wager any amount that you still feel the effect of those electronettes"

"Yes," I said, concealing my thoughts to some extent, "and I am so impressed by those electronettes that I wish to become a dominant character with the least possible delay. That is why I am going to start this morning with Lesson Three and continue taking the remaining lessons with as short an interval between as possible."

"The dynamogene is already at work," said the doctor, unlocking the door and going at once to the sideboard. "That is what fills you so full of ambition and makes you ready for the third lesson, which is entirely composed of pepsolates. After you have absorbed all the pepsolates in this lesson—and there are 1,678,526 pepsolates to the cubic inch—you will never again complain of lack of pep. And pep is one of the most essential components in the character of the dominant man."

"The sooner we start, the better," I said, going over to the sofa.

Lesson One had not been much worse than sawdust. Lesson Two had been as described. But Lesson Three was beyond words.

Shutting my eyes I swallowed most of the first spoonful, and it tasted like a mixture of melted lead and horse-chestnut burs in a red-pepper sauce. It was a trail of fire running from my mouth to my stomach, and I turned around twice before I got hold of myself and jumped over the nearest chair for the door.

There was a bubbler fountain on the corner of State and Elm, and probably I had it in mind, because I remember heading for it as soon as I lit on the sidewalk. The next thing I recollect is stopping just long enough to find out that the water supply had been shut off, and then bumping into Nelse Blattenburg.

"Well, old One and Three," he said, "you seem to be in a hurry to dominate somebody. How about those bonds?"

If I had only had a pistol in my pocket I would have shot old Nelse six times in rapid succession, just for asking that legitimate question; not because of what he said but because he hung onto my coat while saying it.

"Go soak your head in a water bucket," was the remark I intended to make, but by the time I had cleared my throat enough to speak, these words had been changed for others more emphatic.

Nelse was a good deal bigger than I and of a violent disposition, and never since he had come to town three years before had I spoken rough to him or jostled him. And at another moment I would have been surprised at the astonished but resigned expression on his face as I left him sitting on the sidewalk while I dashed into the Shagburn Building. But I was too much interested in easing my throat to pay any farther attention to Nelse, and besides, I had just remembered that water cooler on the third floor of the Shagburn Building.

In my reading I have enjoyed many accounts of African explorers who were dying of thirst and who were always being fooled by thinking water was just ahead and then finding it was not. But I will bet none of them felt as anguished as I did when after running up three flights of stairs, I discovered the water cooler missing.

I must have gone crazy on the spot, because, without any reflection whatever, I burst open the door of Old Man Shagburn's private office, and not even trying to explain, took one long jump for the private water cooler beside his desk. I did not speak to Old Man Shagburn; I merely drank six glasses of water in rapid succession.

Then I answered his natural query. "I came in here to get a drink of water," I said. "What do you think I came in here for? To borrow some horse-radish?"

And having finished my seventh drink, I looked at him for the first time.

"You must be a certain kind of camel," was his remark when he could speak, "or else a certain kind of goldfish globe."

"I am no certain kind of camel," I replied, "and I am no certain kind of goldfish globe either. And if your certain kind of building," I went on, "had installed the Air Wave Ventilating System, maybe people could breathe here without having their throats scorched." And I put my hand in my back pocket to get a handkerchief.

I do not know whether it was what I said or whether he thought I was reaching for a gun, but he sort of cowered down behind his desk

I was thirsty and I was sore, and I was in wrong with everybody, and probably I acted as I did because it looked like a good chance to work off my bad humor on somebody too scared to stop me. Anyhow I started in at the beginning of my selling talk and went right on to the end. From time to time I remember bringing my fist down on the desk and making him jump, and then taking another glass of water, and then explaining all over again the details of the intake valves. And finally, when he had agreed to install the system in his present building, I remember yelling, "I am not interested in chicken feed." With the result that I signed him up for two other office buildings, a private hospital and three apartment houses.

At the time all this seemed very natural, and as I dashed out with the contracts my

(Continued on Page 78)

Do Two Things

...nd seal the air at mouth of tire valv

1

2

Five in the red metal box cost but 30c.

Keep an extra box in your car for emergencies and replace old insides all around once a year.

FIRST

See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is screwed securely into every tire valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high pressure tires.

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Screw an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every tire valve. Then you know it is on. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and is *guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.*

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You can save many a dollar and prevent much annoyance if you will see that these inexpensive little parts are always in place. Buy a spare box of each from your nearest dealer. Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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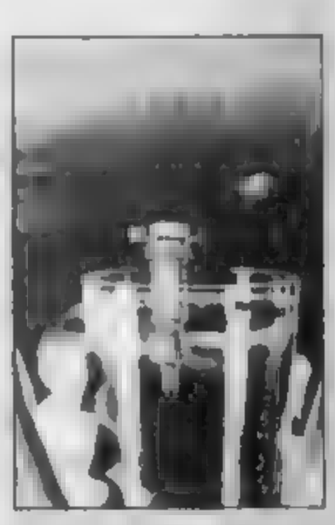

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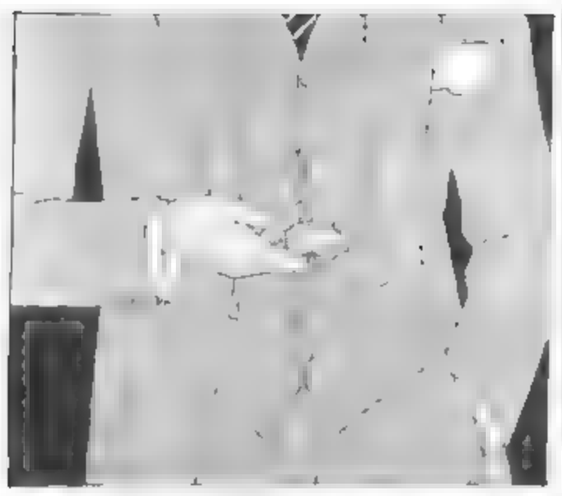
We guarantee Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps (sold in the red metal box) to be air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand. If found not to be air-tight when subjected to the test suggested below, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge.

The water test

Inflate a tire to its proper pressure. Unscrew valve inside until you hear the air escaping. Then attach a new Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap firmly by hand. Immerse end of valve in water. You will find the valve absolutely air-tight. After above test, screw inside down tight and replace cap.



DID YOU GROW UP WITH IT?
HOW old is your watch chain? Are you as sure of its style now as when you bought it? Or is it really a relic that you are privately ashamed of? . . . Does it add to your appearance, or detract from it?
We suggest that you stop at your jeweler's today and compare your chain with the new Simmons Chains.
Whether you prefer a Dickens, Vest or Waldemar chain, you will find Simmons designs that completely satisfy your needs. Modern, authentic designs . . . ranging from the smallest link-sizes to the heavy, over-sized Bondstreets that are setting a new style this year.
The Simmons process of drawing natural, green or white gold over a stout base metal means years of service. The chain illustrated here is No. 28,974. Price, $12.75. Others range from $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.
SIMMONS CHAINS

(Continued from Page 76)

principal thought was to get another drink of water. And it was because I happened to get this drink at a hardware store that the other idea popped into my head.

Five minutes later I entered the Dominutro office, to find the doctor sitting there alone.

"Well, Mr. Struve," he said, "have you come back to finish Lesson Three?"

"In a way," was my cautious reply, holding the rope I had just bought carefully coiled behind my back. "And now, doctor, I would like you to close your eyes for a minute; I am going to say something and I want you to tell me if, in your opinion, my voice has become more dominant."

He did as requested, and I slapped the s p noose over his head.

"Doctor," I said, after I had arranged him securely in his chair, with a handkerchief in his mouth so he would not say anything he might be sorry for later, "the reason we have done this is for your own good. As we personally have developed into a dominant character, thanks to Dominutro, it has seemed to us that you have become considerably less dominant. And we are afraid the reason may be that while doing good to humanity you have neglected yourself. It is the same with all great philanthropists.

"Do not apologize, doctor," I went on, after giving him a minute to think what he would have said if he had not had that handkerchief in his mouth. "Many directors of gymnasiums are in the same fix. They are kept so busy telling others how to use the apparatus, that they never have the time to use it themselves."

I waited till he got through with his remarks, which seemed to be elaborate, though hampered by the handkerchief.

"Yes, doctor, if you had only taken a little Dominutro every morning before breakfast, you would never have allowed a mere student the same as ourself to dominate you the way we are doing at present. And because we are your best friend we are going to help you out in your little difficulty."

With this I opened the sideboard and began. The invaluable lessons were contained in several little tin cans, some of which had dominant odors and some of which had not. Using my best scientific judgment, I mixed several together on a plate and then, after taking a careful hold on the doctor's nose I, removed the handkerchief and gave him an adequate spoonful.

"Take your time," I said kindly, as I noticed him get red in the face. "Remember, there is no hurry. Chew it carefully and you will not only get the rich nutty flavor but it will add to the value of the vigorines therein contained, and they are the same as vitamines, except stronger."

When he was once more in a condition to make remarks I replaced the handkerchief and, after personally enjoying a glass of water from the faucet, continued as follows: "The secret of domination is knowing what you want in the world and then knowing how to go after it; and we can tell by the expression on your face that what you want most right now is to get out of that chair. Now, doctor, the easiest and, in fact, the only way to get out is to establish a prize offer of two thousand, three hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Loan bonds to the student who is the greatest credit to your institution, and we guess we do not have to tell you who that is. Take your time about deciding."

I now held his nose again and gave him a second spoonful.

"There may be a rush to the head," I said, "but that is only momentary and is caused by the polarized parallax; and when it passes it will leave you more dominant than ever. How do you feel about that prize offer now?"

Judging by what I could make out of his remarks on the subject, he was not much in favor of it; so, going to the sideboard, I picked out a box that looked and smelled as if it was Lesson Twenty-nine, and mixed the contents with what was already on the plate.

"Doctor," I said, "this substance we are adding is a little corpusculorum. It will give you the power of rapid decision, so essential for a dominating character. After a spoonful of this we think you will be able to decide rapidly what you ought to do next."

And with this little introduction I gave him the third spoonful. I can only state that if I had not seen the result with my own eyes I would never have believed it.

"It is the corpusculorum," I said in a pleased voice. "You are now full of corpusculorum, the same as Napoleon, John D. Rockefeller and others."

"The bonds are in the safe," he said, after I had explained to him that they were not in the bank as he had at first stated; my reason being that the banks had been closed before I even began Lesson One. "Yes, they are in the safe; but I have forgotten the combination. It will take a professional to open it."

"The only thing you have forgotten is the corpusculorum," I said kindly. "Another spoonful of that corpusculorum will enable you to dominate your memory and tell us the combination."

Having said this I mixed a spoonful that would have made anybody remember anything, and was preparing to act with decision, when I was gratified to hear him give me the necessary directions.

After carefully counting the bonds I placed them in my inside pocket.

"We are thankful to you for your generous prize offer," I said, "and we will ever do our best to merit the esteem in which you hold us. If we continue to be a dominant character we will be pleased to refund three hundred dollars in suitable installments. We are now going to leave you. If you wish to call up police headquarters, you will find the number in the telephone book under P. But we are sure you will realize that it will be better for you to continue to dominate your educational institution yourself, rather than to have some bullheaded cop dominating same. We will now untie your hands, and you can untie your legs yourself. And don't forget to take a little corpusculorum every morning before breakfast. The flavor lasts and it is just as rich as it is nutty." With these words I left the office.

As the result of a date made previously Lora was waiting for me in her coupé. Briefly I told her the result of my interview with her father. She did not seem as pleased as I had expected.

"Clifford," she said, "what you have done is simply wonderful, and I congratulate you. But last night as I was lying awake, thinking, I decided to act on the advice of that foreign music professor and take up a musical career. So I am going abroad to study, and I expect to make a name for myself in grand opera before coming back here to marry and settle down."

"That is a splendid idea, Lora," I said, "and we will discuss it in all its details after we are married. I must now leave you for a short time, but you will meet me at 11:30 at the county clerk's office, so we can get our marriage license. I hope you like this necktie; I bought it myself."

The poor girl's expression showed she was so completely dominated that I did not even have to give her a last dominating look. So, leaving her with her mouth still slightly open, I hurried on down the street to get a drink at the nearest soda fountain.

To my surprise Nelse Blattenburg was sitting there.

"Well, Nelse, old hoss," I said, before he could open his mouth, "here are your two thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Loan bonds. Give me my receipt and take this stuff and put it away in some safe place, and don't bother me again with anything like that."

"Clif," he said, "something has happened."

"I will say so, Nelse."

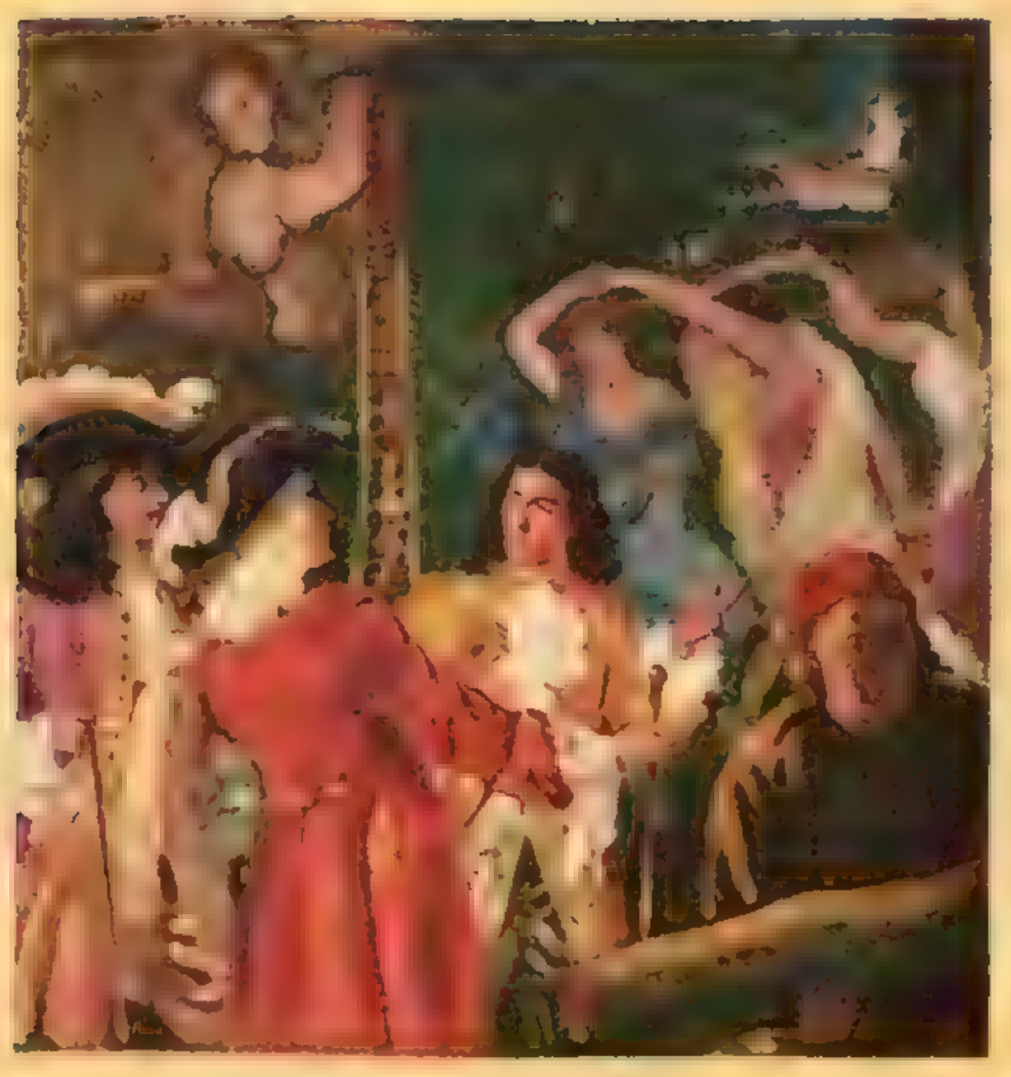
"You don't look the same as you used to."

"I will say I don't, Nelse."

"And you don't act the same either. Clif, I have kidded you a lot about this dominance stuff, but you seem to have turned the trick, and I am the first to admit it when I am wrong. And I may as well tell you I would like to become dominant myself, if I could only find out the system."

I looked at Nelse, and as I looked at him I remembered all the times he had razzed me before third parties with nasty cracks about my ambition in life, and I said, "Nelse," I said, "you are an old friend of mine and we have always been old friends together, and in a way I consider you the best friend I ever had, and if I can give you a little information that will put you on the right path, I am certainly going to do so. Nelse, here is where you can learn to be dominant."

And pulling a slip of paper out of my pocket, I wrote down the name and address of Dominutro.



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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE TRAINED FLEE

(Continued from Page 27)

"Yo' job is to make Eddie jealous. Right now he's ridin' high, wide an' han'some. He knows he can grab you off any time he says the word. Tha's wrong, li'l' gal—plumb wrong. You got to show him that he don' count no mo' than a bottle of ketchup when the desert is served. You got to preten' to be crazy 'bout another man."

"I—I ain't got no other man."

"Yes you has."

"Who?"

Mr. Peters placed his right hand over his heart. "Me!"

"Oh, Epic, how ginrous you is."

"'Tain't nothin'. On'y you got to 'gree to do this thing right. Whenever Eddie is aroun', us has got to ack love foolish. We got to hol' han's an' look shy an' all such as that. Ain't no use doin' nothin' halfway."

"Sho ain't. But you reckon it'll work?"

Epic smiled knowingly. He was regarding himself with envy. Once she entered into his scheme he'd make her forget the rotund Eddie. Reckon he knew something about Don Juaning! Hmph! Swell chance Eddie would have to be remembered when he—Epic Peters—was turning loose the full power of his charm.

"It sho will!" he prophesied enthusiastically.

From the Pullman came a hoarse, toneless voice:

"Fust call fo' lunch in the dinin' car! Fust call fo' lunch in the dinin' car!"

The voice was approaching the vestibule. Chlorine trembled violently. She placed a fluttering hand on Epic's arm.

"Tha's my honey boy! Tha's him pronouncin' lunch."

"You aims to start right away?"

"Yeh."

"Then gimme yo' han' an' look crazy!"

The Pullman door swung back. A short, round figure clad in official white appeared. Eddie Garnet opened his lips again to announce lunch, and his eyes fell upon a rather startling tableau.

Standing very close together he glimpsed the tall figure of Epic Peters and the very delicious form of his ex-wife. One of her hands was imprisoned between both of Epic's and words came distinctly to the horrified ears of Eddie Garnet.

Said Epic, rapturously: "Such swellegant eyes you got, Chlorine honey. I ain't never seen none such."

"Nor neither you ain't got such bad ones yo'se'f, Epic. Sof' an' gentle like a goat."

Mr. Garnet stamped his foot and as he passed into the next car Epic heard a word which he fancied had not been culled from the lunch menu of the day.

"Tripe!" exploded Eddie.

Epic grinned delightedly. "Golly Moses, Chlorine, did you see how it wukked?"

She was radiant. "I'll say it did. Tha's the fust time I ever saw Eddie jealous."

"An' you is suttin my scheme is good?"

"Posolute."

"You is willin' to play the game right?"

"Epic," she announced gratefully, "Ise gwine play the game so right even you—let alone Eddie—ain't hahdly gwine know it ain't ginuwine."

"Sweet patootie! Now you is pitchin'."

When Eddie returned toward the diner the couple in the vestibule seemed trebly ardent. Eddie's soul seemed to shrivel in his ample bosom. He was a tense and thoughtful colored gentleman as he swayed back up the aisle to assume his duties as waiter.

Epic and Chlorine separated; the latter jubilant over her memory of Eddie's reaction to the first move in her campaign, Epic grinning to himself in unholy glee.

Mr. Peters was not lacking in personal confidence. He had bitterly resented the fact that he, as senior porter on the best train boasted by the road, should be treated by the only lady's maid with superlative indifference. Now she'd notice him all right. He had been given full and free permission to make love. At first she'd think of her husband, but Epic was certain that after a while Eddie Garnet would become of less importance and he himself would take the spotlight position.

Great stuff! Chlorine promised to do much to lighten the tedium of the regular trips between New York and Birmingham. She injected an atmosphere of romance which Epic's adventurous nature craved. Feminine contact was the one thing he had always envied his city-dwelling friends. No cullud gals on Southern Pullmans. This new lady's maid business had changed the entire complexion of affairs. It was nothing less than manna for Pullman porters.

He did not see Chlorine again until mid-afternoon. Then it was to invite her to dine with him. Her eyes flashed with enthusiasm.

"Right in the car with Eddie?"

"Uh-huh. An' when he sees us makin' cow eyes at each other he's sho gwine git jealous."

Epic was right. He was more than right. The fat little ex-husband glowered at his one-time wife and her new sweetie. He hated Epic. Mr. Peters was tall and easy and obviously absorbed in Chlorine. As for the colored lady, if she remembered that there was a man in the diner who had once been related to her by marriage, she gave no indication of that fact.

She was a natural actress and she met every affectionate glance of Epic's more than halfway. Eddie Garnet, lowering from his end of the car, plumbed the nethermost depths of despair and cursed the modernistic tendencies of railroad officials which had caused colored girls to take up railroading.

The car on which Eddie served as waiter was dropped in Charlotte. For the balance of the trip to New York, Chlorine seemed somewhat averse to playing the delightful little game which Epic had invented, and that adroit gentleman was forced to make haste slowly. However, she could not repulse his very friendly advances, and she did consent to accompany him that night to a cabaret in Harlem where they ate much and danced frequently. She was light as a feather and gay as a lark.

On the return trip to Birmingham, Epic eagerly inspected the diner which they picked up at Charlotte. Eddie was not in the crew; it was a different car. But on the next return trip it was Eddie's diner which was attached to the train in the very early hours of the morning.

By that time Epic and Chlorine were buddies. It was easy enough now to pretend affection. Chlorine had learned a great deal. Perhaps for the benefit of her unhappy ex-husband, perhaps for her own sake, she threw herself into the rôle of adoring lady friend with whole-souled enthusiasm. It was really refreshing to watch Eddie suffer. Just before arriving in Birmingham, Chlorine pulled Epic aside.

"How you think things is goin'?" she inquired.

"Ga.," he retorted with perfect honesty, "they coul'n't be better."

"You reckon Eddie is jealous?"

"Jealous! Why, that feller is so crazy with jealousy he mos' bit the table when us et together."

She closed her eyes ecstatically. "I reckon Ise showin' him that I don't think he's the on'iest man in the world."

"Uh-huh," said Epic. "I reckon you is."

Eddie's diner was part of their train leaving Birmingham. Naturally there was nothing bright or sunny about Mr. Garnet's appearance, but this day it seemed as though a thunderstorm had hit him right in the face. More than once he left the diner to ramble through the train, and on several such trips he saw Epic and Chlorine in earnest discussion of things in general. The girl was highly elated.

"Ain't he sore?" she asked.

"He ain't nothin' else. An' why shoul'n't he be; lettin' loose of a swell gal like you an' then gittin' to think that somebody else was grabbin' her off?"

"You reckon he thinks such?"

"How could he he'p it? Us acts lovin' befo' him." Mr. Peters lowered his voice. "Does you find it an awful hard job, Chlorine?"

"Nos-suh. 'Tain't so hard."

"Is it easy?"

"We-e-ell, I has done things which was more difficulter."

Epic sighed. "Lucky man!"

"Who?"

"Eddie."

"How come?"

"To have you affectionating him so constant."

She swept him with a low-lidded, meaningful glance. "Flattery what you speaks with yo' mouf."

"'Tain't flattery. It's truth."

"Shuh! I should b'lieve you."

"You sho should. Ise se'ious." He touched her arm. "Why is you so crazy 'bout him, Chlorine?"

"Gal cain't he'p who she's crazy 'bout, can she?"

"I dunno. I ain't never been no gal."

"Well, was you one, you'd know."

Once again Eddie was left in Charlotte. Between that metropolis and New York, Epic and Chlorine saw very little of each other, but their one night in the big city they went once again to the Harlem cabaret where they enjoyed dining and dancing.

Epic was delighted with the success of his innocuous little scheme. It never occurred to him that he might be doing Chlorine an injustice. He was unable to see that it could be other than a favor to save her from the mistake of committing a second matrimony with such a negative person as Mr. Garnet. Already the plan was bearing delicious fruit. Epic was not averse to the platonic society of colored girls. It was well indeed to be in almost daily contact with a pulchritudinous damsel who thought he was a very fine gentleman. She supplied the feminine society which he craved. She provided him with a dancing partner and a dining friend, and she flattered his vanity by professing to think that he was a wonderful chap.

The trip to Birmingham and thence back to New York was untroubled by Eddie Garnet's presence. By the time they again reached Charlotte, where Mr. Garnet's car became once more part of the de luxe train, their friendship had ripened to a state of gooey confidence. True, there was nothing on Epic's part of deeper sentiment. He regarded Chlorine as a nice, interesting girl and a dawg-gone good companion; something she obviously could not have been had he not saved her from her own infatuation for the unworthy Eddie.

For Eddie, Epic entertained only a profound and consuming contempt. Why, the man wasn't any good at all. He didn't do a thing but browse around all day looking sad. As though that was the way to hold the interest of a woman for whom he undoubtedly still cared. Chlorine, now, was different. So earnestly had she entered into the little game that it seemed to Epic she had forgotten Mr. Garnet. Certainly she was utterly indifferent to him. Epic was satisfied that so long as Chlorine continued to work on this particular train Eddie Garnet would never again become a disturbing factor.

He despised the man for his inaction. In fact, he posed before the smoking-room mirror one day when that compartment was empty, and flexed his rather powerful biceps. Some man, Mr. Peters! Knew women thoroughly, he did. Able to grab 'em off and not afraid of no gemmun friends. Not him! And specially such a worm as Eddie Garnet undoubtedly was.

Mr. Peters was, in fact, sailing beatifically through the calm which inevitably precedes a large storm. The storm broke upon him between Atlanta and Birmingham, on the very last leg of his sixth return trip with Chlorine.

That day in the diner his attentions to Chlorine had been glaring. Other porters noticed, and one of them—a small, stocky man who had for years been a real friend to Epic—took it upon himself to hold counsel with the gangling porter.

They chatted in the vestibule of Epic's car. Keezie's face was very, very serious.

"Epic," he asked, "what pretickeler kind of a fool is you?"

Mr. Peters frowned. "I didn't know I was no kind of what you said."

"Well"—positively—"you is!"

"Now listen heah, Keezie ——"

"I ain't listenin'. Ise talkin', an' fo' yo' own good."

Keezie was so serious that Epic was impressed in spite of himself. "Well," he inquired, "wha's wrong?"

"Nothin' special," responded Keezie, "'cept that you is fixin' to git yo'se'f a pummanent job countin' roots."

"How come?"

"Ain't you got mo' sense, Epic, than to flirt with a ma'ied 'ooman?"

"Who is?"

"You."

"Meanin' Chlorine?"

"Uh-huh."

Epic grinned. "Shuh, Keezie, she ain't ma'ied. She on'y was once."

"M'm! I know—but it's just the same as ma'ied when her husban' is waitin' in the ve'y dinin' car of yo' train."

"That feller?" Epic Peters guffawed. "Honest, Keezie, I ain't never seen a guy which is less human than him. Ev'y time I set eyes on him I git historical."

"Oh, you does?"

"Uh-huh. That po' hunk of side meat."

"Pff!" Keezie was plumb disgusted. "Epic, you is a livin' example of the ol' sayin' that iggorance is foolishness."

"Who?"

"You. Now listen at me!" Keezie looped a finger in his friend's coat and dropped his voice to a portentous whisper. "I reckon you ain't never tooken the trouble to 'vestigate this feller Eddie Garnet, has you?"

"No-o. Why?"

"Because, Epic, Eddie is the baddest cullud man that ever had a job on a dinin' car or anywhere else. He's awful!"

"You is kiddin' me."

"Is I? Man, you is kiddin' yo'se'f. You don't know that feller like I do. When he gits proper mad he don't fight, he just nachelly explodes! He busts all over ev'y-thin'. Reason he took up railroadin' was that he coul'n't walk down the streets of Atlanta 'thout separatin' some feller fum parts of his insides. Eddie is the mos' terrible cullud boy you ever hearn tell of. He's the best friend a undertaker ever had."

And now Mr. Peters was thoroughly impressed. His head was spinning and he spoke pleadingly:

"Y-y-y-you woul'n't fool me, would you, Keezie?"

"Man, you is fool enough a'ready. I has meant to tell you 'bout this befo', but until today it di'n't seem like none of my business, an' besides, I wan't right shuah that Eddie was sore. If you wanted to flirt with a gal, that was yo' business. But when you fixes to git yo'se'f extincted, tha's my business on account of I an' you bein' friends."

"Oh, golla! You mean somethin' is gwine happen right now?"

"Uh-huh. Reckon you noticed that Eddie wan't happy when you an' Chlorine et lunch in the diner together, di'n't you, Epic?"

"Yeh. He di'n't seem to be celebratin' none."

"After you lef' he walked aroun' the car muttern' an' cussin', an' when he passed

(Continued on Page 85)

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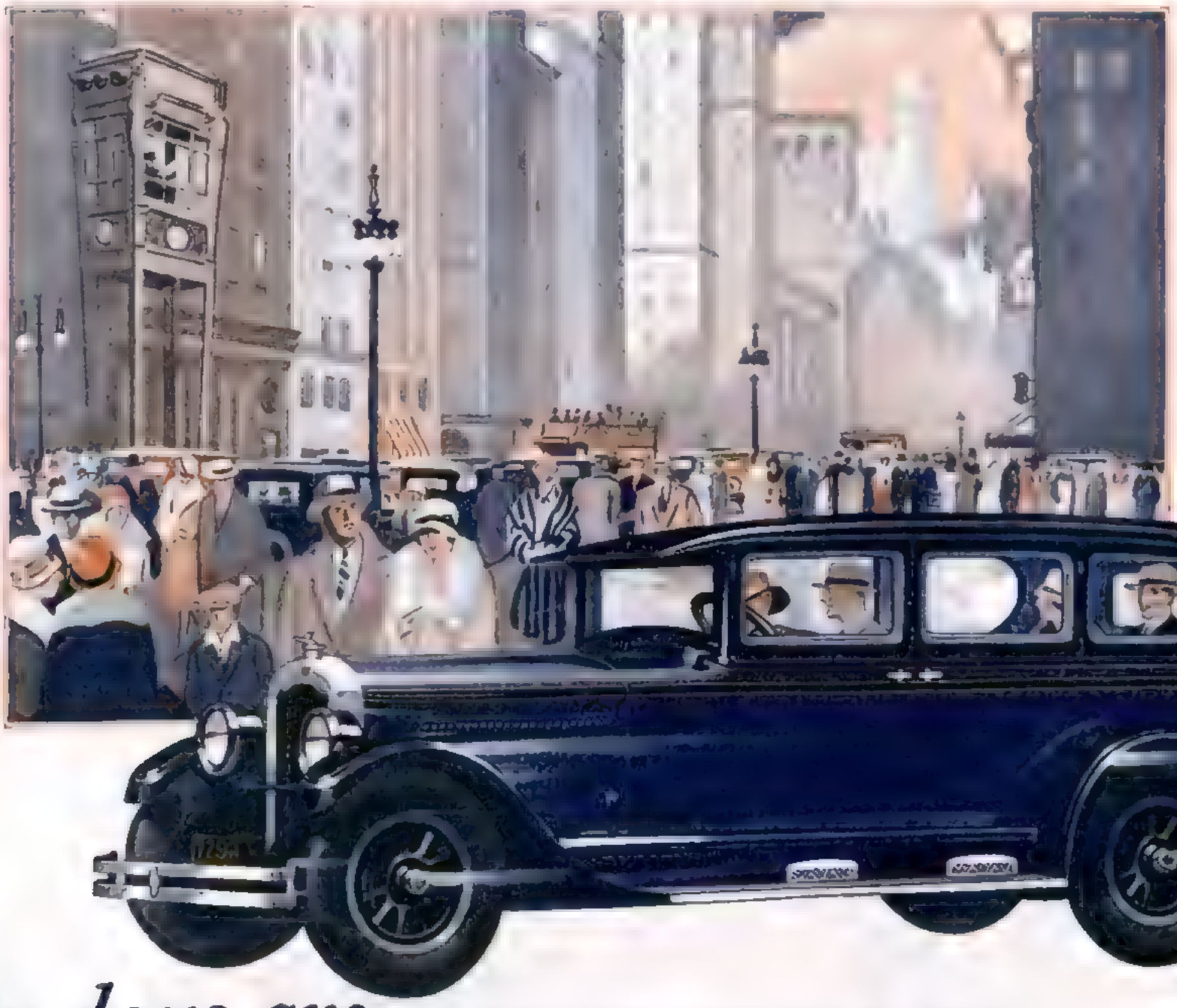

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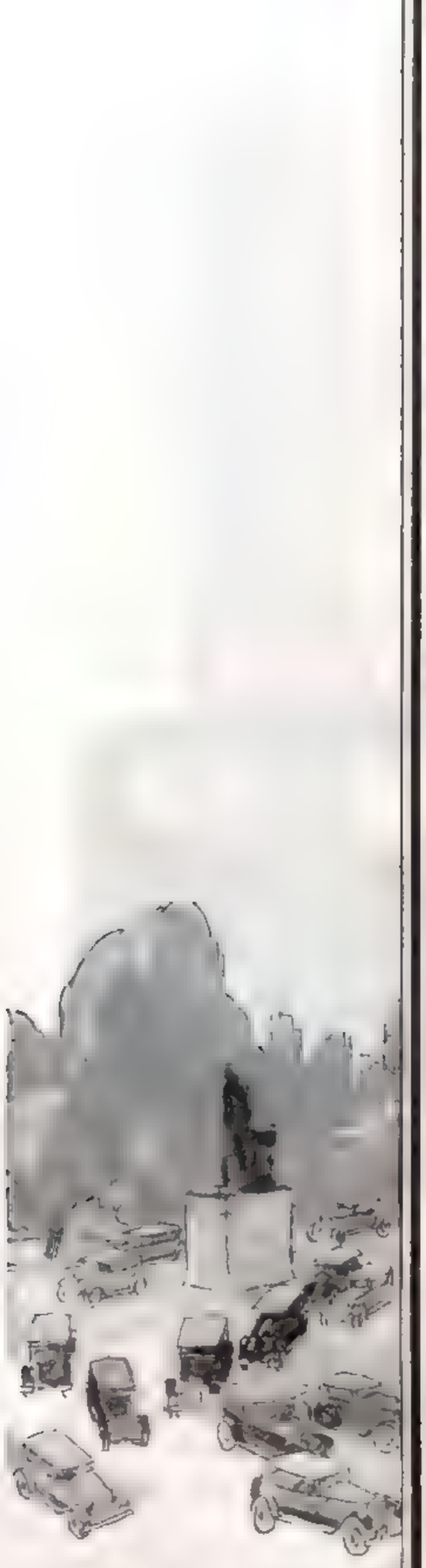

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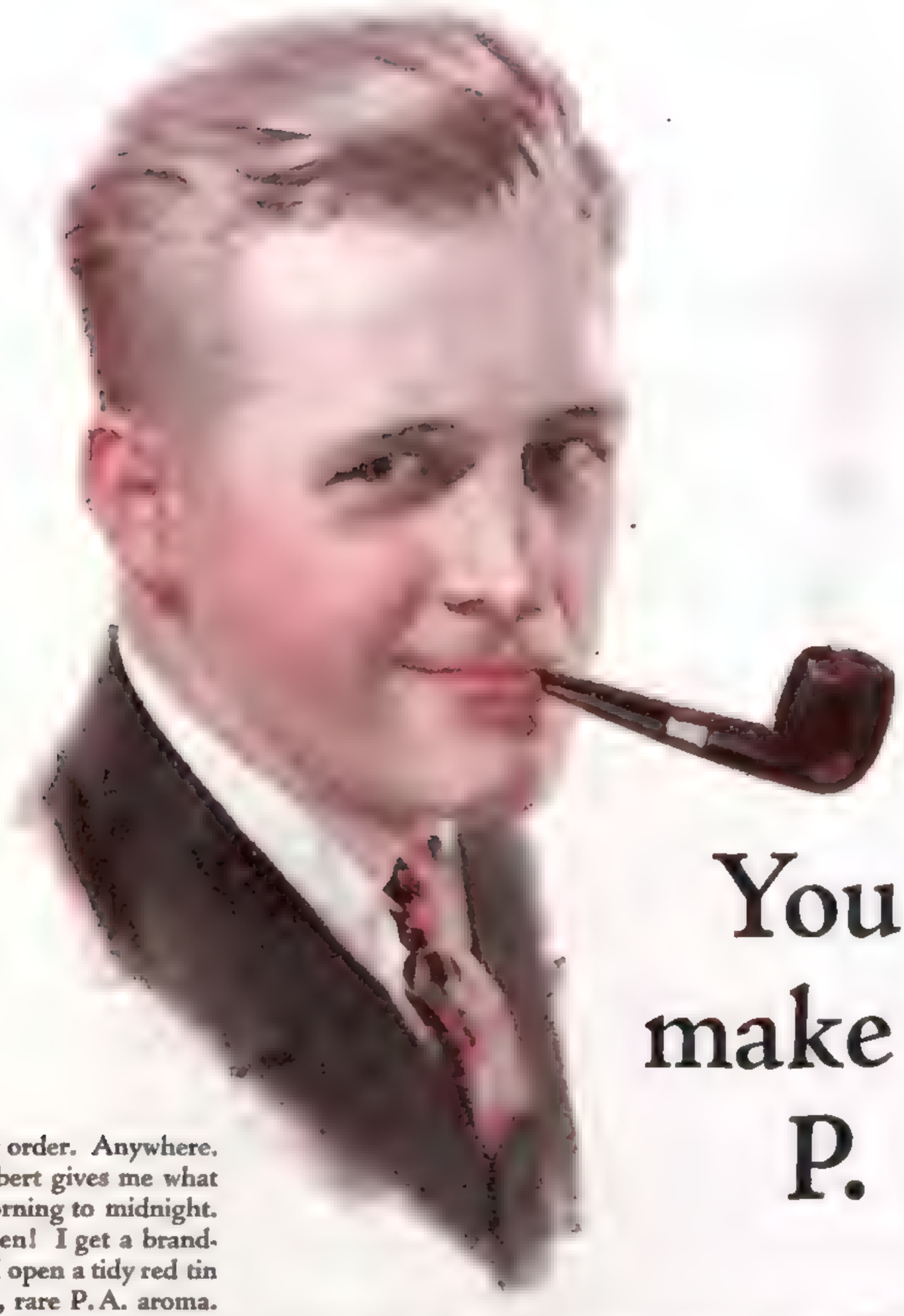

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(Continued from Page 80)

by where I was sittin' I heard him tell hisse'f that you better have a casket waitin' when you got to Bumminham, 'cause you was sho gwine need it."

"No?"

"Yeh. He's awful, that feller is. An' the mos' thing he usually manslaughters about is gittin' jealous of his wife."

Epic wrung his hands. "Oh, po' mis'able feller what I is. Danger has come an' kicked me right in the pants. I done it all my own se'f ——"

"I'll say you did. An' Ise tellin' you now that was I you, I'd sho hunt me a good hidin' place an' stay there until after the train stops in Bumminham. An' then I'd do anythin' in the world to keep away fum Eddie an' Chlorine both. He's plumb pizen an' he's aimin' to act."

Epic could not doubt the accuracy or sincerity of Keezie's counsel. The other porter was a genuine friend—a sober, unimaginative, reliable chap who thought the world of Epic. He wasn't the sort to make sport of his senior, nor was he the type to become unduly alarmed.

Keezie returned to his own car and Epic stood swaying in the vestibule, staring out at the rolling Alabama countryside. He felt a distinct sinking sensation in the pit of his tummy. His knees were wabbly. Twice, when passengers walked through the vestibule, Epic's eyes started from his head with terror and he clutched the door for support.

Suppose the lethal Mr. Garnet should find him here? Suppose—Epic emitted a large, hollow groan and wiped icy perspiration from his forehead.

Most unkindest cut of all was the knowledge that he had brought this upon himself. All his life he had fought shy of women and now—when for just one single time he had discarded his scheme of things and sought the innocent pleasure of flirtation—he had stepped into a bear trap. He closed his eyes and saw a vision: It was of the roly-poly Eddie Garnet descending upon him in a cloud, happily prepared to commit homicide. Epic's lanky figure trembled violently. He was not at all enamored of the idea of demising suddenly. And most horrid thought of all was his utter indifference to Chlorine. She was a nice enough girl, but not the sort he could become genuinely interested in. Yet because of her he found himself shaking hands with the angel Gabriel!

The train was less than ninety minutes from Birmingham. Eddie was aboard. Mr. Peters gave himself over to a scrutiny of his woeful predicament. Unquestionably he must find a hiding place. Then his eye lighted and his long feet swung into action. The drawing-room in his own car was vacant. One minute later he entered that drawing-room, locked the door and sank with a sigh into the softly cushioned seat.

Epic was colossally unhappy. He did not peer too far into the future. Vaguely he reflected that he could plead illness when he reached Birmingham, and during the period of his lay-off insist on being transferred to another run. No more de-luxing for him. He was through with trains which were afflicted with colored lady's maids.

The buzzer on the drawing-room door sounded sharply. Epic sprang to his feet and stood trembling. That might be Eddie! It was Eddie! Mr. Peters cringed and refused to answer the summons. Then to his horror he heard a key fitting into the lock. He closed his eyes and his lips moved. The big head rolled around on the pivot of his thin neck.

He heard the lock click and the door swung open. Epic collapsed. It was the Pullman conductor! Cap'n Sandifer frowned at the figure of his favorite porter.

"What are you doing in here with the door locked, Epic?"

Mr. Peters gave vent to a sepulchral groan. "Ise sick, cap'n. Ise terrible sick. Mos' prob'ly Ise dyin' "

The conductor was duly solicitous. He inquired as to symptoms. "Guess you'd better stay right here, Epic. I'll get another porter to watch this car until we get into Birmingham. Just lie down and take things easy."

"Cap'n, I will. I sho will, Cap'n Sandifer."

The Pullman conductor turned away. Epic was limp. Then he heard the conductor address someone outside. He saw Cap'n Sandifer move away. And in that same horrified, awful instant Mr. Epic Peters glimpsed the arrival of a visitor. Eddie Garnet entered the drawing-room. Eddie's face was expressionless. Quietly yet ostentatiously he closed the door. He snapped the thumb lock. Then he turned a face of granite toward Mr. Peters.

"Well," he remarked bleakly, "heah we is!"

Exactly that thought was pounding in Epic's brain. Here they were indeed. Himself and his self-appointed executioner cozily imprisoned in the drawing-room of a swiftly moving train. Mr. Peters grinned pallidly and nodded.

"Uh-huh," he agreed, "we sho is." An awful silence ensued. Epic finally cracked under the strain. "Ain't we?" he questioned.

Eddie said nothing, and he said it with expression. Epic had plenty of time to study his *bête noire*. Funny how he ever fancied that Mr. Garnet was inconsequential. Fat little fellow, round and chubby—but those eyes! Oh, those eyes! Piercing like a gimlet; cold like an icicle! Mr. Peters made a gesture.

"I—I got to go ——"

Eddie spoke in an icy voice. "You ain't goin' nowhere." Then, after an instant: "No time!"

"But, Brother Garnet ——"

"Don't 'but' me."

"Oh, Lawsy! We gits to Bumminham pretty soon, an' ——"

"We ain't gwine git to Bumminham. Maybe I is, but we ain't."

Another period of terrific wordlessness. Mr. Garnet probed into the pocket of his trousers.

"Reckon I might's well git it over with," he observed.

Epic emitted a wail.

"Wait a minute, Eddie. Fo' Gaw's-sake, wait a minute."

"I has a'ready waited too many minutes."

"No you ain't. Honest. Anyhow, it don't do no hahm to esplain why you is sore at me."

"Hmph! Reckon I got plenty reason."

"Y-y-y-you mean Miss Chlorine?"

Eddie's countenance took on all the angry majesty of a storm at sea. He merely nodded. Epic cascaded into speech.

"Thay ain't nothin' 'tween I an' her, Eddie. Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg if there is. I don't hahdly know she's alive."

"No? You think I is a idjut?"

"I don't, Brother Garnet. Honest, I don't. I think you is the smartest feller in the whole world. But this time a mistake has happened to you. Honest, I never bothered no gal in my life. I don't hardly know there's any such pusson as Chlorine. Was you to ast me what she looked like, I coul'n't even say."

"I ain't gwine ask you, either."

"You think Ise crazy 'bout her."

"I think you is crazy to fool aroun' with my gal—tha's what I think."

"Aw, Eddie, listen. Lemme 'splain, please, suh."

"A'right. But it ain't gwine do you a lick of good."

Mr. Epic Peters took full and passionate advantage of his opportunity. With utmost loquacity and magnificent vividity he told of his meeting with Mrs. Chlorine Garnet. He explained that Chlorine had come to him with tears in her eyes to beg his help in recapturing the fleeting affections of her one-time husband.

"An' tha's ev'y last thing I an' she has been doin', Eddie. Ise tellin' the truth. Chlorine has just been tryin' to make you jealous on account she craves to commit ma'iage with you again. An' she said you woul'n't notice her. Not a-tall."

There was a happy, triumphant gleam in the eyes of Mr. Garnet. It was plain that he wished to believe, yet was deterred by his common sense. Mr. Garnet was rather acutely conscious of his own physical defects, and he thought Epic a handsome man.

"You kiddin' me, Epic?"

"I'll swear I ain't. Hope I gits struck by lightnin' this ve'y minute if Ise lyin'."

"H'm! Sun is shinin'. I wonder ——" Eddie paused uncertainly and Epic was quick to press his advantage.

Anything to gain time. The train was very close to Birmingham. Twenty minutes more and he'd have a chance for safety. He became struck by a glorious idea.

"It's the truth, Eddie, an' I can prove it!"

"How?"

"By Chlorine!"

Mr. Garnet appeared to consider the proposition. After a nerve-racking wait he inclined his head. "I can ask her."

"Glory hallelujah! Time that gal finishes describin' how foolish she is 'bout you, Brother Garnet ——"

"Go git her!" ordered Eddie coldly. "An' be back heah quick."

Epic leaped for the door, but Eddie must have detected a gleam in his eyes. He interposed an arm of depressing muscularity.

"Changed my mind," he announced. "You wait heah while I fetch her."

He opened the door and waddled down the aisle of the Pullman. Epic stared after him. The train had passed Irondale. It was approaching Woodlawn, a Birmingham suburb. Just a few more minutes, a very few. Mr. Peters wanted to escape. And anyway, Chlorine would straighten things up. After all, he rather fancied his rôle, despite the jangling of his nerves over the danger through which he had just passed.

Eddie Garnet returned. With him was Chlorine Garnet, wide-eyed with wonder. Eddie closed the door of the drawing-room, stood with his back against it, and transfixed his ex-wife with a baleful stare.

"Chlorine," he said, "I craves to ask you a question."

She tossed her head. "Ain't no law says you cain't."

"A'right." Mr. Garnet selected his words with care. "This is the question: What is yo' sentiments to'rds Epic Peters?"

Chlorine stared at her husband. Then she flashed a glance at Epic. Her graceful figure grew tense and she met her husband's eyes levelly. Her words were clear and distinct.

"I is crazy about him!" she announced.

A large groan slipped from between Epic's lips and could be heard above the roar of the train. He wilted, as though from a blow. He put up a defensive hand.

"Aw, Chlorine ——"

"I is crazy about him," repeated that young woman. "I think he's the grandest man in all the world an' wuth two of such tripes as you, Eddie Garnet!"

There came a silence freighted with tragic possibilities. Eddie moved with businesslike menace toward the stricken figure of Mr. Epic Peters. That person stared through the window. The train was slowing down.

"She—she ain't tellin' the truth, Eddie. I swear she ain't."

"I guess I know!" flashed Chlorine.

Epic gave a wild glance at the sinister Mr. Garnet. That gentleman's face reminded him strangely of a tombstone.

It was a moment for drastic action. Epic did it! He gave a wild yell. His muscles uncoiled. There was a crash of glass as Mr. Peters catapulted through the window and pitched in a heap beside the railroad track. He was bruised and cut and battered, but not so completely wrecked that he was unable to rise to his feet and commence traveling in earnest.

He did not look back at the train, which was slowly moving toward the terminal station. And if he had he couldn't have seen Chlorine's astonished face as she explained to her jealous but adoring husband:

"He should of tol' me us wasn't playin' that game no mo', Eddie. Of course, I is crazy 'bout you."

Epic saw none of that. He only saw that between himself and the horizon was lots of distance. He started out to negotiate a maximum of space in a very minimum of time. Twenty minutes later he staggered into his room at Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house. He locked the door and commenced the painful and thankless task of picking bits of glass out of himself, after which he anointed his flesh with iodine and ointments.

His abysmal gloom was relieved a half hour later by the receipt of a message from Eddie Garnet that all was understood and forgiven. Mr. Peters breathed a sigh of relief, then bethought himself of his beloved job. He took pen and paper and laboriously wrote his report to the Pullman office.

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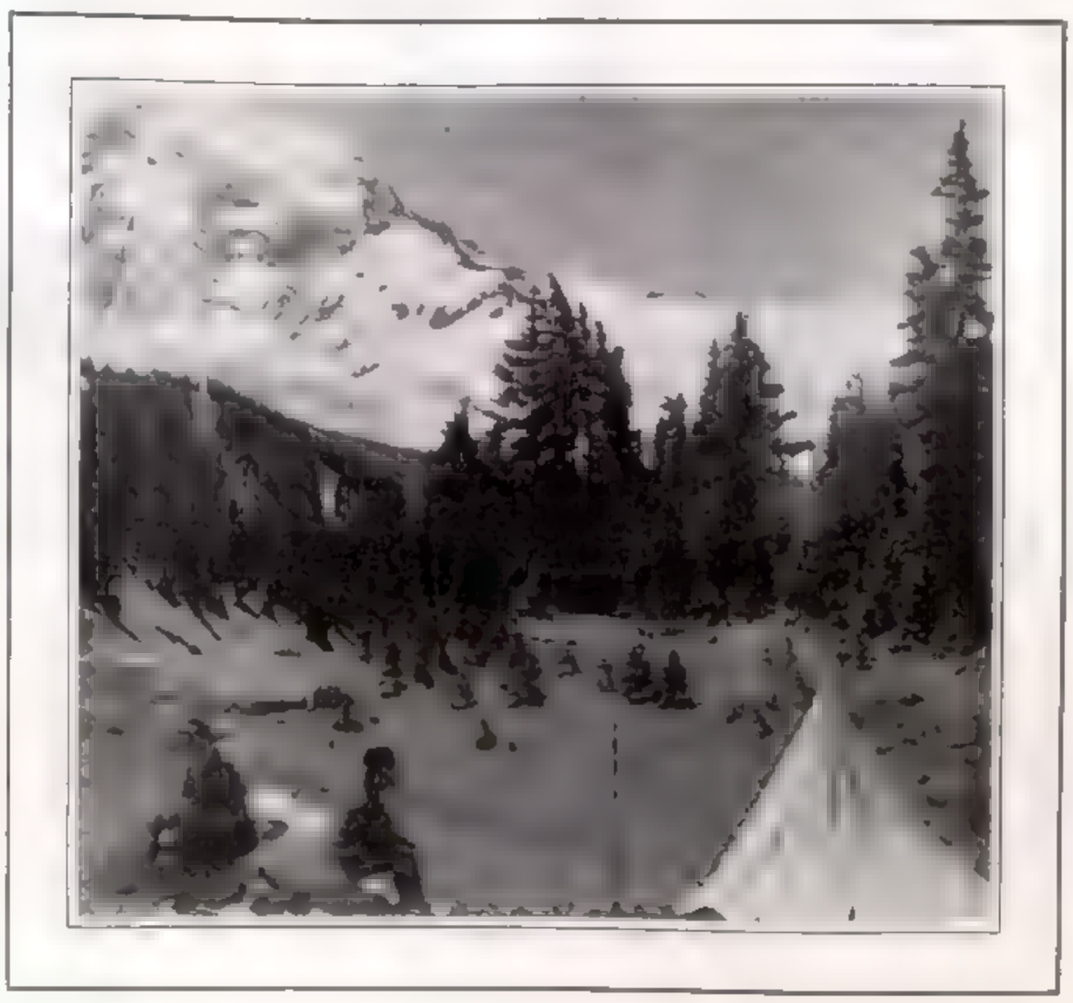
Dere Gentlemen: I reckon you wonder how come I wasnt on my train when it got into Birminham today. The reason is this. I had to jump out of the drawin room window to save a man from getting killed.

Yrs. respt.

EPIC PETERS



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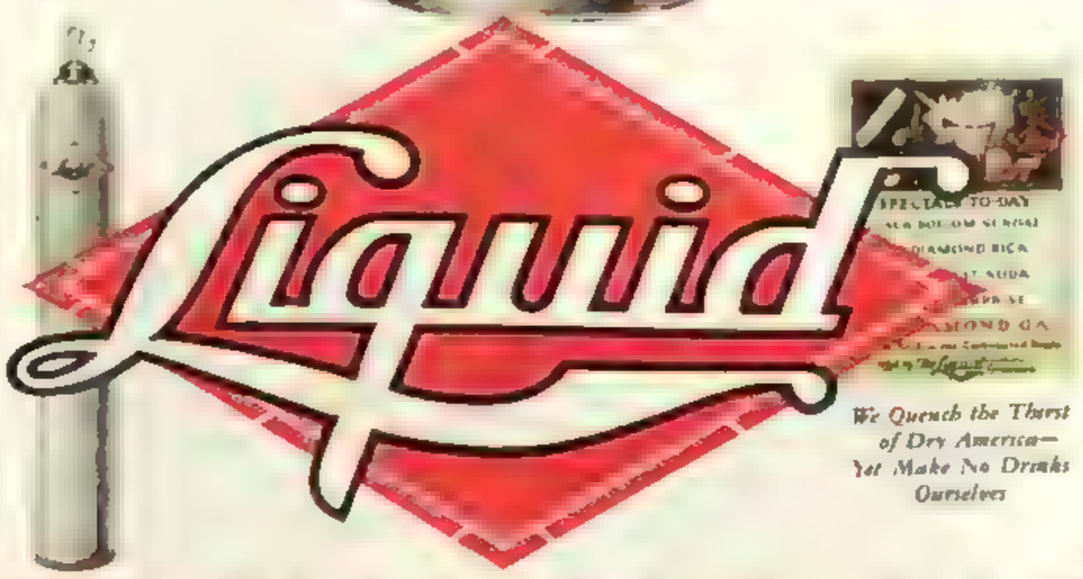

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THE BELLAMY TRIAL

Continued from Page 33)

"Those are the slippers," said Mr. Conroy, his shaken voice barely audible.

"I offer them in evidence."

"No objections." Mr. Lambert's voice was an objection in itself.

"Now, Mr. Conroy, will you be good enough to tell us what you did as soon as you made this discovery?"

"I said to my client, 'There has been foul play here. We must get the police.'"

"No, not what you said, Mr. Conroy—what you did."

"I returned to my roadster with my client, locking the front door behind me with a key from the ring that I had found under the doormat, and drove as rapidly as possible to police headquarters in Rosemont, reporting what I had discovered."

"Just what did you report?"

"I reported that I had found the body of Mrs. Stephen Bellamy in the gardener's cottage of the old Thorne place and that it looked as though she had been murdered."

"Oh, you recognized Mrs. Bellamy?"

"Yes. She was a friend of my sister-in-law, who lives in Rosemont. I had met her on two occasions."

"And what did you do then?"

"I considered that the matter was then out of my hands, but I endeavored to reach Mr. Douglas Thorne by telephone, to tell him what had occurred. I was not successful, however, and returned immediately to New York with my client."

"He decided not to inspect the place farther?"

For the first time Mr. Conroy permitted himself a small, pallid, apologetic ghost of a smile. "Exactly. He decided that under the circumstances he did not desire to go farther with the transaction. It did not seem to him, if I may so express it, a particularly auspicious omen."

"Well, that's quite comprehensible. Did you notice when you were in this parlor whether Mrs. Bellamy was wearing any jewelry, Mr. Conroy?"

"To the best of my recollection, she was not, sir."

"You are quite sure of that?"

"I am not able to swear to it, but it is my distinct impression that she was not. I was only in the room a minute or so, you understand, but I still retain a most vivid picture of it—a most vivid picture, I may say."

Mr. Conroy passed a weary hand over his high brow and that vivid picture seemed suddenly to float before the eyes of every occupant of the court.

"You did not see a weapon?"

"No. I could not swear that one was not there, but certainly I did not see one."

"I understood you to say that you locked the front door of the gardener's cottage with one of the keys that you found on the ring under the mat. How many keys were on that ring?"

"Seven or eight, I think—a key to the lodge, to the garage opposite the lodge, to the gardener's cottage, to the farmer's house, to the front and back doors of the main house and to the cellar—possibly others."

"Didn't it ever strike you as a trifle imprudent to keep these keys in such an unprotected spot, Mr. Conroy?"

"We did not consider it an unprotected spot, sir. The gardener's cottage was a long way from the road and it did not seem at all likely that they would be discovered."

"Who do you mean by 'we,' Mr. Conroy?"

Mr. Conroy made a small restless movement. "I was referring to Mr. Douglas Thorne and myself."

"Oh, Mr. Thorne knew that the keys were kept there, did he?"

"Oh, quite so—naturally."

"Why 'naturally,' Mr. Conroy?"

"I said naturally—I said naturally because Mr. Thorne had placed them there himself."

"Oh, I see. And when had Mr. Thorne placed them there?"

"He had placed them there on the previous evening."

"On the previous evening?" Even the prosecutor's voice sounded startled.

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"I am not sure of the exact time."

"Well, can you tell us approximately?"

"I am not able to state positively even the approximate time."

"Was it before seven in the evening?"

"I do not believe so."

"How did you acquire the knowledge that Mr. Thorne was to leave those keys at the cottage, Mr. Conroy?"

"By telephone."

"Mr. Thorne telephoned you?"

"No, I telephoned Mr. Thorne."

"At what time?"

"At about half-past six on the evening of the nineteenth."

"I see. Will you be good enough to give us the gist of what you said to him over the telephone?"

"I had been trying to reach Mr. Thorne for some time, both at his home in Lakedale and in town."

"Mr. Thorne does not live in Rosemont?"

"No; he lives the other side of Lakedale, which is about twelve miles nearer New York. When I finally reached him, after his return from a golf match, I explained to him the urgency of getting into the house as early as possible the following morning and suggested that he might drive over after dinner and leave the keys under the mat of the cottage. I apologized to Mr. Thorne for causing him so much trouble and he remarked that it was no trouble at all, as ——"

"No, not what he remarked, Mr. Conroy—only what you said."

"I do not remember that I said anything further of any importance."

"Do you know at what time Mr. Thorne is in the habit of dining, Mr. Conroy?"

"I do not, sir."

"How long should you say that it would take to drive from Mr. Thorne's home to the Orchards?"

"It is, roughly, about fourteen miles. I should imagine that it would depend entirely on the rate at which you drove."

"Driving at an ordinary rate, some thirty-five to forty minutes, should you say?"

"Possibly."

"So that if Mr. Thorne had finished his dinner at about eight, he would have arrived at the Orchards shortly before nine?"

"I really couldn't tell you, Mr. Farr. You know quite as much about that as I do."

Mr. Conroy's small, harassed, unhappy face looked almost defiant for a moment, and then wavered under the geniality of the prosecutor's infrequent smile.

"I believe that you are right, Mr. Conroy." He turned abruptly toward the court crier. "Is Mr. Douglas Thorne in court?"

"Mr. Douglas Thorne!" intoned the crier in his high, pleasant falsetto.

A tall lean man, bronzed and distinguished, rose promptly to his feet from his seat in the fourth row. "Here, sir."

"Mr. Thorne, will you be good enough to speak to me after court is over? . . . Thanks. That will be all, Mr. Conroy. Cross-examine."

Mr. Lambert approached the witness box with a curious air of caution.

"It was entirely at your suggestion that Mr. Thorne brought the keys, was it not, Mr. Conroy?"

"Oh, certainly—entirely."

"He might have left them there at eight o'clock or at eleven, as far as you know?"

"Exactly."

"That is all, Mr. Conroy."

"No further questions," said the prosecutor curtly. "Call Dr. Paul Stanley."

"Dr. Paul Stanley!"

The man who took Herbert Conroy's place in the witness box was a comfortable-looking individual with a fine thatch of gray hair and an amiable and intelligent countenance, which he turned benignly on the prosecutor.

"What is your profession, Doctor Stanley?"

"I am a surgeon. In my early youth I was that now fabulous creature, a general practitioner."

He smiled engagingly at the prosecutor and the crowded court room relaxed. A nice, restful individual, after the haunted little real-estate broker.

"You have performed autopsies before?"

"Frequently."

"And in this case you performed the autopsy on the body of Madeleine Bellamy?"

"I did."

"Where did you first see the body?"

"In the front room of the gardener's cottage on the Thorne estate."

"Did you hear Mr. Conroy's testimony?"

"Yes."

"Was the body in the position in which he described it at the time that he saw it?"

"In exactly that position. Later, for purposes of the autopsy, it was moved to the room opposite—the dining room."

"Please tell us under what circumstances you first saw the body."

"Certainly." Doctor Stanley settled himself a trifle more comfortably in his chair and turned a trifle toward the jury, who stared back gratefully into his friendly countenance. If Doctor Stanley had been explaining just how he reeled in the biggest trout of the season, he could not have looked more affably at ease. "I went out to the cottage with my friend Elias Dutton, the coroner, and two or three state troopers. Mr. Conroy had turned over the key to the cottage to us and we found everything as he had described it to us."

"Were there signs of a struggle?"

"You mean on the body?"

"Yes—scratches, bruises, torn or disarranged clothing?"

"No, there were no signs of any description of a struggle, save for the overturned table and the lamp."

"Might that have happened when Mrs. Bellamy fell?"

"The table might very readily have been overturned at that time; it was toward Mrs. Bellamy's head and almost on top of the body. The lamp, on the other hand, was practically at her feet."

"Could it have rolled there as the table crashed?"

"Possibly, but it's doubtful. The fragments of lamp chimney and shade were there, too, you see, some six feet away from the table."

"I see. Will you tell us now, Doctor Stanley, just what caused the death of Mrs. Bellamy?"

"Mrs. Bellamy's heart was punctured by some sharp instrument—a knife, I should say."

"There was only one wound?"

"Yes."

"Will you please describe it to us?"

"There was a clean incision about three-quarters of an inch long in the skin just over the heart. The instrument had penetrated to a depth of approximately three inches, and had passed between the ribs over the heart."

"Was it necessary that the blow should have been delivered with great force?"

"Not necessarily. If the knife had struck a rib it would have taken considerable force to deflect it, but in this case it encountered no obstacle whatever."

"So that a woman with a strong wrist could have struck the blow?"

"Oh, certainly—or a woman with a weak wrist—or a child—or a strong man, as far as that goes. There is no evidence at all from the wound as to the force with which the blow was delivered."

"I see." Mr. Farr reached casually over to the clerk's desk and handed Doctor Stanley the dreadful rag that had been

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Madeleine Bellamy's white lace dress. "Do you recognize this dress, doctor?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you be good enough to indicate to us just where the knife penetrated it?"

Doctor Stanley turned it deftly in his long-fingered, capable hands. Something in that skillful scientific touch seemed to purge it of horror—averted eyes traveled back to it warily.

"The knife went through it right here. If you look closely, you can see the severed threads—just here, where the stain is darkest."

"Exactly. Would such a wound have caused instantaneous death, doctor, in your opinion?"

"Not instantaneous—no. Death would follow very rapidly, however."

"A minute or so?"

"A few minutes—the loss of blood would be tremendous."

"Would the victim be likely to make much outcry—screaming, moaning or the like?"

"Well, it's a little difficult to generalize about that. In this particular case, there is reason to doubt whether there was any outcry after the blow was struck."

"What reason have you to suppose that?"

"I think that Mr. Conroy has already testified that Mrs. Bellamy's head was resting on the corner of a steel fire guard—a pierced railing about six inches high. It is my belief that when she received the blow, she staggered, clutched at the table and fell, striking the back of her head against the railing with sufficent force to render her totally unconscious. There was a serious abrasion at the back of the head that leads me to draw that conclusion."

"I see. Was Mrs. Bellamy wearing any jewelry when you saw her, doctor—a necklace, rings, brooches?"

"I saw no jewelry of any kind on the body."

"What type of knife should you say was used to commit this murder, doctor?"

"Well, that's a little difficult to say. There were no marked peculiarities about the wound. It might have been caused by almost any knife with a sharp blade about three-quarters of an inch wide and from three to four inches long—a sheath knife, a small kitchen knife, a large jackknife or clasp knife—various types, as I say."

"Could it have been made with this?"

The prosecutor dropped a small dark object into the doctor's outstretched hand and stood aside so that the jury, galvanized to goggle-eyed attention, could see it better. It was a knife—a large jackknife, with a rough, corrugated bone handle.

Mr. Lambert bore down on the scene at a subdued gallop. "Are you offering this knife in evidence?"

"I am not."

Judge Carver leaned forward, his black silk robes rustling ominously. "What is this knife, Mr. Farr?"

"This is a knife, Your Honor, that I propose to connect up with the case at a somewhat later stage. At present I ask to have it marked for identification merely for purposes of the record."

"You say that you will be able to connect it?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well, you may answer the question, Doctor Stanley."

The doctor was inspecting it gravely, his eyes bright with interest.

"I may open it?"

"Please do."

In the breathless stillness the little click as the large blade sprang back was clearly audible. Doctor Stanley bent over it attentively, passed a forefinger reflectively along its shining surface, raised his head. "Yes, it could quite easily have been done with this."

The prosecutor snapped the blade to with an enigmatic smile. "Thank you. That will be all. Call Miss Page."

"Miss Kathleen Page!"

Before the ring of that high imperious summons had died on the air, she was there—a demure and dainty wraith, all in gray from the close feathered hat to the little buckled shoes. A pale oval face that might have belonged to the youngest and smallest of Botticelli's Madonnas; cloudy eyes to match her frock, extravagantly fringed with heavy lashes; a forlorn, coaxing little mouth; sleek coils of dark hair. A murmur of interest rose, swelled and died under Judge Carver's eagle eye.

"Miss Page, what is your present occupation?"

"I am a librarian at a branch public library in New York."

"Is that your regular occupation?"

"It has been for the past six months."

"Was it previous to that time?"

"Do you mean immediately previous?"

"At any time previous."

"I was an assistant librarian from 1921 to 1925."

"And after that?"

"During February of 1925 I had a serious attack of flu. It left me in rather bad shape, and the doctor recommended that I try to get some work in the country that would keep me outdoors a good deal and give me plenty of sleep."

"And did you decide on any occupation that would fit those requirements?"

"Yes. Doctor Leonard suggested that I might try for a position as governess. One of his patients was looking for a temporary governess for her children and he suggested that I might try that."

"And did you?"

"Yes."

"You were successful?"

"Yes."

"Who was the patient suggested by Doctor Leonard?"

"Mrs. Ives."

As though the name were a magnet, the faces in the court room swung in a brief half circle toward its owner. There she sat in her brief tweed skirt and loose jacket, the bright little felt hat pulled severely down over the shining wings of her hair, her hidden eyes riveted on her clasped hands in their fawn-colored gauntlets. At the sound of her name she lifted her head, glanced briefly and levelly at the greedy, curious faces pressing toward her, less briefly and more levelly at the seraphic countenance under the drooping feather on the witness stand, and returned to the gloves. Only the curve of her lips remained for the benefit of those prying eyes—a lovely curve, ironic and inscrutable. The half circle swung back to the demure occupant of the witness box.

"And how long were you in Mrs. Ives' employment?"

"Until June, 1926."

"What day of the month?"

"The twenty-first."

"Then on the night of the nineteenth of June you were still in the employment of Mrs. Ives?"

"Yes."

"Will you be good enough to tell us just what you were doing at eight o'clock that evening?"

"I had finished supper at a little before eight and was just settling down to read in the day nursery when I remembered that I had left my book down by the sand pile at the end of the garden, where I had been playing with the children before supper. So I went down to get it."

"Had you any way of fixing the time?"

"Yes. I heard the dining-room clock strike eight as I went by. I noticed it especially, as I thought, 'That's eight o'clock and it's still broad daylight.'

"Did you see anyone on your way out of the house?"

"I met Mr. Ives just outside the nursery door. He had come in late to dinner and hadn't come up to say good night to the children before. He asked if they had gone to bed. . . . Shall I go on?"

"Certainly."

"I said that they were in bed but not asleep, and asked him please not to get them too excited. He had a boat for little Peter in his hand and I was afraid that he would get him in such a state that I wouldn't be able to do anything with him at all."

"A boat? What kind of a boat?"

"A little sailboat—a model of a schooner. Mr. Ives had been working on it for some time."

"Made it himself, had he?"

"Yes. He was very clever at that kind of thing. He'd made Polly a wonderful doll house."

"Your Honor ——"

"Try to confine yourself directly to the question, Miss Page."

"Yes, Your Honor." The meek contrition of the velvet-voiced Miss Page was a model for all future witnesses.

"Was Mr. Ives fond of the children?"

"Oh, yes, he adored ——"

"I object to that question, Your Honor." The preliminary tossings had resolved themselves into an actual upheaval this time and all two hundred and fifty pounds of Mr. Lambert were on his feet.

"Very well, Mr. Lambert, you may be heard. You object on what grounds?"

"I object to this entire line of questioning as absolutely immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant. How is Miss Page qualified to judge as to Mr. Ives' affection for his children? And even if her opinion had the slightest weight, what has his affection for his children got to do with the murder of this girl? For reasons which I don't pretend to grasp, the learned counsel for the prosecution is simply wasting the time of this court."

"You might permit the court to be the judge of that." Judge Carver's fine dark eyes rested somewhat critically on the protestant bulk before him. "Mr. Farr, you may be heard."

"Of course, Your Honor, with all due deference to my brilliant opponent's fireworks, he's talking pure nonsense. Miss Page is perfectly ——"

Judge Carver's gavel fell with a crash. "Mr. Farr, the court must ask you once and for all to keep to the matter in hand. Can you connect your question with this case?"

"Most certainly. It is the contention of the state that Mrs. Ives realized perfectly that if Mr. Ives decided that he wanted a divorce he would fight vigorously for at least partial custody of his children, whom, as Miss Page was about to tell us, he adored. Moreover, Mrs. Ives had strong religious objections to divorce. It was therefore essential to her to get rid of anyone who threatened her security if she wanted to keep the children. In order to prove this it is necessary to establish Mr. Ives' affection. And it ought to be obvious to anyone that Miss Page is in an excellent position to tell us what that affection was. I maintain that this question is absolutely relevant and material, and that Miss Page is perfectly competent to reply to it."

"The question may be answered."

"Exception."

"Mr. Ives adored the children and they adored him. He was with them constantly."

"Was Mrs. Ives fond of them?"

"Objection on the same grounds, Your Honor."

"The question is allowed."

"Exception."

"Oh, yes, she was devoted to them."

"As devoted to them as Mr. Ives?"

"Now, Your Honor ——"

Judge Carver eyed the impassioned Lambert with temperate interest. "That seems a fairly broad question, Mr. Farr, calling for a conclusion."

"Very well, Your Honor, I'll reframe it. Did she seem as fond of them as Mr. Ives?"

"Oh, quite, I should think—though, of course, Mrs. Ives is not demonstrative."

"I see—not demonstrative. Cold and reserved, eh?"

Judge Carver's stern voice cut sharply across Miss Page's pretty, distressed, appealing murmur: "Mr. Farr, the court is anxious to give you as much latitude as possible, but we believe that you have gone quite far enough along this particular line."

"I defer entirely to Your Honor's judgment. . . . Miss Page, was Mrs. Ives with Mr. Ives when you met him coming into the nursery with the boat in his hand?"

"No, Mrs. Ives had already said good night to the children before her dinner."

"Did Mr. Ives go into the nursery before you went downstairs?"

"He went past me into the day nursery, and I have no doubt that he then went into the night nursery."

"Never mind that. I only want the facts that are in your actual knowledge. There were two nurseries, you say?"

"Yes."

"Will you be good enough to tell us how they were arranged?"

"The day and night nurseries are in the right wing of the house, on the third floor."

"What other rooms are on that floor?"

"My room, a bathroom and a small sewing room."

"Please tell us what the arrangement would be as you enter the front door."

"Let me see—when you come in through the door you come into a very large hall that takes up almost all the central portion of the house. The central portion was an old farmhouse, and the wings, that contain all the rooms really, were added by Mrs. Ives. She knocked out the inside structure of the farmhouse and left it just a shell that she made into a big hall three stories high, with galleries around it on the second and third floors leading to the bedroom wings. There were two staircases at the back of the hall, leading to the right and left of the galleries. I'm afraid that I'm not being very clear, but it's a little confusing."

"You are being quite clear. Tell us just how the rooms open out as you come through the door."

"Well, to the right is a small cloakroom and the big living room. It's very large—it forms the whole ground floor of the right wing in fact. Over it are Mr. and Mrs. Ives' rooms."

"Did Mr. and Mrs. Ives occupy separate rooms?"

"Oh, no. There was a large bedroom, and on one side of it was Mrs. Ives' dressing room and bath and to the left Mr. Ives' dressing room and bath. On the third floor were the nurseries and my room. On the left downstairs as you came in was a little flower room."

"A flower room?"

"A room that was used for arranging flowers, you know. Mrs. Daniel Ives used it a great deal. It had shelves of vases and a sink and a big porcelain-topped table. The downstairs telephone was in there, too, and ——"

"Your Honor, may we ask where all this is leading?" Mr. Lambert's tone was tremulous with impatience.

"You may. The court was about to make the same inquiry. Is this exhaustive questioning necessary, Mr. Farr?"

"Absolutely necessary, Your Honor. I can assure Mr. Lambert that it is leading to a very interesting conclusion, however distasteful he may find both the path and the goal. I will be as brief as possible, I promise."

"Very well, you may continue, Miss Page."

Miss Page raised limpid eyes in appealing deprecation. "I'm so frightfully sorry. I've absolutely forgotten where I was."

"You were telling us that there was a telephone in the flower room."

"Oh, yes—that is in the first room to the left as you come in. It's really part of the hall."

"You mean that it has no door?"

"No, no, it has a door. I simply meant that you came to it before you entered the left wing. It balances the cloakroom on the right-hand side. They're rather like very large closets, you know, except that they both have windows."

"What do the windows open onto?"

"The front porch. . . . Shall I go on with the rooms?"

"Please, and as briefly as possible."

"The first room in the left wing is Mr. Ives' study. It opens into the dining room. They form the ground floor of the left

(Continued on Page 93)

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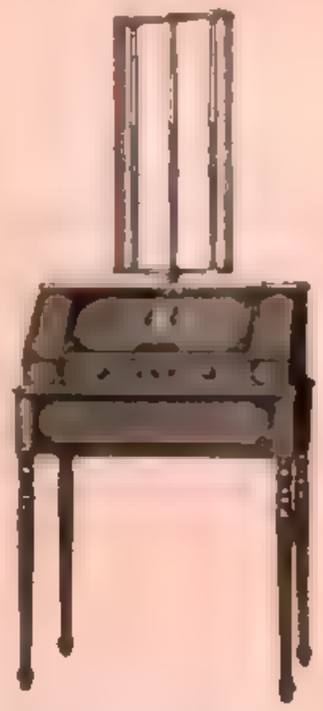

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(Continued from Page 88)

wing. Above them are Mrs. Daniel Ives' room and bath and two guest rooms and another bath. Above these on the third floor are the servants' quarters."

"How many servants were there?"

"Let me see—there were six, I think, but only the four maids lived in the house."

"Please tell us who they were."

"There was the cook, Anna Baker; the waitress, Melanie Cordier; the chambermaid, Katie Brien; and Laura Roberts, Mrs. Ives' personal maid and seamstress. They had four small rooms in the left wing, third floor. James and Robert MacDonald, the chauffeur and gardener, were brothers and lived in quarters over the garage. Oh, there was a laundress, too, but I don't remember her name. She didn't live in the house—only came in four days a week."

"You have described the entire household?"

"Yes."

"And the entire layout of the house?"

"Yes—well, with the exception of the service quarters. You reached them through a door at the back of the big hall—kitchen, laundry, servants' dining room and pantry, which opened also into the dining room. They ran across the back of the house. Do you want me to describe them further?"

"Thanks, no. We can go on with your story now. Did you see anyone but Mr. Ives on your way to the sand pile?"

"Not in the house. I passed Mrs. Daniel Ives on my way through the rose garden, she always used to work there after dinner until it got dark. She asked me as I went by if the children were asleep and I told her that Mr. Ives was with them."

"What did you do then?"

"I found the book in the swing by the sand pile and went back across the lawn to the house. As I was starting up the steps I heard Mrs. Patrick Ives' voice, speaking from the flower room at the left of the front door. She was speaking very softly, but the window onto the porch was open and I could hear her distinctly."

"Was she speaking to someone in the room?"

"No, she was telephoning. I think that I've already said that the downstairs phone is in that room. She was going to telephone number Rosemont 200."

"Were you familiar with that number?"

"Oh, quite. I had called it for Mrs. Ives several times."

"Whose number was it, Miss Page?"

"It was Mr. Stephen Bellamy's telephone number."

The court room pulsed to galvanized attention, its eyes whipping to Stephen Bellamy's tired dark face. It was lit with a strange, friendly, reassuring smile, directed straight at Susan Ives' startled countenance. For a moment she stared back at him soberly, then slowly the color came back into her parted lips, which curved gravely to mirror that voiceless greeting. For a long moment their eyes rested on each other before they returned to their accustomed guarded inscrutability. As clearly as though they were shouting across the straining faces, those lingering eyes called to each other, "Courage!"

"You say that you could hear Mrs. Ives distinctly, Miss Page?"

"Very distinctly."

"Will you tell us just what she said?"

"She said" Miss Page frowned a little in concentration and then went on steadily—"she said, 'Is that you, Stephen? . . . It's Sue—Sue Ives. Is Mimi there? . . . How long ago did she leave? . . . Are you sure she went there? . . . No, wait—this is vital. I have to see you at once. Can you get the car here in ten minutes? . . . No, not at the house. Stop at the far corner of the back road. I'll come through the back gate to meet you. . . . Elliot didn't say anything to you? . . . No, no, never mind that—just hurry.'"

"Is that all that she said?"

"She said good-by."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"What did you do then?"

"I turned back from the porch steps and circled the house to the right, going in by the side door and on up to the nursery."

"Why did you do that?"

"I didn't want Mrs. Ives to know that I had overheard her conversation. I thought if by any chance she saw me coming in through the side door, it would not occur to her that I could have heard it from there."

"I see. When you got up to the nursery was Mr. Ives still there?"

"Yes; he came out of the night nursery when he heard me and said that the children were quiet now."

"Did he say anything else to you?"

"Yes; he still had the boat in his hand, and he said there was something that he wanted to fix about the rudder, and that he'd bring it back in the morning."

"Did you say anything to him?"

"Yes."

"Please tell us what you said."

"I told him that I had just overheard a telephone conversation that his wife was having with Mr. Bellamy, and that I thought he should know about it."

"Did you tell him about it?"

"Not at that moment. As I was about to do so, Mrs. Ives herself called up from the foot of the stairs to ask Mr. Ives if he still intended to go to the poker game at the Dallases'. . . . Shall I go on?"

"Certainly."

"Mr. Ives said yes, and Mrs. Bellamy said that in that case she would go to the movies with the Conroys, who had asked her before dinner. Mr. Ives asked her if he couldn't drop her there and she said no—that it was only a short walk and that she needed the exercise. She went straight out of the front door, I think. I heard it slam behind her."

"What did you do then?"

"I said, 'Your wife has gone to meet Stephen Bellamy.'"

"And then what happened?"

"Mr. Ives said, 'Don't be a damned little fool.'"

Miss Page smiled meekly and appreciatively at the audible ripple from the other side of the railing.

"Did you say anything to that?"

"I simply repeated the telephone conversation."

"Word for word?"

"Word for word; and when I'd finished, he said, 'My God, somebody's told her!'"

"I object! I object! Your Honor, I ask that that be stricken from the record!" Lambert's frenzied clamor filled the room. "What Mr. Ives said."

"It may be stricken out."

Judge Carver's tone was the sternest of rebukes, but the unchastened prosecutor stood staring down at her demure face triumphantly for a moment, and then, with a brief expressive gesture toward the defense, turned her abruptly over to their mercies. "That's all. Cross-examine."

"No lunch today either?"

"No, I've got to get these notes off."

The red-headed girl proudly exhibited an untidy pile of telegraph blanks and a much-bitten pencil. The gold pencil and the black leather notebook had been flung contemptuously out of the cab window on the way back to the boarding house the night before.

"Me too. We'll finish 'em up here and I'll get 'em off for you. . . . Here's your apple."

The red-headed girl took it obediently, a fine glow invading her. How simply superb to be working there beside a real reporter; such a fire of comradeship and good will burned in her that it set twin fires flaming in her cheeks. The newspaper game! There was nothing like it, absolutely. Her pencil tore across the page in a fever of industry.

It was almost fifty minutes before the reporter spoke again, and then it was only in reply to a question: "What—what did you think of her?"

"Think of who?"

"Of Kathleen Page."

"Well, you don't happen to have a pat of the very best butter about you?"

"Whatever for?"

"To see if it would melt in her mouth."

"It wouldn't," said the red-headed girl; and added fiercely, "I hate her—nasty, hypocritical, unprincipled little toad!"

"Oh, come, come! I hope that you won't allow any of this to creep into your notes."

"She probably killed Mimi Bellamy herself," replied the newest member of the Fourth Estate darkly. "I wouldn't put it past her for a moment. She ——"

"The court!"

The red-headed girl flounced to her feet, the fires still burning in her cheeks, eying Miss Page's graceful ascent to the witness box with a baleful eye. "I hope she's headed straight for all the trouble there is," she remarked between clenched teeth to the reporter.

For the moment it looked as though her wish were about to be gratified.

Mr. Lambert lumbered menacingly toward the witness box, his ruddy face grim and relentless. "You remember a great deal about that evening, don't you, Miss Page?"

"I have a very good memory." Miss Page's voice was the prettiest mixture of pride and humility.

"Do you happen to remember the book that you were reading?"

"Perfectly."

"Give us the title, please."

"The book was Cytherea, one of Hergesheimer's old novels."

"Was it your own book?"

"No, it came from Mr. Ives' study."

"Had he loaned it to you?"

"No."

"Had Mrs. Ives loaned it to you?"

"No one had loaned it to me; I had simply borrowed it from the study."

"Oh, you were given the run of the books in Mr. Ives' study? I see." Miss Page sat silent, eying him steadily, only a slight stain of color under the clear, pale skin betraying the fact that she had heard him. "Were you?" demanded Mr. Lambert savagely, leaning toward her.

"Was I what?"

"Were you given the run of Mr. Ives' library?"

"I had never stopped to formulate it in that way. I supposed that there could be no possible objection to taking an occasional book."

"I see. You regarded yourself as one of the family?"

"Oh, hardly that."

"Did you take your meals with them?"

"No."

"Spend the evenings with them?"

"No."

Miss Page's fringed eyes were as luminous and steady as ever, but the stain in her cheeks had spread to her throat.

"You resented that fact, didn't you?"

The prosecutor's voice whipped out of the brief silence like a sword leaping from the scabbard: "I object to that question. To paraphrase my learned opponent, what possible relevance has Miss Page's sense of resentment or contentment got to do with the murder of this girl?"

"And to quote my witty adversary's reply, Your Honor, it has everything to do with it. We propose definitely to attack Miss Page's credibility. We believe we can show that she detested Mrs. Ives and would not hesitate to do her a disservice."

"Oh," said the prosecutor, with much deliberation, "that's what you propose to show, is it?"

Even the clatter of the judge's gavel did not cause him to turn his head an inch. He continued to gaze imperturbably at the occupant in the box, who, demure and pensive, returned it unswervingly. In the brief moment occupied by the prosecutor's skillful intervention the flush had faded entirely. Miss Page looked as cool and tranquil as a little spring in the forest.

"You may answer the question, Miss Page," said the judge a trifle sternly.

"May I have the question repeated?"

"I asked whether you didn't resent the fact that you were treated as a servant rather than as a member of the household."

"It never entered my head that I was being treated as a servant," said Miss Page gently.

"It never entered your head?"

"Not for a moment."

"You were perfectly satisfied with your situation in every way?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"No cause for complaint whatever?"

"None whatever."

"Miss Page, is this your writing? Don't trouble to read it—simply tell me whether it is your writing."

Miss Page bent docilely over the square of pale blue paper. "It looks like my writing."

"I didn't ask you whether it looked like it—I asked you if it was your writing."

"I really couldn't tell you that. Handwriting can be perfectly imitated, can't it?"

"Are you cross-examining me or am I cross-examining you?"

Miss Page permitted herself a small, fugitive smile. "I believe that you are supposed to be cross-examining me."

"Then be good enough to answer my question. To the best of your belief, is this your writing?"

"It is either my writing or a very good imitation of it."

The outraged Mr. Lambert snatched the innocuous bit of paper from under his composed victim's nose and proffered it to the clerk of the court as though it were something unclean. "I offer this letter in evidence."

"Just one moment," said the prosecutor gently. "I don't want to waste the court's time with a lot of useless objections, but it seems to me that this letter has not yet been identified by Miss Page, and as you are evidently unwilling to let her read it, for some occult reason that I don't presume to understand, I must object to its being offered in evidence."

"What does this letter purport to be, Mr. Lambert?" inquired the judge amiably.

Mr. Lambert turned his flaming countenance on the court. "It purports to be exactly what it is, Your Honor—a letter from Miss Page to her former employer, Mrs. Ives. And I am simply amazed at this hocus-pocus about her not being able to identify her own writing being tolerated for a minute. I ——"

"Kindly permit the court to decide what will be tolerated in the conduct of this case," remarked the judge, in a voice from which all traces of amiability had been swept as by a cold wind. "What is the date of the purported letter?"

"May 7, 1925."

"Did you write Mrs. Ives a letter on that date, Miss Page?"

"That's quite a time ago, Your Honor. I certainly shouldn't like to make any such statement under oath."

"Would it refresh your memory if you were to look over the letter?"

"Oh, certainly."

"I think that you had better let Miss Page look over the letter if you wish to offer it in evidence, Mr. Lambert."

Once more Mr. Lambert menacingly tendered the blue square, which Miss Page considered in a leisurely and composed manner in no way calculated to tranquilize the storm of indignation that was rocking him. Her perusal completed, she lifted a gracious countenance to the inflamed one before her. "Oh, yes, that is my letter."

Mr. Lambert snatched it ungratefully. "I again offer this in evidence."

"No objection," said the prosecutor blandly.

"Now that you have fortified yourself with its contents, Miss Page, I will ask you to reconcile some of the statements that it contains with some later statements of yours made here under oath this afternoon:

"*My dear Mrs. Ives:* I would like to call your attention to the fact that for the past three nights the food served me has evidently been that discarded by your servants as unfit

When they saw the shine they wanted WOODTONE

Gentlemen:—

Please send me two bottles of Woodtone—I used up the last bottle and find it the best polish I have ever tried.

I used Woodtone on my car, in front of the house, and people stopped and asked me where they could buy it here. I know I could have sold several bottles while I was using it on my car.

F. O. N., Rockford, Ill.

For FURNITURE, too

Read what Winifred Fales says about Beautiful Furniture and its care with Woodtone.

Make your own test. Compare the polish you now use with Woodtone. Woodtone makes white spots disappear. It is greaseless—so doesn't gather dust or show finger marks.

WOODTONE—*The kind of polish you've always wanted*

You know the polish you've been looking for. Easy-working—instant drying—will not remove lacquer finish—dust will not stick to it because it's greaseless.

If you'll risk six cents (to cover postage and mailing of a sample bottle of Woodtone) you'll find the polish you have always wanted. Send the coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

Woodtone TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

the original greaseless polish for furniture and automobiles

Of course your garage, automobile accessory, grocery, drug or department store will supply you with Woodtone

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☐ Enclosed find 6c (to cover postage and mailing) for a FREE trial bottle of Woodtone.

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Name_____ Address_____

for consumption. As you do not care to discuss these matters with me personally, I am forced to resort to this means of communication, and I ask you to believe that it is literally impossible to eat the type of meal that has been put before me lately. Boiled mutton which closely resembled mixed dishrags, stewed turnips and a kind of whitepaste that I was later informed was intended to be rice, and a savory concoction of dried apricots and sour milk was the menu for yesterday evening. You have made it abundantly clear to me that you regard me as a species of overpaid servant, but I confess that I had not gathered that slow starvation was to be one of my duties.

Sincerely,
"KATHLEEN PAGE."

"Kindly reconcile your statement that it had never entered your head that you were being treated as a servant with this sentence: 'You have made it abundantly clear that you regard me as a species of overpaid servant.'"

"That was simply a silly overwrought letter written by me when I was still suffering from the effects of a nervous and physical collapse. I had completely forgotten ever having written it."

"Oh, you had, had you? Completely forgotten it, eh? Never thought of it from that day to this? Well, just give us the benefit of that wonderful memory of yours once more and tell us the effect of this letter on your relations with Mrs. Ives?"

"It had a very fortunate effect," said Miss Page, with her prettiest smile. "Mrs. Ives very kindly rectified the situation that I was indiscreet enough to complain of, and the whole matter was cleared up and adjusted most happily."

"What?" The astounded monosyllable cracked through the court room like a rifle shot.

"I said that it was all adjusted most happily," replied Miss Page sunnily and helpfully, raising her voice slightly.

Actual stupor had apparently descended on her interrogator. "Miss Page, you make it difficult for me to credit my ears. Is it not the fact that Mrs. Ives sent for you at once on receipt of that note, offered you a month's wages in lieu of notice and requested you to leave the following day?"

"Nothing could be farther from the fact."

Mr. Lambert's voice seemed about to forsake him at the calm finality of this reply. He opened his mouth twice with no audible results, but at the third effort something closely resembling a roar emerged: "Are you telling me that you did not go on your knees to Mrs. Ives in floods of tears and tell her that it would be signing your death warrant to turn you out then, and implore her to give you another chance?"

"I am telling you," said Miss Page equably, "that nothing remotely resembling that occurred. Mrs. Ives was extremely regretful and considerate and there was not a word as to my leaving."

Apoplexy hovered tentatively over Mr. Lambert's bulky shoulder. "Do you deny that two days before this murder your insolence had once more precipitated a scene that had resulted in your dismissal, and that you were intending to leave on the following Monday?"

"Most certainly I deny it."

"A scene that arose from the fact that during Mrs. Ives' absence in town you ordered the car to take you and a friend of yours from White Plains for a three-hour drive in the country, and that when Mrs. Ives telephoned from town to have the car meet her, as she was returning that afternoon instead of the next day, she was informed that you were out in it and she was obliged to take a taxi?"

"That is not true either."

"It is not true that you went for a drive with a young man that afternoon?"

"Oh, that is quite true; but I had Mrs. Ives' permission to do so before she left."

For a moment Mr. Lambert turned his crimson countenance toward Susan Ives. She had lifted her head and was staring, steadily and contemptuously, at her erstwhile nursery governess, whose limpid eyes moved only from Mr. Lambert to Mr. Farr and back. Even the contempt could not extinguish a frankly diverted twist to her lips at the pat audacity of the gentle replies. Evidently Mr. Lambert could find no comfort there. He turned back to his witness.

"Miss Page, do you know what perjury is?"

"Your Honor "

Miss Page's lightning promptitude cut through the prosecutor's voice: "It's a demonstrably false statement made under oath, isn't it?"

"Just wait a minute, please, Miss Page. Your Honor, I respectfully submit that this entire line of cross-examination by Mr. Lambert is extremely objectionable. I have let it go this far because I don't want to prolong this trial with a lot of unnecessary bickering; but as far as I can see, he has simply been entertaining the jury with a series of exciting little episodes that there is not a shred of reason to believe are not the offspring of his own fertile imagination. According to Miss Page, they are just exactly that. They are, however, skillfully calculated to prejudice her in the eyes of the jury, and when Mr. Lambert goes so far as to imply in no uncertain manner that Miss Page's denial of these fantasies is perjury, I can no longer ——"

"Your Honor, do you consider this oration for the benefit of the jury proper?" Mr. Lambert's voice was unsteady with rage.

"I do not, sir. Nor do I consider it the only impropriety that has occurred. I see no legitimate place in cross-examination for a request for a definition of perjury. However, you have received your reply. You may proceed with your cross-examination."

"Miss Page, when you realized that Mrs. Ives was talking to someone on the telephone, why did you not go on into the house?"

"Because I was interested in what she was saying."

"So you eavesdropped, eh?"

"Yes."

"A very pretty, honorable, decent thing to do in your opinion?"

"Oh," said Miss Page, with her most disarming smile, "I don't pretend not to be human."

"Well, that's very reassuring. Can you tell us why Mrs. Ives didn't hear you outside on the porch, Miss Page?"

"I wasn't on the porch. I had just started to come up the steps when I stopped to listen. I had on tennis shoes, which wouldn't make any noise at all on the lawn."

"You say that you could hear Mrs. Ives distinctly?"

"Oh, quite."

"So that anybody else could have heard her distinctly too?"

"Anyone who was standing in that place could have—yes."

"She was making a secret rendezvous and yet was speaking in a tone sufficiently audible for any passer-by to hear?"

"She probably thought that there would be no passer-by."

"Your Honor, I ask to have that stricken from the record as deliberately unresponsive."

"You were not asked as to Mrs. Ives' thoughts, Miss Page. Mr. Lambert asked you whether any passer-by could not have heard Mrs. Ives' conversation."

"Anyone who passed over the route that I did could have heard it perfectly."

"Mr. Patrick Ives could have heard it?"

"Mr. Patrick Ives was upstairs."

"That was not my question. I asked you if Patrick Ives could not have heard it quite as readily as you?"

"He could, if he had been there."

"Miss Page, will you be good enough to repeat that conversation for us once again?"

"The whole thing?"

"Certainly."

"Mrs. Ives said"—again the little frown of concentration—"she said, 'Is that you, Stephen? . . . It's Sue—Sue Ives. Is Mimi there? . . . How long ago did she leave? . . . Are you sure she went there? . . . No, wait—this is vital—I have to see you at once. Can you get the car here in ten minutes? . . . No, not at the house. Stop at the far corner of the

(Continued on Page 96)

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ARMORED

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Model 76—Six tubes, Bosch RFL circuit—single station selector, Bosch Line O'Lite tuning, wired for battery or socket power operation, armored and shielded, spacious power unit compartment, solid walnut cabinet beautifully finished with and without built-in reproducer—with built-in reproducer $195.00

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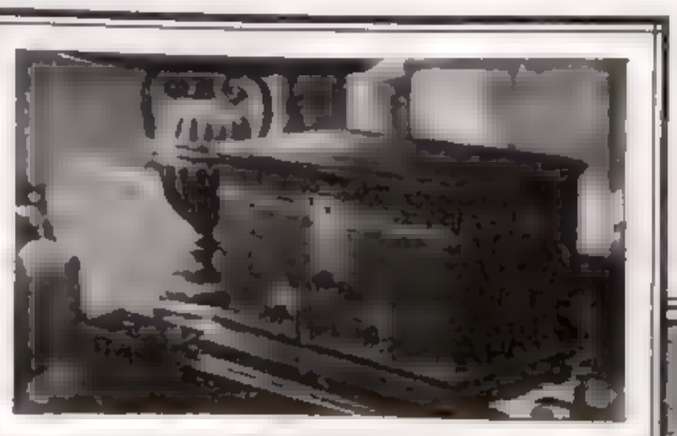

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THE BEST IN RADIO BOSCH RADIO

THE BEST IN RADIO BOSCH RADIO

(Continued from Page 94)

back road. I'll come through the back gate to meet you. . . . Elliot hasn't said anything to you? . . . No, no, never mind that—just hurry. . . . Good-by.'"

Mr. Lambert beamed at her—a ferocious and colossal beam. "Now that's very nice—very nice, indeed, Miss Page. Every word pat, eh? Almost as though you'd learned it by heart, shouldn't you say?"

"That's probably because I did learn it by heart," proffered Miss Page helpfully.

The beam forsook Mr. Lambert's countenance, leaving the ferocity. "Oh, you learned it by heart, did you? Between the front steps and the side door, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I wrote it down before I went in the side door."

"You did what?"

"I wrote it down while Mrs. Ives was talking, most of it. The last sentence or so I did just before I came in."

Mr. Lambert took a convulsive grip on his sagging jaw. "Oh, indeed! Brought back a portable typewriter and a fountain pen and a box of note paper from the sand pile, too, I suppose?"

Miss Page smiled patiently and politely. "No; but I had some crayons of the children's in my sweater pocket."

"And a half dozen pads, too, no doubt?"

"No, I wrote it on the flyleaf of the book—Cytherea, you know."

"For what purpose did you write this down?" The voice of Mr. Lambert was the voice of one who has run hard and long toward a receding goal.

"It sounded important to me; I didn't want to make any mistakes."

"Quite so. So your story is that you took this information, which you admit you acquired by eavesdropping on the woman you claim had been invariably kind and generous to you, straight to her husband, in the fond expectation of ruining both their lives?"

"Oh, no, indeed—in the expectation of saving them. Mr. Ives had been even kinder to me than Mrs. Ives; I was desperately anxious to help them both."

"And this was your idea of helping them?"

"It was probably a stupid way," said Miss Page humbly. "But it was the only one that I could think of. I was afraid they were planning to elope and I thought that Mr. Ives might be able to stop them from doing it. You see, I hadn't realized then the real significance of the telephone conversation."

"What real significance, if you please?"

"The fact that someone must have told Mrs. Ives all about Mr. Ives' affair with Mrs. Bellamy before she went out that night," said Miss Page softly.

"Your Honor," said the flagging voice—"Your Honor, I ask that that reply be stricken from the record as unresponsive."

"The court does not regard it as unresponsive. You requested Miss Page to give her final interpretation of the telephone conversation and she has given it."

"May I have an exception, Your Honor?"

"Certainly."

"Then the story that you expect this jury to believe, Miss Page, is that nothing but affectionate zeal prompted you to spy on this benefactress of yours and to bear the glad tidings of her infidelity to her unsuspecting husband—tidings acquired through a reputed telephone conversation of which you were the sole witness and the self-constituted recorder?"

"I hope that they will believe me," said Miss Page meekly. For one brief moment her ingenuous eyes rested appealingly on the twelve stolid and inscrutable countenances

"And I hope that you are unduly optimistic," said Mr. Lambert heavily. "That is all, Miss Page."

"Just one moment," said the prosecutor easily. "Miss Page, when Mr. Lambert asked you whether anyone couldn't have overheard that conversation, he prevented you from explaining why no one was likely to. Let's first get that straight. Where was Mrs. Daniel Ives?"

"In the rose garden."

"That was where she usually went after dinner, wasn't it?"

"Always, I think. She used to work out there for an hour or so until it got dark, because that was the coolest part of the day."

"Was the rose garden visible from the study?"

"Quite clearly. A window overlooked the little paved terrace that led down into the rose garden."

"So that it would have been simple for Mrs. Ives to verify whether Mrs. Daniel Ives was in the garden?"

"Oh, quite."

"Where were the servants apt to be at that time?"

"They would be having their dinner in the back part of the house—they dined after the family."

"What about Mr. Patrick Ives?"

"Mrs. Ives knew that he had gone upstairs. He told me that she had been helping him to fasten the little pennant on in the study just before he came up."

"And she thought that you were upstairs, too, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes; I was not in the habit of coming down after dinner. I had my meals in the nursery."

"Did Mr. Ives use the study much—to write or to work in, I mean?"

"I don't know how much he worked in it; he had quite a collection of technical volumes in it, but I don't believe that he did much writing, though. He had a very large, flat-topped desk that he used as a kind of workbench."

"Where he made the boats and doll houses?"

"Yes."

"Kept his tools and materials?"

"Yes."

"Was that desk visible from the door?"

"Yes; it was directly opposite the door into the hall."

"Would a person going from the flower room to the foot of the nursery stairs pass it?"

"They could not very well avoid doing so."

"Would the contents of the top of the desk be visible from the doorway?"

"Oh, surely. The study is not large."

The prosecutor made two strides toward the witness box. Something small and dark and bright glinted for a moment in his hand. "Miss Page, have you ever seen this knife before?"

Very delicately Miss Page lifted it in her slender fingers, eying it gravely and fastidiously. "Yes," she said quietly.

A little wind seemed to blow suddenly through the court room—a little, cold, ominous wind.

"Where?"

"On the desk in Mr. Patrick Ives' study, on the afternoon of the nineteenth of June, 1926."

In a voice almost as gentle as her own, the prosecutor said, "That will be all, Miss Page. You may go."

And as lightly, as softly as she had come, Miss Page slipped from the witness box and was gone.

The second day of the Bellamy trial was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE INFANT INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 9)

There's no use disturbing her any more than she's disturbed already."

"Certainly not." Never had Doug heard a tone more frigidly impersonal. "I understand we're to go on tomorrow then?"

"Yes." Doctor Sanderson hung up.

The status quo remained unchanged. It had not been a very comfortable conversation, but in some strange way it had been a comforting one. Doug preferred that Doctor Sanderson should be just such an icy impersonality. He sounded so expert. Great guns, one couldn't go through life without taking chances! The chance of anything's going wrong in this case was just the chance of being hit on the head with a girder if one walked down the street. That was the way to look at it.

Doug had a little the feeling that he'd had a good, brisk, marital quarrel with Katherine, and that it had all blown over, with himself thoroughly justified.

Certainly, he decided, she mustn't be told Tubby Moulton's story about the Rand child. She was going along unsuspectingly and it was much better that she should continue so. A fool's paradise was the best place for her at the moment.

It was not till he came to that point that Doug remembered he had failed to mention the question of remuneration to Doctor Sanderson.

Whew! It would have taken a man with more nerve than he had to drive a bargain with that bird.

It was only half-past five, but Doug went back to the hotel. Even so, the children were waiting impatiently. They flew to get their outside coats.

"I thought you'd never come," Katherine the Small chided him in her gay little voice.

She could manage her buttons very nicely. Katherine the Great started to help Patty with hers.

"No, I want dad to do it," said Patty, who bestowed marks of affection so rarely that they were peculiarly flattering.

Each of the children had a small leather hat box.

"What are you taking with you?" Doug asked.

"Patty is taking one of her babies and lots of clothes for it," Katherine the Small answered, "and I am taking books mostly, and my roller skates."

"I advised against the roller skates," Katherine the Great observed.

"But I may want them," Katherine the Small said. There was no argument.

A doorman stowed the Calder family into a taxi.

"Isn't this exciting?" Katherine the Small demanded of her sister, as the conveyance slid into the stream of traffic. "Isn't this grown-up?"

"I'm so excited," Patty said.

"Do you know that this is as dark as it ever gets in the city?" their mother asked them.

"All night long?"

"Yes. You couldn't have a more grown-up night to look at."

"I love it. Isn't it fun, Patty?"

"Oh, yes."

Katherine the Small, who was learning to read, spelled out signs as she passed them. "D-r-u-g-s—drugs; d-e-n-t-i-s-t—dentist."

Doug wondered if he would really feel better if they weren't so delightedly unsuspecting, or whether he just thought he would.

"See those red lights chasing the blue around that sign," Katherine the Great said.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful! I just love it."

"I got tickets for King Green's Wisecracks of 1927," Doug told Katherine. "I thought we ranked a good show tonight."

"Oh, I'm not going to the theater."

"Why not? They're going to have a night nurse, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes—a curly golden one—but I'm going to stay with them too. We're going to play it's boarding school, you know."

Katherine the Small was too pleased at that reminder even to remark that she loved it. She simply wriggled in silent delight.

"You want to remember," Doug thought it wise to comment, "that the nurse may not be curly and golden."

"Mummy promised," Katherine the Small observed.

"At least I asked the doctor, and he said he'd do his very best to have her curly and golden."

"I just don't want you to be disappointed if she turns out to be dark or gray-haired. Lots of nurses have gray hair."

"If she has gray hair," Katherine the Small stated, "I shall say, 'I don't like you at all and I don't want you to take care of me. Go away.'"

Patty giggled.

"So shall I," she averred.

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't," their mother told them. "You'd never hurt anyone's feelings."

"Yes, I would."

"I would too."

"You can get Tubby Moulton to go with you, can't you?" Katherine returned to the problem of the theater.

"At eleven rats a seat? No, thanks. I'll return the tickets."

"And mope around the club all evening? Don't return both of them, Doug. Promise me you'll go, so I won't feel such a dog for not going with you."

"All right. I'll go."

Being admitted to the hospital was apparently more fun than the Calder children had ever had; going up in a gigantic elevator smelling of antiseptics and anæsthetics, a sheer delight.

The rooms assigned them, which were bleak and cheerless, were evidently what they had dreamed decoration might achieve, but had never hoped they could occupy.

The children were getting undressed when the corridor superintendent appeared and said, "Mrs. Calder, this is Miss Willard, the children's night nurse."

A stout elderly woman with warts entered. "Are these my little ones?" she inquired.

Katherine the Small eyed her hard, but Katherine the Small was a lady. She said nothing and merely went on unfastening a recalcitrant garter.

Patty looked at Miss Willard and then at her sister. She edged over on the bed and whispered, and both children began to laugh chiming peals of laughter.

"What are you joking about?" Katherine the Great asked them. They didn't answer until Miss Willard had left the room, then Patty explained:

"She looks just like a potato."

"You'll have another nurse tomorrow, you know," Katherine the Great said. "Maybe she'll be curly and blond. I think Miss Willard is sweet, though, don't you? She's very like someone at boarding school."

Katherine the Small went right on laughing. "Oh, it's such fun."

It was time for Doug to go.

"Have a good time at King Green's Wisecracks," Katherine the Great admonished him. "I don't believe they'll be a bit better than the Calder Follies."

King Green's Wisecracks proved to be the most irritating elaboration on nothing with which Doug had ever tried to fill an evening, but he knew he wouldn't sleep if he went home early, so he stuck with them until the Little Boy Blue number.

In the Little Boy Blue number, Mr. King Green had done his bit for American culture by introducing a ballet from Eugene Field.

"*Now, don't you go till I come,*" *he said*——

A chorus girl recited in the shrill nasal lisp with which chorus girls indicate childhood, while sixteen noticeably nubile Little

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 96

Boy Blues patted sixteen enormous tin soldiers and sixteen monstrous toy dogs:

"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamed of the pretty toys;
And, while he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many ——

The thought of a small black hat box packed with books and roller skates hit Doug in some solar plexus of the mind.

"I'm darned if I'll stand any more of this truck," he said to himself savagely, rose and began apologizing his way out from a mid-row seat.

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry," he stated, squeezing himself as thin and as close to the row in front of him as he could.

Suddenly he was stopped by a piercing, "Ow!" and a slight tug at his waistcoat.

Looking down, he saw caught to a vest button a great wad of black human hair, still coiled into an elaborate coiffure. The lady from whom it had been wrenched sat with her head almost in her lap for purposes of concealment.

"My transformation," she was whispering imperiously to the man beside her. "Get my transformation."

That elderly person addressed Doug, "Hey, give me that."

Doug tugged to unloose the thing, but it wouldn't come free.

"Give it back," the man insisted, "and be quick about it."

"I'm trying to. What do you think I want it for? To lay eggs in?"

"What do you have to go out in the middle of an act for anyway?"

"Will you please move on?" the stout matron, in whose lap Doug was at the moment practically seated, requested.

Hissing sounds came from behind: "Sit down. Sit down."

Doug jerked the black horror free, the button flying with it struck the unfortunate cowering lady, who gave a small yelp. Almost throwing the trophy in the man's face, Doug made a sound which was meant to indicate that he regretted the incident, then pushed on for the aisle.

Later he realized that the only moments of escape from acute depression which the evening had afforded him were those few of embarrassed agony.

By a mistake of the room clerk's, Doug was called at 7:15 instead of 6:45. Jumping into his clothes, he climbed unshorn into a taxi. Every chance of traffic seemed to be against him. It was seven minutes of eight when he reached the hospital.

Katherine the Great, looking palish, was in Patty's room.

"Didn't you sleep well?" Doug asked her.

"Oh, strange beds, you know," she answered. "And they both wanted me every now and then. Kit Kat's gone downstairs."

"To be operated on?"

"To be prepared."

"She was all right?"

"Oh, yes. The day nurse is curly and blond, thank heaven, and Kit Kat has developed a passion for Doctor Sanderson. They'll bring back the wheeled chair for Pats right away."

"They won't begin?"

"Of course they won't, Doug."

"Because I want to be in the room."

"They won't let you."

"Where won't they let daddy go?" Patty asked.

Patty, too, was looking a little peaked.

"Feeling all right, bean child?" Doug asked her.

"Fine," Patty answered, as she always did. "Where won't they let you in, daddy?"

"An office downstairs."

"Here's the chair at last," Katherine the Great changed the subject.

Katherine the Small was in a little room being stethoscoped for a final time by the anæsthetist. She was all smiles.

"Hello, daddy," she said when Doug went in and kissed her head, but she said it in the voice of one who is courteous, though she would prefer not to be interrupted.

"Having fun still?"

"Oh, yes."

"Now, we're going to put you to sleep," the anæsthetist said. "We're going to give you a whiff of some perfume."

"Magic perfume?"

"Yes; out of this thing. I guess we'll have to ask your dad to get out of the way."

Doug threw a final kiss to her from the door, and received a very perfunctory one in return. Nurses and doctors closed in about her.

"They're giving Kit Kat a magic perfume," Doug said to Patty and her mother.

"Really magic?" Patty asked, but pinned in her blanket Patty was even paler than she had been upstairs. She wasn't as adventurous a child as Katherine the Small.

"Was—she—enjoying—it?" Katherine the Great asked, apparently finding some difficulty with the words.

"Seemed to be."

"I've been making babies in a swing for Patty—from—my—handkerchief."

Katherine the Great swayed.

"Better sit down," Doug advised her.

"Perhaps I'd better."

She went shakily down the corridor toward a bench. A nurse coming along caught her arm and steadied her to the seat. Doug didn't dare leave Patty.

"Want to go for a ride in your wheel chair, Pats?" he asked, and he felt as though he were panting the words.

It was happening now.

"Yes," Patty said gravely.

Doug seized the handle of the chair and started along the hall away from the bench where Katherine was now sipping water from a glass into which the nurse had poured some liquid.

"No," Patty said. "No."

"Does it make you sick to ride backwards?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"I want to ride down to mummy."

Doug knew that Katherine the Great would never fail when one of the children needed her. He propelled Patty down the corridor.

"Pats wanted to pay you a visit."

"I'm so glad. I'm all right now."

"What was the matter?" Patty asked.

"What did you say you were making from your handkerchief?" Doug interrupted. "Look what I can make with mine."

The distraction proved to be successful.

"What?" Patty asked.

"You'll see."

Doug tied a knot in the middle of one side of the big cambric square and two small knots in opposite corners. Holding one of the latter in each hand, he swung the first knot around, finally transferred the two smaller knots to his right fist, and holding the other between his left forefinger and thumb, pulled it as far as it would go. A strange, hippy little figure resulted.

"This is Lottie Collins," Doug announced, then he recited:

"Lottie Collins is a girl of sense;
She'll dance for you for eighteen pence,
But if you two and sixpence pay,
She'll dance the ta-ra-boom-de-ay."

With the final word he loosed his hold on one corner knot and it flew into the air in a violent kick.

Patty laughed. "Do it again," she commanded.

Doug swung the handkerchief about.

"Lottie Collins is a girl of sense;
She'll dance for you for eighteen pence ——"

How long was this operation anyway? Why didn't someone come and say how it was getting on? Of course they would if anything had gone wrong. Or would they?

"She'll dance the ta-ra-boom-de-ay."

"Isn't it a funny little doll?" Katherine the Great stimulated Patty's enthusiasm.

"Yes. Do it again."

Again Doug formed the little figure and said the rime. Still no one came. What in the devil could be the matter? He made Lottie Collins a fourth time without stopping to be asked.

"Lottie Collins is a girl of sense;
She'll dance for you for eighteen pence ——"

Was it eighteen pence, or sixteen pence? How much was two and sixpence anyway? What a thing to think of while Kit Kat was in danger!

Lottie Collins performed her ta-ra-boom-de-ay with a less elastic abandon. Doug began to swing her into shape once more.

"Don't do it again," Patty said with a sudden dignity worthy of a bored duchess. "Where is Kit Kat?"

"She's almost through," Doug answered, but there was something hollow about his tone.

"I want mummy," Patty said abruptly, with a lip that trembled ever so slightly.

"You've got mummy, best-to-be-had," Katherine the Great told her in the coolest, happiest voice possible. "Perhaps you'd better go away for a minute, Doug."

She bent and whispered something in Patty's ear. Doug raced up the corridor. As he did so the door of the operating room opened and a nurse emerged. A claw seemed to close on Doug's vitals.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's all over."

Even Doug couldn't misinterpret the smile that went with those words.

"She's all right?"

"Perfectly. Of course her throat will be pretty sore."

"Can I see her?"

"No. It would be a disagreeable sight. They'll roll her out very soon. I never saw a child behave so well as she did about the anæsthetic. You should be proud of her, Mr. Calder."

Doug hurried to Katherine the Great. "It's all over and everything's fine."

"Then you won't have long to wait, Pats."

"Can I see Kit Kat?"

"No, but you'll have the magic perfume soon."

"Did Kit Kat like it?"

"The nurse said she never saw a child so good about taking it. You'll have to be a wonder if you're going to live up to Kit Kat."

"I know she will," Katherine the Great affirmed.

The nurse came. "Ready for this little one. Now, are you going to be as good as your sister?"

For one instant Patty clung to her mother's finger with a frightened, plump hand. Her mother bent down and kissed it and loosened the grip.

"Course, 'varsity," Doug said, and Patty was rolled away.

She was in the anæsthetizing room when Katherine the Small was rolled into the hall, a little sleeping figure. Katherine the Great didn't dare leave the doorway where Patty could see her, but Doug walked beside the stretcher to the elevator. While they were waiting for the car, Katherine the Small began to regain consciousness with a long moan.

If only Patty didn't hear it, but it was followed by a louder one. Then the elevator carried off Katherine the Small.

They hadn't anæsthetized Patty yet. When she saw Doug appear she spoke to him.

"I heard Kit Kat."

"Oh, no, Patty."

"Yes, I did."

"Are you going to be as brave as she was?"

Patty wouldn't promise.

The anæsthetist began telling her about the magic perfume, but Patty listened with an unsmiling, white face.

"Now, will you lie down?"

She lay down quietly. When he asked if her toes were going to sleep, she said "Yes."

It was almost too much for Doug. They rolled Patty away. He didn't trust himself

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to speak. He was glad Katherine the Great did.

"Oh, Doug, you know she's a heroine. It was much harder for her. Excitement doesn't stimulate her as it does Kit Kat."

It had seemed to Doug, when the nurse told him that everything was all right with Katherine the Small, that the worst was over, that the fact that nothing had happened to Kit Kat was a kind of guaranty that nothing could happen to Patty, but that comfort was all gone.

Surely if anything were going to happen to a child, this would be the way of it. It was Patty who had looked as though she felt danger approaching, not smiling Katherine the Small.

"Isn't it a hellish performance?" he managed to demand of Katherine the Great.

"Of course it is, but we'll have to stand it. Wasn't I a fool almost to faint!"

"I'd like to faint myself. Oh, why don't they let us in the room!"

"It would be much worse."

"That's what they say, but I don't believe it. I hate this rotten business. Wouldn't you think the race had time enough to get over having been fish after all these centuries?"

"Fish?"

"Well, aren't tonsils the survivals of gills? Someone told me they were sometime."

"Doug! Thank heaven, you had an explanation. I thought you were delirious with suspense."

"I should think you'd want to be with Kit Kat when she comes out."

"I do, but I don't think you're in any condition to be left alone."

"Oh, I guess I'll pull through."

"Remember, Patty's a strong little thing. Stronger than Kit Kat, really."

Left alone, Doug paced the corridor. Twenty minutes passed. Katherine the Small had been in the operating room twenty minutes. Five minutes more. Something had happened, but why didn't they come out and tell him? Doug planted himself before the clock. When three minutes more had passed he would do something. The clock jerked three minutes out of existence, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth.

Doug walked to the door of the operating room, pushed it open. What he saw was not pleasant. A nurse jumped before him.

"You can't come in."

Doug felt drained of every emotion. "What went wrong?" he breathed.

"Nothing. It's over. She's being washed."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"I did send word upstairs. Stay in the hall, please. I'm needed."

Doctor Sanderson strode over to the door, a tall pale man all in white. "You should do something for your nerves, young man," he said.

It was a very tonic remark. Standing outside the door which had been shut in his face, all Doug felt for a moment was a desire to knock the inhuman Sanderson down. Then that emotion was submerged in a great tide of relief. It was all over. Really all over. For the first time since that bridge-table conversation Doug felt like himself. Whew! It was a giddy feeling. And Sanderson was responsible, good old scalpel that he was. Doug forgave him his grouchiness, felt nothing toward him but a rush of worshipful gratitude.

Just at that moment the door of the operating room opened again and Doctor Sanderson emerged. There was something Doug wanted to speak to him about. Oh! The cost of the operation! No, that would have been unworthy of the emotional plane on which Doug found himself. He wanted rather to be understood by Doctor Sanderson, to justify to him the nervousness Sanderson had evidently thought so unreasonable.

"Hello, doctor," he said. "I want to explain to you about why I'm so particularly wild."

Doctor Sanderson halted in an impatient way, seeming not to have caught Doug's words.

"Yes; what was it?"

"I happened to hear just yesterday," Doug hurried on, "about the kid of a friend of mine who died on the operating table under the hands of some damned butcher, and it completely knocked out whatever good sense I may have."

"That's all right," Doctor Sanderson said, and he was going to hurry on, but Doug felt that by abasing himself he could justify himself still further.

"No, I know I was a fool," he insisted; "but when I heard about that kid of Duncan Rand's ——"

"What are you talking about?" Doctor Sanderson asked surprisingly.

"Duncan Rand's kid was the one I was speaking of. The one that got butchered. Geel When you hear of a thing like that ——"

Doctor Sanderson's face suddenly became red. The words he threw at Doug bristled with Scotch burr.

"Young man, are you trying to be impertinent?"

"Me?" Doug gasped.

"It was I who was to operate on the child of Duncan Rand."

"Not this one," Doug exclaimed. "This was a doctor named Saunders."

"It was a butcher named Sanderson. I happen to remember the details of that case. I don't know why I take the time to say it to you, but it was I who worked over that child after the anæsthetist had given him up. We got him to life somehow, and I operated and he's alive. I don't know where you heard the story. Hardly from your friend his father, I think, who paid me twice the amount of the bill I sent him and gave me the watch I carry in gratitude."

"I just heard it at the club," Doug said; "and what I got was certainly that the Rand child had died in an operation for tonsils. I'm awfully sorry ——"

"The operation in question," Doctor Sanderson thundered, "was for double mastoid. Will you let me past, please, or must I go back into the operating room and around?"

Doug fell back. In a kind of daze he walked down the corridor. When he came to a staircase he decided to climb it and not wait for the elevator. He was halfway up before the thought of Doctor Sanderson's bill struck him.

Katherine the Great was outside the door of the room, talking to a nurse. "Oh, Doug," she said, "isn't it wonderful that it's all over and they're safe?"

"It's great," Doug said, "but I guess I've managed to ruin us all right. That line of yours about bankruptcy may come truer than you thought. Wait till you hear what I've done."

It was tacitly understood between parents and offspring that, as a pleasure trip for the children, the visit to the hospital had not been a complete success.

An Osprey Nest

When they got back to Westport, Lena said to the little girls, "Did you enjoy it as much as you thought you were going to, dearies?"

Katherine the Small looked at her with level eyes. "You know very well we didn't, Lena," she stated.

Nevertheless, besides providing them with better throats, it had given them a taste of drama. The lives of carefully sheltered children are of necessity pretty flat, and they looked back on their vicissitudes with some satisfaction. There was a new fervor in their ministrations to the dolls.

It was Doug whose sufferings really lasted the longest. No bill arrived from Doctor Sanderson. The first of the month passed and none came. Finally Doug had his secretary dispatch a businesslike note requesting a statement.

In the meantime he questioned Doctor Carroll on the probabilities. "Well, I think you'd be justified in protesting anything over two thousand dollars," Carroll said.

"It'll be two thousand dollars," Doug reported to Katherine; "and if this is a main branch of the infant industry, I'll say Sanderson's a profiteer."

The bill came to the house. Katherine didn't have the courage to open it.

"But I thought I'd stand beside you while you do," she said.

Doug slit the envelope and drew out a billhead.

Two tonsillectomies—$200.

"Do you suppose it's a mistake?" Katherine questioned.

"No," Doug pronounced coldly.

"Then isn't it marvelous?"

"I'm damned if it is," Doug said. "It's an insult. It's just to show that he thinks I'm a fool and that he won't take money from me. If it had been for a reasonable amount, all right; but a hundred dollars apiece, for a man in his position! I won't stand for it."

"What are you going to do about it, though?"

"I'm going to see him. I have to go to New York anyway, and I'm going to take a check for eight hundred dollars and shove it down his throat. He's a good doctor anyway."

"I think you're silly, Doug. He was perfectly devoted to Kit Kat and I think that may have had something to do with the amount."

"He's treated me like a fool three times," Doug said, "and now, by George, I'm not going to have him treat me like a pauper. Even at eight hundred I'll be saving a lot on what I'd come to expect."

There were a lot of people in Doctor Sanderson's waiting room and Doug was astounded when the nurse, who had taken his name, came to him and said he was to go in at once.

Doctor Sanderson wasn't so formidable in his business suit. "Well, Mr. Calder," he said, "how are those fine little girls of yours?"

"Better than they've ever been," Doug replied. "But there's some mistake about your bill. You've sent me one for a hundred dollars apiece. It isn't enough."

"My secretary arranges those things."

"No, I've inquired. That isn't your regular charge. I've made out a check for eight hundred dollars. That's more like it."

It didn't sound nearly as insulting as Doug had intended that his speech should, but Doctor Sanderson was looking at him with one of the nicest smiles Doug had ever seen.

"I had no right to speak to you as I did, Mr. Calder," he said. "I'd been operating for three nights and I was on edge, but that's no excuse. I've been sorry ever since. Can't you accept a Scotchman's most abject form of apology?"

Doug grinned. "I have some apologizing to do myself," he pleaded.

"Maybe," Doctor Sanderson suggested, "we can strike a figure that will even up on our guilt. How would two hundred and fifty do?"

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THE MEDICO

(Continued from Page 11)

pile and come over after me. I'll make straight for that baby carriage behind the bricks. I'll expect to see you there in half an hour. Spread your men out, or whatever you do under similar circumstances."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

Half an hour later Matthew and the sergeant lay in a shell hole opposite the station and went over the new situation.

"Now then," said Matthew, "I may be working all night. It's a hell of a job. I'll want a detail of four men with me all the time. And as soon as it gets dark they can begin to take the wounded back to the ravine. In the meantime all you've got to do is to stay between the dressing station and the boche. I don't want anything pegged at me while I'm working."

"No, sir," said the sergeant.

"You understand that?"

"Yes, sir, I'm gettin' the general idea."

"And if anyone comes through to tell you differently, send 'em to me."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, get going. There's a big hole up the street with a spring running into it, but the sides are dry and it's a good place to see everything from."

"I know—I been in it all day yesterday. It's kinda wet."

Matthew crawled back to the dressing station. It was not a pleasant place to crawl into. The sergeant's four men crept in presently and the business commenced. For months afterward Matthew could close his eyes and see everything as it had been from 3:45 P.M. on April fifth to 6:09 A.M., April sixth. For years afterward, in his private practice, he was tempted at times to kick paying patients out of their clean beds in private hospital rooms when they complained of their diets or their dressings or their surroundings. The mud walls oozed green slime that was thick and greasy to the touch, and the only one on duty when Matthew found the place was a beady-eyed rat that sat stolidly in a corner and tried to stare him down.

Along one wall of the battered cellar was a row of stained iron pails with soaked sawdust underneath the scraps of other things in them. It was impossible to take them out and empty them in the daylight. Matthew had a board laid overtop and used it for the consulting bench. In the center there was a clammy kitchen table, covered with a blackened sheet. Matthew spread a torn poncho in its place, rubber side upward. He emptied the contents of his respirator bag on the table edge, rolled up his sleeves and started; meanwhile the four men scouted the surrounding cellars for more customers. There were a hundred and twenty-five all told, and between them there wasn't a thing they didn't need. If they could still hear, Matthew went at it somewhat in this fashion:

"Well, soldier, what's yours? H'm. Let's see. The last lad I had on this table makes you look like a shave, haircut and shampoo. Hurt? Well, how's this, then? Come on, boy, you can't yell like that; there's a war on outside that don't want to be annoyed."

"Can't you save my flipper, doc?"

"Well, now, I dunno. You've got most of it smashed up now, son. I hate to take a chance on losing your whole wing for you. What'll it be; hand or arm? Let's see—you want to look wounded when you get home, don't you? Better be the hand then. I'll tell you what—dice talk." He pulled out the ivories, and four men on the floor actually grinned. "Speak, dice—hand or arm? Hand's mine. Whamo." And the dice naturaled.

"I guess you win. Let 'er go—geez!"

At five o'clock Matthew was working on the fiftieth case, and the first ten, under cover of darkness, were already in the ravine. A runner had gone back to Loeiuilly for more stretcher bearers to help the evacuation. There was a wheezy, sputtering lantern hanging over the table, and Matthew's bedside manner was still hitting 1500 R.P.M.

"Now then, soldier, you've got nothing to lose and everything to gain. We've got nothing for you but hope, and that isn't even disinfected. What do you say?"

"Let 'er go, doc. You're the boss."

And ever and anon when there was an argument the dice flashed and clicked and Matthew took what ought to have been taken. The stained pails were emptied twice and filled again, and still he worked on, fighting neglect and twenty-four hours of infection with nothing but a handful of instruments, a few shots of morphine, cold water, an antitetanus needle and a pair of dice. And the dice did more than anything else to keep up morale, until he slid Joe Guppy on the table. Joe was number ninety-eight, and he practically came in chunks and sections. Matthew looked at his purple face and wiped the sweat from it.

"What's the dope?" Joe didn't open his eyes.

"Bet on Fish Tail in the third at Havre de Grace," said Matthew. "All set?"

"Listen, doc," Joe's lips trembled. "I guess you're a good doc or you wouldn't stay with us boys. If you're goin' to take anything offen me, save your trouble and park me back on the floor. I'm goin' home whole or not at all."

Matthew scratched his chin and reached for the dice. "Throw you for a leg and an arm "

"Nope, I been watchin'. Them dice is loaded. Park me back on the floor or trim me whole."

"Can't do it. You wouldn't stay the night."

"Don't be foolish. I got a lot left. Come on, take a sporting chance, doc. I won't yell no matter what you do—scrape away and clean me up, but don't tie me loose from nothing. I know I'm gettin' rotten, but you ain't goin' to let me go—not with me behind you, you ain't. I aim to get well, whole."

"H'm," said Matthew.

"Get going," said Joe. "Lessen I tell the boys them dice is phony and bust up your whole side show."

"All right, I will; and if you get well I'm a sword swallower."

"O. K. by me."

If Matthew had written up what he did to Joe Guppy, he would have been arrested for malpractice, sent away for twenty years and probably lynched before he got there. Nevertheless he did it with a scalpel, doubtful cold water and his bare hands, plus the brains God had given him. Furthermore he saved a ration of morphine for someone who was more likely to want breakfast in the morning. After it was over, he packed Joe onto the bench and left him there wrapped in a blanket and gasping.

At ten o'clock the sergeant crawled into the dressing station and stood wabbling under the lantern.

"You almost done, doc?"

"Nope; couple hours more."

"Well," said the sergeant, "we been in an' out of town three times since you started an' the party's gettin' rougher."

"Keep goin'. Where are you now?"

"We're up to that hole with the lake in it again—leastwise most of us is. We got two shoo-shoo guns left. You ain't seen no food around, have you? The bunch in the depot is hungry again. They ain't ate since day before yesterday."

"Not a crumb," said Matthew. "Tell 'em I'll get the diner hooked on in the morning somehow."

"All right. I guess that's all. I better get going back. They's some of my guys out in the street waitin' to see you."

"I'll send for 'em."

At midnight Joe Guppy was still breathing. Matthew went over him carefully from head to feet and became slightly interested. Joe opened his eyes when the needle pricked his arm and tried to smile up at Matthew.

"What—I tell yuh?"

"Save it. You need everything you've got." Matthew wrapped his fingers around Joe's wrist and tightened them. "You hang on three more hours for me and I'll do the rest. Got it?" Joe grunted. Matthew lit a cigarette and leaned heavily against the table. Outside he could hear the cold chatter of the two Chaut Chauts and the thump and crack of an occasional grenade. The sergeant was at it again, collecting tickets at the gate. Presently the four stretcher men were back. There were half a dozen casualties left in town and the ravine was being gradually evacuated toward Loeiuilly. At one the sergeant came in with a muddy apparition leaning on his arm. The apparition sank down on the bench and whipped sweaty mud from its face and eyes.

"He wants us t' get out of here," said the sergeant.

The apparition nodded wearily. "I've been looking all over for this gang since five o'clock yesterday." He sighed and leaned his head against the wall. "Get your crowd together, sergeant. Gee, I'm tired."

The sergeant looked doubtfully at Matthew. "He says we're a mile an' a half too far somewhere, but the Heinies ain't found it out yet. He's a captain or sompin."

The captain or sompin crumpled up suddenly and rolled to the floor, snoring. They stood him up and shook him awake.

"Come on," he said. "Get going t' hell out of here."

Matthew looked at Joe Guppy's heaving chest and shrugged. "Well," he said, "the job's finished; all but this one. I guess you better do as he says."

"We can take him with us." The sergeant jerked a thumb at Joe.

Matthew shook his head. "Nope, we can't move him yet. He's got to stay here." The captain's eyes were shut again and he was swaying on his feet. The sergeant reached out his arms, but he slipped through them like a tackling dummy and lay on the floor, snoring again.

"What'll I do?" asked the sergeant. "He ain't told me where he wants us to go yet. He can't stay awake long enough to git it offen his chest." He scratched his head. "The boys outside is pretty comfortable. The last party a couple of 'em went a ways beyond that young lake and grabbed themselves another shoo-shoo we left behind yesterday. If we only had some grub ——"

Matthew knelt beside the snoring captain and lifted him to the table. He sprawled across it like a wet towel. Together they shook him and pinched him, but it was no good. He opened his eyes once more and said, "Come on, get going."

"Well," said the sergeant, "I guess it's up to you, sir."

Matthew looked at his watch and poked his head out the blanketed doorway. "Still dark, and I've got to have another hour at least. I've worked too hard over this boy to lose him now. He's been more trouble than all the rest, but I can pull him through if I stick it." He looked sideways at the sergeant. "What do the boys in the railroad station want to do?"

"They want to get out and eat," said the sergeant, "but they're still takin' orders."

"Well, it's one guy's life against breakfast. I'll roll you for it, sergeant. I want to save this boy. I'm getting fond of him."

The sergeant grinned. "That's fair enough, I guess. But what about this here sleeping beauty?"

"Let him sleep." Matthew picked up the dice. "My bones. I'll take my patient

(Continued on Page 106)

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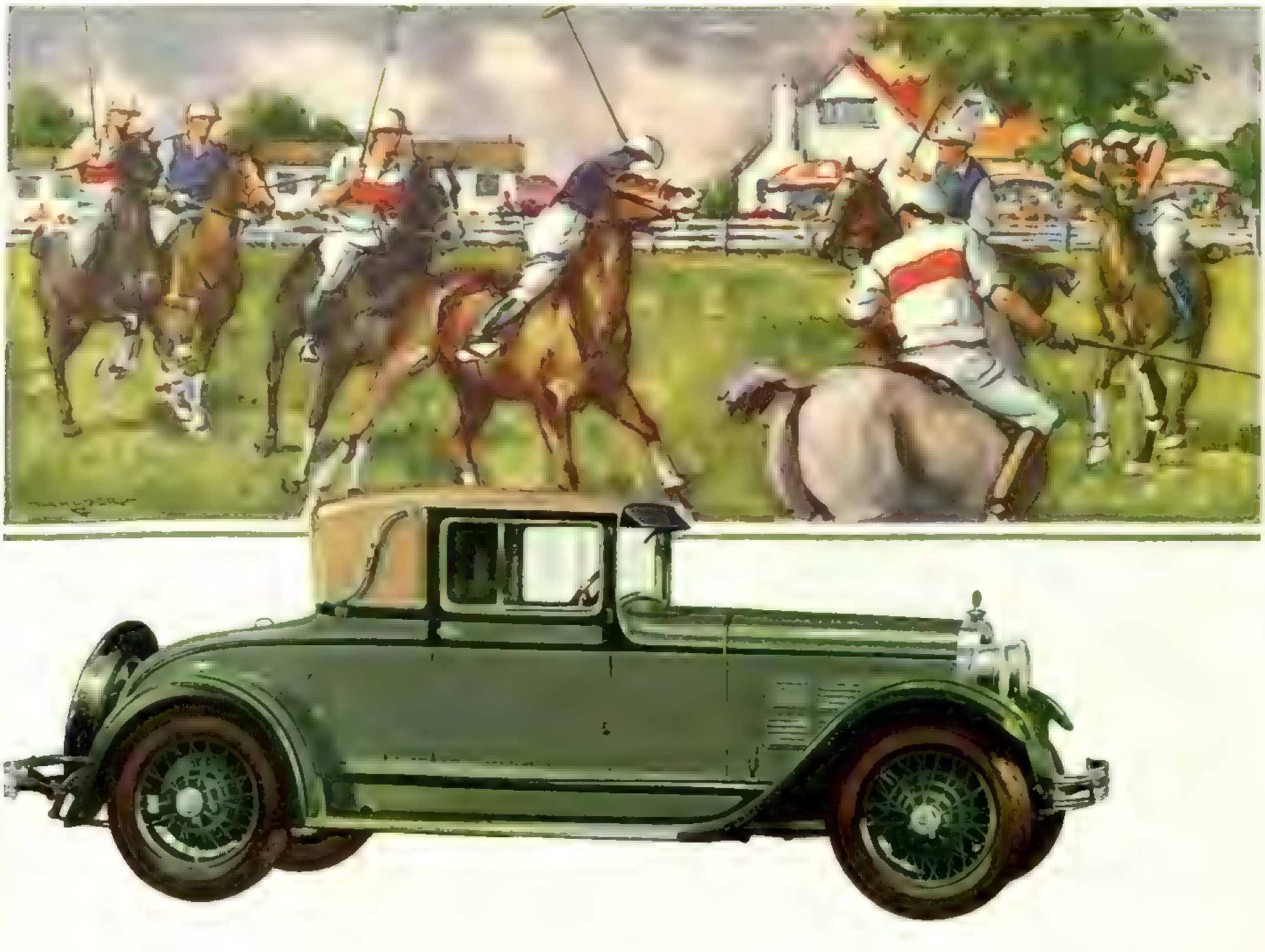

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and fade you the next train out of town. Right?"

"I guess so, sir; only I'll stay, if you say the word, without rolling. I'm gettin' kinda used to it."

Matthew shook his head. "No," he said, "dice talk."

"I guess it'll go better with the boys at that if I tell 'em we rolled for it."

Matthew raised his knuckles to his lips and breathed on them, meanwhile he looked at the sergeant out of the corner of his eye. "Dance, babies. Joe Guppy needs a new pair of hours—whamo!" and the dice showed a four and a three.

The sergeant saluted and went over to the door. At the light-lock he turned around. "I'll hang on till daylight," he said.

When he had gone, Matthew walked around the sleeping captain and leaned over Joe Guppy again. His breath was rattling and rasping in his chest and his face was green in the flickering lantern light, but his lips tried to smile.

"Thanks, doc," he groaned.

"Shut up. You've got two hours more to fight before I can go to work on you again, and if you haven't done your job by then, we're going to leave you, because you're not going to be any use to us."

"I'll do it."

"Listen," said Matthew. "Those dice are as phony as hell. If it'll help you any, I didn't stack them that time. They rolled a cold natural just the same. If that does you any good, take it for what it's worth."

Joe grunted, "I—guess—they're—for me. Feel—better—already."

"Shut up!"

Something crashed overhead and the cellar lurched mightily, like a small boat in breakers. Splinters and gravel showered down and a thick, choking dust rose from the littered floor. Matthew went to the doorway. Something ripped into red flame and flying cobbles not twenty yards away. He ducked back inside.

It was sometime around three A.M. that the P. C. on the road behind Loeiuilly woke up to the fact that something was radically rotten in Denmark. The brigadier traced the little red lines out on his map and called mightily upon Mahoum's checked pants to aid him. There was a hole through Barlieu-St. Agnant, between himself and the French, big enough to take the North Atlantic fleet, and it had been there since 3:45 the day before, for all anyone knew to the contrary. At about the same time the brigadier found it out the French P. C. to the left and rear of Barlieu tumbled to it also. After that things stirred furiously in the gray light of early morning, and it was decided that if Paris was not already holding a session of the Reichstag it would be a great idea to have an old home week in Barlieu immediately.

The French got there first, just as the sergeant and the boys from the depot made the town pump for the sixth time in something under nothing flat. They poured through the ravine in three waves, half a dozen yards behind their barrage, and came abreast of the slag pile as two battalions of the 248th crossed the Loeiuilly-Barlieu-St. Agnant road and crawled into the powdered glass of the late hothouses in the lower part of town. Together they went on beyond the railroad station and the town pump and brought up twenty minutes later on a line between the sugar factory and the railroad embankment a quarter of a mile nearer Nuces les Champs. The sergeant wiped a hand across his forehead and stretched. "Here's breakfast," he said.

A French brigadier stumbled into the dressing station presently with the sergeant at his heels.

"*Mon dieu.*" He made to throw his arms about Matthew. "You have saved us, *mon colonel.* It is a glorious thing!"

Matthew pushed him away and pointed to Joe Guppy. "Shut up," he hissed; "he's sleeping."

"But with so few men—and a *médecin* at that—it is unbelievable—all through the night."

"You get the hell out of here before I throw you out!"

"But no," said the Frenchman. "He is mad." With a great gesture he removed the Grand Order of the Star of Upper Silesia, with palms, fronds and coconuts, or something of that kind, from his tunic and pressed it into Matthew's hands. "It is so—that France repays!"

Matthew stared at it while the brigadier crawled into the next cellar to set up his P. C.

"I guess they wanted this joint badly," said the sergeant, "the way they came for it, runnin' and yellin'. Well, they can have it. I want some grub."

Matthew grinned and tossed the decoration to him. "You take it," he said; "you worked for it."

The sergeant looked at it and dangled it between his fingers. "Maybe he'll come back for it later; he was kinda excited."

"Keep it until he wants it."

The sergeant shook his head. "Not me, sir. The M. P.'s 'd grab me. You gotta have papers with it. And besides the boys in the depot'll crown me if they see me with this and no grub."

Joe Guppy opened his eyes. "I—guess I could eat a little m'self."

The sergeant looked at him. "Look," he said. "We was hangin' onto this burg so that bloke could get well; le's give it to him. He can't help himself." He leaned down and pinned the cross on Joe's blanket.

The snoring captain stopped snoring and flopped suddenly to the floor. He bounced up and rubbed his eyes. "Come on, sergeant. Get your gang together. We've got to get out of here. I've been looking for you since five o'clock yesterday."

"O. K.," said the sergeant. He saluted and looked at Matthew. "I'll send you a couple of boys to bring the war hero along with us." He nodded at Joe and went out.

An hour later they were in Loeiuilly once more. Matthew packed Joe in an am' ulance and rode back with him. At Le Moûtier he put in another hour over him with clean instruments.

After it was over he slept the clock around and went in to see Joe once more before he left.

"I wanta thank you, doc. You're a white man. I ain't no piano player nor no fancy dancer, but I sure did hate to get clipped up."

"You're not going to be now."

"I know it, and I wanta tell you that if you ever get to Buffalo, you just ask for Joe Guppy's cab at the station. They all know me there and I ain't a-goin' to have you riding with nobody else. It ain't safe. Some of the chances those guys take is too slim for me."

Years later Matthew sat across from an ex-brigadier at dinner one evening.

"You were in France yourself, doctor. You must have got some idea, even behind the lines."

"I was at Base 216," said Matthew. "South of Rennes."

The ex-brigadier smiled. "Too far back, I'm afraid. I was speaking of the Barlieu-St. Agnant fight in April. We worked for forty-eight hours to correct someone's mistake at Barlieu. Ghastly tactical error somewhere, but my brigade stood up nobly at the crisis."

A young girl on his left touched his wrist with her fingers. "Do tell us about it, general."

The ex-brigadier looked at Matthew. "You haven't heard of Barlieu?"

Matthew put his glass down and shook his head.

"No," he said. "Do tell us what happened at Barlieu."

The general tapped the cloth with his forefinger. "Well," he said, "it was like this ——"

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THE BEAUTIFUL OLD BOAT

(Continued from Page 23)

It was ripped in several places. The rim and the crystal and the minute hand of her handsome clock were gone. Her lamps had been knocked about a bit; indeed, one of them seemed to have lost a lens on the way home from the garage where he had bought her. What if he had traded a perfectly good flivver and twenty-five dollars for a car that was shot?

What if that piston slap developed into a broken connecting rod? Or the rear axle went bad without pausing to hum? Or the transmission? Or the electrical system? He doubted if you could get parts in New York, and even if you could, a new Valencia rear end would probably cost as much as a brand-new Becker six all complete, with a spare tire and tube and a stop light and an automatic windshield wiper.

Johnny got into the driver's seat, put the gear in neutral, and pulled the choke and gave the starting pedal a gingerly push with his foot.

There was a click, a rumble, a bell-like clang, and the motor began to turn over—swish, swish, swish. With a roar the engine caught. Johnny grinned happily. After all, she had class and she had power.

He went to work to brighten her up. He washed her and polished her; he spread metal polish on her brass work and rubbed and rubbed; he shook and beat her carpets. She came out of it amazingly. And when he succeeded in getting her trick top down and strapped in the top irons, Johnny felt that she didn't look half as old as she was.

He drove her over to Wilton, where he had a new piece of road to inspect. He proceeded slowly, getting used to the gate shift and the right-hand drive and the way she took the gas. She steered hard and her foot brake didn't stop her as well as he would have liked, but she seemed to be all right essentially. When he had finished his work, Johnny drove up to a gas station and asked the man to fill up the tank. It cost eight dollars and forty cents.

He had promised to call for Anne at a quarter past twelve, and she had promised to be ready and waiting. He had warned her that if they started any later they would not reach Poughkeepsie by three o'clock, when the first race was to start.

Johnny got home at noon, after learning that no garage in Fairport had lenses to fit the Valencia's big head lamps, took eleven minutes to change his clothes, and drove over to the Merrills'. Anne was out on the front steps with a tea basket. At the sight of her, Johnny forgot what he was doing and neglected to shift gears as he slowed down, and stalled the beautiful old boat.

The last four times he had seen Anne she had made him forget everything else in the world. And each time he had felt that she knew how he felt and welcomed his feeling that way. He hadn't kissed her. But he was sure that she knew he was going to. He was sure that she knew he was going to do it today. Indeed, he suspected that she understood that he had planned this expedition less out of an enthusiasm for the intercollegiate boat races than for the sake of being alone with her for as many hours as possible. She was an understanding girl.

But now she laughed. "Johnny," she said, and waved her hand at the beautiful old boat, "wherever did you get it?"

Johnny felt that she regarded the Valencia as a joke. He climbed out from behind the wheel and picked up the tea basket and put it in the tonneau.

"I traded my flivver for it," he said stiffly.

"Do you really think it will last all the way to Poughkeepsie and back?"

"I expect it to last for several years," Johnny said, in a tone that implied that he knew about these things and she didn't.

Anne slipped into the front seat of the Valencia and sank back into the luxurious depths of the cushions.

"Pretty comfortable, isn't it?" Johnny said.

"Quite," Anne said. She turned and shaded her eyes with her hand and looked at the back seats. There was about ten feet between the front and the back. "H'm!" she said.

"H'm what?" Johnny said, beginning to be irritated

"It's such a lot of car for just the two of us," Anne said. "Are you taking some other people?"

Johnny climbed aboard and slipped down behind the wheel and grinned. "You jolly well know I'm not taking anybody but you," he said, and pressed the starter pedal.

Anne put her fingers in her ears in mock alarm at the ensuing sounds. Johnny shifted rapidly through the gears and the beautiful old boat gathered speed.

"You can't kid me about the noise," Johnny said. "I like the sound of her." He kicked the cut-out open. The Valencia responded with a throbbing drum beat that rose to a roar. The Valencia thundered up a small Connecticut hill as she had once thundered over the Alps and the Pyrenees.

"You see," he yelled to Anne, "she's still there!"

Anne nodded, holding her hat with one hand.

Going down the hill the Valencia felt a little too much like a runaway locomotive. Johnny gripped the wheel with both hands and pushed hard on the foot brake. For the first hundred yards the foot brake seemed to have no effect. When the car slowed down a bit, Johnny realized that the foot brake was stuck. He kicked the pedal, but that didn't free it. When the car finally came to a stop at the foot of the next hill, Johnny got out and crawled underneath.

The foot brake was on a big drum around the propeller shaft, with a roller chain operating the brake band. Unfortunately, the brake band was worn away, and this let the chain too far into the housing, so it caught. Johnny found a stone and knocked it loose.

"Is it coming apart?" Anne asked solicitously, as he climbed aboard.

"Don't be silly," Johnny said. "I expected to find a few little things the matter. But you wait till I get her rolling and then see if you feel so snooty about her."

The foot brake stuck again the next time he used it. Johnny got out and knocked it loose and decided to depend, for the rest of the trip, on the emergency brake. After all, the Valencia's emergency wasn't a mere parking brake, built to use only when the car was standing still; that long lever, connected by a wire cable to expanding shoes on the rear wheels, had been designed to hold the car going down the Alps and the Pyrenees.

It was a bit difficult to hold the Valencia straight with his left hand while he used the emergency brake with his right hand, but he did it. He got her to rolling too. She rolled grandly uphill and downhill and around curves across Fairfield County into Westchester at eighty kilometers an hour. She rolled himself and Anne farther and farther from that insistent crowd of young men in Fairport who had so far prevented him from seeing her alone for more than three minutes at a stretch. The only trouble was that he was so busy driving the beautiful old boat that he could not make as much use of the opportunity as he had planned. Anne's hand lay on the arm of the seat between them. If he had been driving the flivver he would have put his hand on hers. But when the Valencia got to rolling he had to use both hands. He couldn't risk trying to hold Anne's hand. He couldn't even talk freely. He could only steal glances at the charming curve of Anne's cheek, the charming roundness of Anne's knees.

They were within ten miles of Poughkeepsie when they came to a detour that led them, by way of a narrow country road, around one of the countless lakes that store the water supply of New York City. Johnny noted this sylvan prospect and he had an idea.

"What time is it?" he asked Anne.

It was a quarter past two.

"What do you say we stop long enough at the first shady place to eat our lunch?"

"Let's," Anne said.

The road wound downhill. Johnny took his foot off the gas as they rounded a sharp curve, and he saw another and a sharper curve ahead. There was a car coming—a big sedan. Johnny judged, in the intuitive way that drivers of cars do judge such things, that they would pass that car on the peak of the curve. The road was barely wide enough for two cars to pass, and the people who drive on country roads have a bad habit of making you give them room. In this case there was no room to give. At Johnny's right, at the edge of the roadway, was an old wooden fence—a single rail designed to remind you that the bank dropped away thirty or forty feet to the lake. Johnny reached for the Valencia's long brake lever, pulled it tight, the ratchet clicking, and just as he felt the brake shoes take hold, something snapped. The brake lever hung useless in his hand.

The Valencia had felt like a locomotive before. Now it felt like a locomotive with a train of freight cars behind it, as it sped downhill toward the too-narrow space between the oncoming sedan and the flimsy fence that guarded the drop into the lake. He thought: "I can't hit that sedan because Anne is on that side of the car, and I can't go through the fence, because if I do, the car will roll over and over down that bank, and it isn't properly registered—I forgot to send the notice of transfer, and these plates call for a flivver."

The next instant he felt his right front wheel catch in the soft shoulder of the road. The sedan was precisely abeam. Johnny tugged sharply at the wheel trying to swing her over onto the road past the rear wheels of the sedan. But the Valencia was on her way. She crashed through the fence, poised for one shocking instant on the edge of the forty-foot drop while Johnny tugged at her wheel to throw her around, and dived straight down through the sumac bushes.

Johnny tried desperately to hold her straight, so she wouldn't roll over as she crashed through the bushes. He saw Anne tumbling out as though in a slow-motion picture. The door beside her had fallen open and she had fallen through it. Her legs were still in the car; her head and shoulders outside it. She was scrambling madly to get free. She got free.

"Are you hurt?" he yelled, as the car went on down the slope.

"Not a bit!" she cried.

The car came to a full stop at the water's edge, caught by a tangle of grapevines. Johnny jumped out and ran to her. Anne had got to her feet. She was grinning a little shakily. She looked pretty scared as she stood on the steep slope and clung to a sumac bush to keep herself upright.

"Anne!" he cried, and put his arms around her. She leaned against him, trembling. He kissed her. For one fraction of a second she yielded to him and then they were scrambling up the bank together.

The sedan had stopped. Its occupants still sat staring at the place where the Valencia had been. Johnny put his arm around Anne.

"Are you really all right?" he asked.

"Really," she said, looking down. "I only barked my shin." A little trickle of blood ran down on her torn stocking.

The driver of the sedan and a large woman, his wife obviously, came toward them with white faces.

"Oh," the woman cried, "I didn't dare look! I thought of course you were both killed. And when you came up that bank alive ——"

The woman sat down suddenly in the middle of the road, quite dizzy with fright. Her husband picked her up. They offered to take Anne and Johnny to a hospital. But Anne and Johnny disclaimed any need of a hospital.

"I'll tell you what you could do," Johnny said. "You could ask the first garage that has a wrecker with a winch to hurry down here. They'll have to have a winch to haul the car out of there. They can't tow it up that bank."

The man leaned over the bank and looked at the Valencia. "I'll say they'll need a winch," he said, and got into his car and motioned to his wife to do the same.

"He's in a hurry to get out of here before anybody comes along and we decide to blame him for the accident," Johnny whispered to Anne.

"He did crowd you," Anne said.

"I can't argue it with him," Johnny explained. "My registration calls for a flivver."

When the sedan had gone they looked at each other and laughed shakily, as people do when they begin to realize that they have just escaped annihilation.

"We'd better eat our lunch," Anne said.

Johnny scrambled down the bank and got the tea basket, and saw that the Valencia was all right unless her front axle was slightly bent. There was a large rock across the road. Anne spread out the contents of the basket on the rock. She offered him sandwiches.

Johnny shook his head. "I can't eat just yet," he said. He looked at her. "Do you mean to say that you aren't sore or scared or anything?"

Anne laughed. She was still a little pale, but she laughed. "I was never so scared in my life," she said. "I was sure that car was going to roll over on top of me. That's why I scrambled so to get clear. But it's all right now."

Johnny tried to light a cigarette. His hands trembled so that it took three matches. "All I've got to say," he began—"all I've got to say is that you—you are the best sport of any girl I ever met."

"After all," Anne said.

Johnny remembered that after all the Valencia was not seriously damaged and he was at last alone with Anne, and he had kissed her—although he wasn't sure that she had meant it. He took a sandwich and sat down on the rock beside Anne.

A flivver came chugging down the road.

"Damn," Johnny said.

The man in the flivver eyed them. He was so interested in looking at a young man and a pretty girl having a tête-à-tête luncheon together that he almost failed to notice the gap in the fence through which the Valencia had passed. But he did not fail. He stopped his car and got out and walked over to the edge of the bank and gazed at the Valencia. He came over to their rock and asked them how it happened and whether they needed any help and what kind of a car it was and where they were from. Johnny answered his questions briefly, and hoped he would be satisfied before anyone else came along to join the party. But he had no such luck. Another flivver came chugging down the road and the whole process had to be gone through again.

In ten minutes there were four cars drawn up beside the road while their occupants surveyed the scene and asked questions and told Anne and Johnny how lucky they were not to get killed and how foolish it was to drive fast and just how the accidents they had been in had occurred. In half an hour there were cars all over the place, and a large family had walked down the road from the nearest farmhouse to spend the afternoon. Everybody came from the surrounding countryside—everybody except the wrecking crew.

The sedan that had crowded them returned with the news that the wrecking truck would be along as soon as the crew had finished another job they had. The

(Continued on Page 112)

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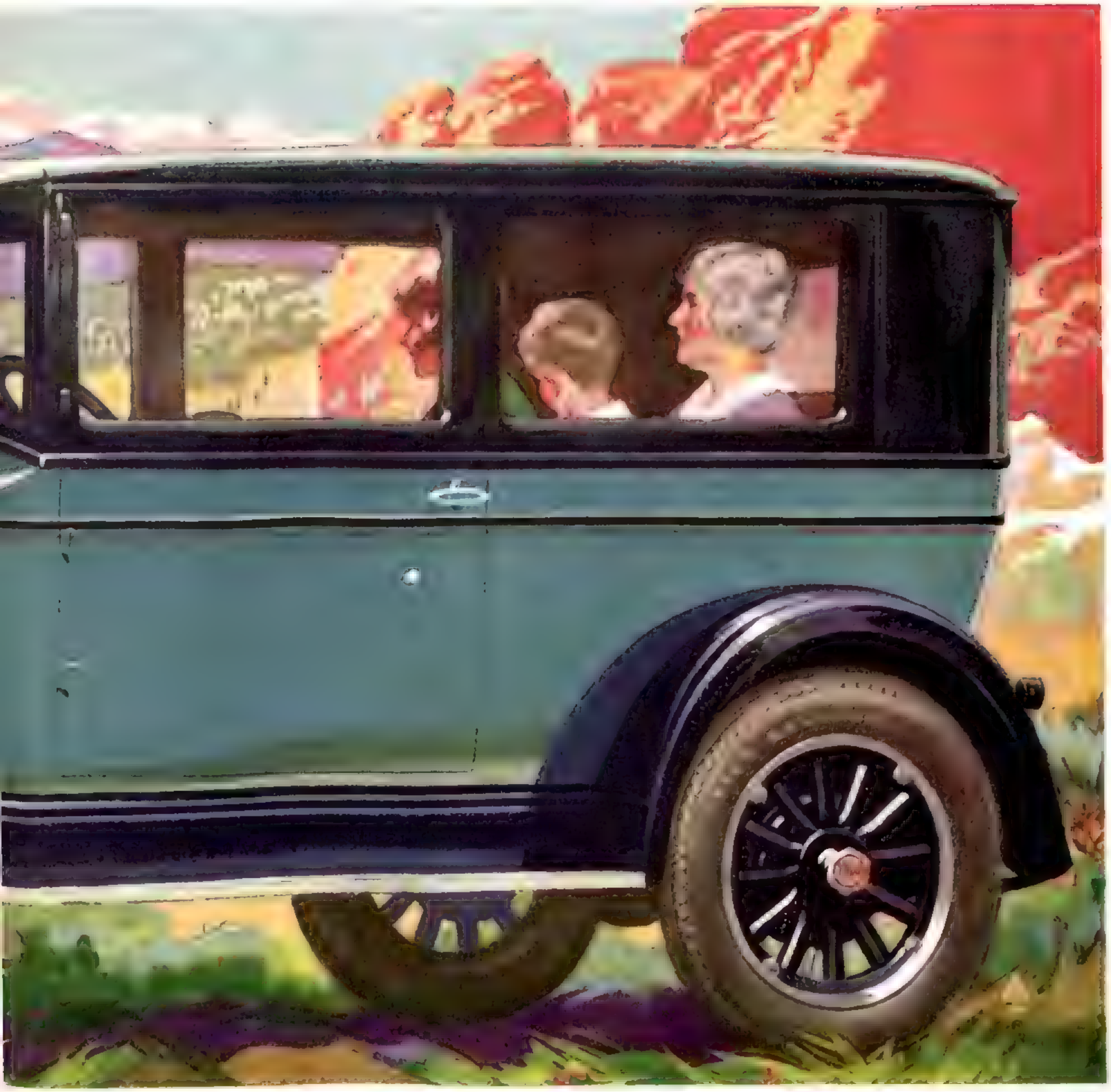
Fifteen months ago the claims of superiority made for the Whippet seemed startling, revolutionary—almost unbelievable. Today over 125,000 owners know that those statements have been more than amply justified.

Such characteristic Whippet advantages as greater gasoline mileage, Bendix 4-wheel brakes, low center of gravity, increased roominess, higher speed and livelier pickup, that so definitely keep the Whippet far in the lead in light car design, have been put to the acid test of more than 400,000,000 miles of driving.

It is important to remember Whippet's *proved superiority* at this time. For although other makers may strive to emulate Whippet's example, it is only after so extensive and continuous a demo any motor car can and lasting public c

Drive a Whippet, test appearance and study fort and convenience, to one conclusion on unmistakable value-



WHIPPET AT ENTRANCE TO GARDEN OF THE GODS (COLORADO)

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nstration of value that hope to merit complete onfidence.

its performance, judge its its features of safety, com- Comparison can lead you ly: Whippet remains the leader among light cars!

Whippet

COACH $625

with 4 wheel brakes

F. O. B. FACTORY

Whippet—Coach $625; Touring $625; Roadster $695; Cabriolet Coupe $745; Coupe $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755. (Also Whippet Six—Coach $795; Touring $765, Roadster $825, Coupe $795, Cabriolet Coupe $875, Sedan $875, Landau $925.) Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Prices f. o. b. factory. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

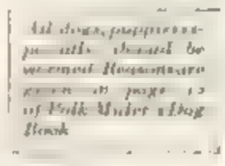
your dog

Sergeant Major "Jiggs"
of the U. S. Marines

One of the most carefully tended of dogs was "Jiggs," rated as full Sergeant Major in the U. S. Marines. The whole Corps was at his service. He had his uniforms, his quarters and attendants. Thanks to Sergeant's Dog Medicines, his "active service" was prolonged to the ripe old age of eighteen years, an example of what good care and proper treatment will do.

Keep Your Dog Well

Your dog can have as expert care as "Jiggs." In "Jiggs'" kit was a famous book on dog diseases and their treatment. A copy will be sent to you on request. Moreover, it is an easy matter for you to get the same safe and effective remedies that were used on this famous dog.



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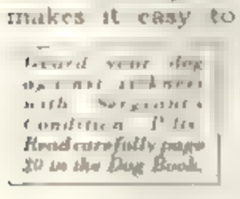
Polk Miller's Dog Book is the result of fifty years' experience in caring for dogs and treating their diseases. Each year the book is revised by our staff of veterinarians and kept up-to-date. In clear, non-technical language, it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. A unique symptom Chart makes it easy to diagnose your dog's ailments. This book has saved the lives of countless valuable animals. You are urged to write for a copy. Mailed free to any address.



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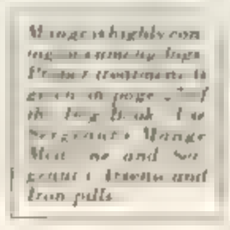
If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, write to us at once. State fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our own skilled veterinarian and his staff will answer personally. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent you promptly without charge.


Mange is highly contagious. Read treatment given on page of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Tonic and Iron pills.

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
A medicine for every dog ailment

Write for FREE Sample of our No-Tar Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

(Continued from Page 109)

fat woman got out and told a succession of interested listeners how brave Anne was.

"Why," she said, "they didn't either of them scream or yell or anything. They just went over that terrible bank and I heard the car crashing down to the lake, and I said to my husband, 'Ben, I just can't bear to look; they'll be so mangled,' and I hadn't any more'n said it, maybe a minute or so, when they came scrambling up the bank alive. And she"—the fat woman pointed to Anne—"she was laughing."

The audience stared at Anne and each repeated the fat woman's story to his neighbor. Johnny fumed as the crowd increased. Anne tried to soothe him down. But he got tireder and tireder of answering the same questions. When, for the second time, a woman spectator asked him if he had been in his car when it went over the bank, Johnny lost his suavity.

"No," he replied bitterly, "of course I wasn't in it. I was running alongside."

"You'll offend them, Johnny," Anne whispered in his ear as the woman gave him a dirty look.

"I feel like offending them," Johnny said. "I didn't come here to collect a crowd."

Anne giggled.

"Damn it," he continued, "they'll be selling pop and hot-dogs next. You'd think a car had never run off the road before. And we've waited two hours for that wrecking truck."

It was three hours before the wrecking car, with a crew of three men, arrived. They studied the situation with the leisurely air of experts and debated how to anchor the wrecking truck so they could pull the Valencia out with the winch. They decided to drop a chain around the big rock on which Johnny and Anne sat. When the truck was anchored to their satisfaction, they ran a wire cable down the bank and hooked onto one of the Valencia's rear-spring horns.

Two men at the winch managed to drag the car back several yards. But the moment they tried to raise her up the almost perpendicular bank, she was more than the three of them could handle. They paused to rest while volunteers from the crowd pried the Valencia's low-hanging tie rod over stones and chopped away grapevines and sumac bushes. Then her engine pan dug into the earth. Half a dozen men sweated with crowbars, getting planks under her wheels so she would ride high enough to clear. After two hours she hung almost perpendicular on the bank. The thirty or forty gallons of gas in her tank ran out through the top of the vacuum tank on her dash and sprayed over the engine. Johnny suppressed a momentary impulse to toss a lighted match into that spray and have it all over with. After three hours of prying and hauling they got the beautiful old boat on the road.

"Now," the boss wrecker said, "let's dry off that engine and see if she'll start." He took cloths and sopped up the gasoline that filled the pockets in her cylinder head.

Johnny got in and pressed the starter pedal. There was a click, a rumble, a bell-like clang, but no swish, swish, swish. The engine wouldn't turn over. The wrecking crew examined the starting apparatus.

"Look!" the boss wrecker cried, as he leaned over the hood. "There's no spring on that starter gear. She's got an electro-magnet to draw the starter gear in."

When the boss and his crew had satisfied their curiosity as to the Valencia's various gadgets and had an argument about whether she was a Spanish, a French or an Italian car, they hooked onto the Valencia with their truck and hauled her down the road until she started.

Johnny found that it took all his strength to steer her, but he managed to drive her the four miles to the garage. There they put an oxyacetylene torch on the tie rod, heated it red-hot, and bent it back approximately to its original shape. By nine o'clock they had the cable on the emergency brake hooked up.

"Well, Anne?" Johnny said.

"Do you want to try to drive it back to Fairport?"

"Of course I do," Johnny said. "It'll be moonlight."

"It's fifty miles," Anne said.

"Let's try it," Johnny urged. He still hadn't had any chance to be alone with her.

"All right," Anne said, "I'm game to try it."

Johnny gave the garageman a check for forty dollars, bought ten gallons of gas, and then the crew pushed the Valencia down the road until she started. He hadn't driven far before he discovered that she still required a lot of strength to steer, and the emergency brake wasn't tight enough to stop her in any reasonable distance, and the horn wouldn't work, and the battery was so far gone that he had practically no lights at all, but he drove on.

He drove slowly and more slowly as it got fully dark. When he drove slowly he had to drive in second speed, because the foot brake was stuck again and it was too dark to see anything under the car and he didn't dare light a match under a chassis that dripped gasoline. The stuck foot brake had just enough power to slow up the car. It forced him to go up ordinary hills in first. He went down them in third, for the braking effect. The Valencia simply refused to carry on in fourth speed on the level. Apparently her fourth speed hadn't been designed for anything less than forty miles an hour.

At intervals Anne lit a cigarette for him. But they did not talk. The Valencia took too much driving for Johnny to talk and Anne seemed to be preoccupied with her own thoughts. It began to rain gently but persistently, so it didn't seem to be moonlight.

"Shall we stop and put up the top?" Johnny asked.

"No," Anne said, "I'd rather get home an hour sooner."

After two hours Anne spoke again. "Do you know," she said, "I'm afraid this car is burning up. There's a lot of smoke coming up through the floor boards."

It was true; there was a lot of smoke. Johnny had been peering too hard, trying to see past the blinding lights of other cars with the aid of dim lamps, to note it. He stopped the Valencia and held the clutch in.

"It's that damned brake," he said. "It's stuck, and running with it stuck makes enough heat to burn off the remains of the lining and the oil."

Johnny got down and looked underneath. But he couldn't see anything. The brake wasn't red-hot, he reasoned, or it would glow in the dark. He drove on, climbing a slight rise in first speed.

Johnny had begun to get a little impatient with the Valencia. She took so much driving. His shoulders ached. He wanted to apologize to Anne, but he couldn't think of any apology that would sound adequate. He was afraid she was getting sore. He decided to stick to his driving.

"Do you know where we are?" Anne asked suddenly.

"Not precisely," Johnny admitted.

Anne held her wrist under the dim dash light that was supposed to light the instruments in the Valencia's enormous cowl.

"It's half-past twelve," she announced. "It's three or four hours since we left that garage."

"We could hardly have come less than thirty or forty miles in that time," Johnny said.

"Oh, couldn't we!" Anne said.

They stopped at the next crossroads and Anne got out and looked at the signboards. Johnny didn't dare get out. He was afraid if he took his foot off the gas the engine might stop, and if it stopped he couldn't start it again.

"The sign says it's seven miles to Ridgefield," Anne reported.

"Ridgefield is only fifteen or sixteen miles from home," Johnny said.

"Say a three hours' drive," Anne said.

Johnny did not reply. He would have liked to stop the car and put his arms around her and park her head on his shoulder. But it hardly seemed the moment for that. He drove down a long, mean hill in second speed, hugging the ditch at his right. At the bottom of the hill he managed to get her into third. She chugged along across a flat in third. Suddenly the lights went out. Johnny stopped the car. He was quite impatient with the Valencia. There wasn't a light in sight anywhere. Anne said nothing. Johnny heard a car coming. He jumped out and ran back. A car coming down that hill behind them and across the flat at forty miles an hour wouldn't see the Valencia in time—not when she had no tail light. Johnny flagged the oncoming car. It swerved and went on. Johnny walked slowly back to the Valencia.

"Johnny," Anne said, and for the first time she sounded frightened, "this car is burning up. Look at that."

The fuse box in the cowl was a white blaze of light in the darkness. Johnny stood there and peered over the Valencia's rail at the burning fuse box.

"Why don't you do something about it?" Anne cried.

"Do?" Johnny said. "What is there to do?"

Anne burst into tears. Johnny reached in and put his arm around her. She rested her head on his shoulder. But Johnny did not really enjoy the moment. He could feel that Anne was in no mood to be kissed.

"There," he said soothingly, "there. We're all right."

"All right!" Anne cried. "We're miles from home—miles from anywhere—and it's three o'clock in the morning—and we're in an old wreck of a car that has no lights and no starter and no horn and no brakes—except when you're going uphill—and you say you don't know what to do, but we're all right! I'm cold and wet and hungry and tired and scared, and you're crazy. And I just won't sit in a crazy car with a crazy man any longer."

Johnny heard another car coming behind them. He ran back, hoping not only to prevent it from hitting the Valencia but to stop it and ask help from the driver. The car came down on Johnny so fast that he barely had time to jump out of the way. It didn't stop. Instead of stopping, the driver put on the gas. Like most drivers, he was taking no chances on a lonely road after midnight.

Johnny walked doggedly back to the Valencia. As he approached the car the tail light miraculously came on. One by one the headlights and the dash light came on. But the engine had stopped. Johnny tried pushing the car. By exerting all his strength, he could move her. He got Anne to put her in high gear while he pushed and she let in the clutch. He sweated, but he did it. He got that engine to roaring again.

"Hurray!" Johnny cried. "We're off!"

Anne said nothing. He drove on. The lights went on and off at intervals. When they went off he stopped the car as quickly as he could. When they went on he proceeded slowly. After an hour and a half they reached Ridgefield.

"Now," Anne said, "take me to a telephone. I'm going to call up our chauffeur."

Johnny drove down the broad, silent, dark Main Street of Ridgefield and back without seeing a light. He turned back again, hoping to see at least a light in an upstairs window that would justify him in ringing a doorbell. But he saw none. The third time he tried to turn around in the street the front wheels hit the curb and the engine stalled. The lights promptly went out. The Valencia's long length lay across the right-hand side of the street with no lights. For a minute Johnny just sat there. He was about through.

"Well?" Anne said.

A flivver came chugging down the street. Johnny got out and flagged it. The driver was young enough to stop and help. With his aid Johnny pushed the car again until he got her started. He asked his benefactor where he could find a place with a telephone, that was open.

(Continued on Page 114)

RUGS
A RUG FOR EVERY ROOM

The Magic Rug of the Twentieth Century

MAGIC – because they take the drudgery out of housework—they are cleaned with a few whisks of a damp mop.

MAGIC – because their enamel-like surface, built on a waterproof felt base, makes them wear, and wear, and wear.

MAGIC – because they lie flat without fastening.

MAGIC – because enormous production makes it possible to buy them in a variety of patterns and colors, in room sizes, from $6 to $18.

If every woman knew what every present owner knows, every house would have a Bird's Neponset Rug.

If any salesman says, "It's Bird's"—that's really all you need to know. Look for the patented red wax back.

For cleanliness, beauty, and economy, you owe it to yourself to use Bird's Neponset Rugs or Floor Covering in every room of your home.

ROOFS
A ROOF FOR EVERY BUILDING

Beneath the Magic Rug extends a landscape dotted with Bird's Roofs.

Pleasant homes are roofed with Bird's Asphalt Shingles in all their delightful color variations of Art-Blende, Green, Blue-Black, or Red.

Farm buildings, warehouses, and industrial plants are roofed with "Good Old Paroid."

There is a Bird Roof within the reach of everyone who is going to build or repair.

These roofs meet the modern demand for:

WATERPROOF ROOFS—made with time-defying asphalt.

SAFE ROOFS—they do not catch fire from falling sparks.

HANDSOME ROOFS—surfaced with colorful crushed slate.

DEPENDABLE ROOFS—132 years of manufacturing experience are back of them. There is a Bird Dealer near you who will help you select a suitable roof, or our advice is at your service.

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BIRD'S

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

Nightmare of a Motorist who has been driving with brakes that won't hold

IN the wee small hours of the night, when everything is dreary and lonesome and black, he remembers that it isn't always the other fellow who bumps another car in line; that traffic cops have bitter and embarrassing tongues; that lookers-on laugh and call dumbbell; that judges can humiliate; that fines cost money; and friends can be unmerciful in their kidding. And he resolves to let Rusco save him from such embarrassments.

Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. For instance, after a test of its stopping qualities, Mr. Gerald J. Buckley of 2515 Boston Blvd., W, Detroit, Mich. made this statement, "I stopped my Buick with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 14 feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 21 feet quicker than police require, and is a practical guarantee of safety.

Brakes when WET, too!

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It holds in wet weather just as well as in dry. To prove this, compare the stopping distance of a Rusco-lined car with that of a car lined with ordinary lining. Before making this test, turn the hose on the brake lining of both cars.

Rusco mechanics are trained brake men. They use special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper counter-sinking of rivet heads. They know how to *adjust* brakes expertly, not just by taking up on the rods. Proper adjustment helps prevent skidding.

Costs you no more

Rusco repair men pay more for Rusco than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They make less money, but give you a safer job.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. They are the chief safety device on your car. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Chatham, Ontario.

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Transmission Lining for Fords: SS, the smooth start, smooth stop lining that prevents chatter; Truckbestos for trucks. A type for every purpose.
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RUSSELL MFG. CO., Dept. E-16
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Send to me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station.

☐ For trade information, check here, attach to your letter or billhead and mail.

Name .....
Street
City State

(Continued from Page 112)

"Boy," said the other, "you won't find any telephone in this town at this time of night except the one up the street on a pole."

Johnny ran the Valencia up the street and found the pole. The telephone was in a wooden box. Johnny found a nickel and Anne called up the chauffeur.

They sat in the car waiting. There was nowhere else to wait. They did not speak for ten minutes. It didn't rain hard; it just drizzled. Johnny couldn't stand it any longer. He had to say something.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. It sounded ineffectual. It seemed especially ineffectual when, after five minutes, Anne had made no reply. "I was a damned fool," he finished.

"You certainly are," Anne said.

Johnny would have liked to wring her neck. He knew that she was justly annoyed with him, but it made him mad nevertheless. He would have liked to kick the Valencia too. But it does so little good to kick a five-thousand-pound car, with fenders as thick as boiler plate and the running gear of a truck.

A pair of lights came down the broad street and drew up beside the Valencia. It was a Becker six coupé. The Merrills' chauffeur hopped out and touched his cap.

"I brought your car, Miss Merrill," he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"If you'll take Miss Merrill home," Johnny said, "I think I can get home all right."

"Isn't that a Valencia, sir?" the chauffeur asked.

Johnny admitted that it was.

"Perhaps I could drive it, sir," the chauffeur said. "I've driven them a lot on the other side."

"She has no brakes and the battery won't turn the engine over and her lights go on and off and her horn won't work," Johnny said.

"I could follow you and Miss Merrill, sir."

"Do follow us, O'Brien," Anne said. She turned to Johnny. "Come on and drive me home."

Johnny wanted to say he'd be damned if he would ride another yard with her. But he couldn't quite do it when the chauffeur was there.

"Very well," he said.

Anne got into the passenger's seat of the little Becker coupé.

"You'd better drive," Johnny said.

"I want you to drive," Anne said.

Johnny got in behind the wheel. The chauffeur got into the Valencia. The small Becker engine purred like a kitten. Johnny drove. Johnny found you could steer the Becker with a touch and stop it with another touch.

Everything worked. It made him mad, it was so easy. Anne found a cigarette and lit it and put it between his lips. The little coupé ran on.

"You're sore, aren't you?" Anne said.

"So are you," Johnny said.

"I was," Anne admitted. "But I'm not any more. I got it out of my system."

"I haven't," Johnny said.

"Do it," Anne said. "Tell me I'm a bum sport. Swear at me. Call me names. Say all the things you're thinking. Then you'll be all right again."

Johnny shook his head. He'd be damned if he would. The more he thought about what a day he had given her the sorer he was at her. The better the little Becker six behaved the more he hated it. The more he realized how anxious he was to make up with her the less willing he was to do it.

He drove up to the Merrills' front door and stepped down and helped her out. The Valencia, her lights like two dim yellow eyes, was chugging up the drive after them. Anne held out her hand.

"You aren't really sore, are you?" she asked.

Johnny committed his final folly. "Of course I'm sore," he said angrily. "I don't want ever to see you or speak to you again."

Anne walked into the house. Johnny could have kicked himself. But he couldn't run after her and apologize. He told himself he was going to stick to what he had said, no matter what it cost.

The beautiful old boat's lights went out only once on the way home. Johnny got her into the barn safely and went wearily into the house just as the sky began to lighten a little with the approach of dawn. He found an apple pie and a bottle of milk and a large hunk of cold steak in the ice box. He hadn't known how hungry he was. He hadn't eaten since three in the afternoon. Of course Anne hadn't eaten since then either. He couldn't blame her for losing her nerve. It was a lot harder to sit beside somebody who was driving a car than it was to do the driving. But just the same he didn't want to see her again, ever. She was so right. She had been a good sport about going over the bank. Any other girl would have made a fuss. She had been a good sport about trying to get home in the Valencia. Most girls wouldn't have tried it. Finally she had insisted on telephoning home. She had been right again. And she had urged him to get his anger out of his system, as she had. She had been right about that too. But who could stand a girl who was always right?

III

JOHNNY managed, Sunday morning, to drive the Valencia down to the garage on the Post Road where he had found her. The garageman saw him coming.

"I tell you," he said admiringly, "you certainly shined her up, didn't you? I tell you that foreign brass certainly takes a polish. It's all brass. It's just like gold. This cheap American brass, now, is only a thin coating of brass that wears off and then you've got nothing but iron underneath."

"What I want to know," Johnny said, ignoring the garageman's encomiums on the brass work, "is whether it would pay to get this car into running condition."

"Running condition!" the garageman ejaculated. "Why, she's running now."

Johnny explained. The garageman listened sympathetically to his troubles.

"Now," Johnny said, when he had told about his day with the Valencia, "would it pay to have her brake relined and all that?"

"I don't know why not," the garageman said. "There's lots of stuff in the old girl yet. It won't cost over fifty dollars to fix her brakes and her tie rod."

"Suppose," Johnny said, "that when you get her brakes fixed up, and her tie rod and drag link—suppose the rear axle goes bad?"

The garageman shook his head thoughtfully.

"Or suppose that piston slap gets worse?"

"I could have her block rebored and new pistons fitted," the garageman suggested.

"For how much?" Johnny asked.

"Two hundred and fifty," the garageman said.

"H'm," Johnny said. "What do you think you could sell her for as is?"

The garageman shook his head. "Well, now, I tell you," he explained. "That there's a big car and most people aren't lookin' for big cars nowadays. They all want little cars that are easy to park and easy on gas and oil and tires—unless they've got jack. And people with jack aren't lookin' for secondhand cars—anyways not secondhand cars as old as that. Properly speaking, I wouldn't say that car has any real regular market value. It's just a question of what you can get for it."

Johnny was shocked at the garageman's attitude. Friday night he had extolled the Valencia. Friday night he had reluctantly permitted Johnny to trade a practically new small car and twenty-five dollars for her. Now he calmly said that she had no market value.

"What would you give for her yourself?" Johnny asked

The garageman shook his head.

"I don't really want her," he replied.

"But what would you give for her?" Johnny insisted.

(Continued on Page 117)

Libbey-Owens

FLAT-DRAWN CLEAR

SHEET GLASS FOR WINDOWS

Libbey-Owens Main Factory, Charleston, W. Va.

The public is rapidly learning that a commodity so comparatively commonplace as glass for windows can reveal wide differences in quality.

It is no longer a question of "just window glass", for in 1917 Libbey-Owens introduced its flat-drawn sheet glass for glazing purposes, producing it by a new and exclusive process.

So much higher is the quality, so manifest are the advantages, that today the use of Libbey-Owens flat-drawn sheet glass for windows is preferred by leading glass jobbers and sash and door manufacturers.

The difference between common window glass and the Libbey-Owens product is that Libbey-Owens is clear, clean, drawn flat from the molten state, always uniform in thickness. There is less breakage in handling and glazing.

Yet with all the superiorities that come from the exclusive Libbey-Owens process, the distributor, the dealer and the American public pay no penalty of price in purchasing quality glass for windows—a fact taken into account by owners and builders of homes, factories and buildings of every kind.

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Distributed Through Representative Glass Jobbers and Used by Sash and Door Manufacturers Everywhere

Built up step by step . . . this blended flavor

—this shade of difference that has now captured the entire country

FEW men understand how difficult it is—that devoted work of women who join ingredient with ingredient. Who carefully mingle flavor with flavor to give their families new pleasure at table.

Here, as women know, lies the secret of those rare dishes we most enjoy—not in any single food, but in a skillful blending of many.

Today for the first time, real nation-wide fame has come to a coffee, because years ago Joel Cheek sought for a flavor no one had ever tasted.

A Southerner of the old South, growing to manhood in a land noted for good living, Joel Cheek brought to his great work of coffee blending an unusual combination of experience and natural gifts.

It delighted the great families of Dixie

Step by step it was built up—that special shade of richness which delighted the great families of Dixie. That difference in taste which is today changing the habits of a nation.

Known to the South alone not many years ago, Joel Cheek's blend has now swiftly taken the whole country by storm. That special touch of goodness in Maxwell House Coffee has made it the first choice of the critical men and women of our greatest cities. From New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House Coffee is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever put on the market. It is by far the largest selling coffee in the entire United States.

All the zest of a new adventure awaits your family in the full-bodied smoothness and rich fragrance of this blend. With your first taste of its mellow liquor, you will realize why it has won the first real nation-wide fame that ever came to a coffee. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

"Good to the last drop"

It was the food at the old Maxwell House that made it the most celebrated hotel in the southern states—and it is the coffee served there which has brought it the most lasting fame

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

(Continued from Page 114

"Well," the garageman said slowly, "the most I'd give for her would be fifty berries."

"You wanted two hundred and fifty for her two days ago," Johnny said.

"Yeah," the garageman admitted. "Yeah. But that was before she'd been in an accident."

"I tell you what I'll do," Johnny said. "I'll leave her here and you reline her brakes and get that tie rod straightened up, and her front axle too, if it needs it, and see what you can get for her. I'll pay for the repairs and the usual commission if you sell her."

"Sure," the garageman said heartily. "Sure. And maybe I'll find some nut that likes her and will pay a price for her."

Johnny looked at the garageman sharply, but the garageman was oblivious. He did not mean that Johnny was a nut. He had merely inadvertently said so.

Johnny got a taxi and went home and up to his room and figured. His flivver had been worth two hundred and twenty-five certainly, so he had paid two hundred and fifty for the Valencia. The wreck had cost him forty dollars, making two hundred and ninety. The repair bill for relining the brakes and straightening bent parts would be fifty dollars, making three hundred and forty. That was about the down payment on a Becker six.

He wondered what it would cost to have the Valencia rebuilt—all the moving parts in the motor replaced and everything made practically as good as new. He decided to find out. The thought of restoring the beautiful old boat to her original glory delighted him. What would Anne say then?

Monday morning he got New York on the long-distance telephone and found that there was a place that had Valencia parts and repaired Valencia cars. He called up the shop. They remembered the car the moment he gave them its number. It was a 1914, built the summer the war began. Of course it would pay to rebuild it. They could make it practically as good as new and had there ever been a better car than a 1914 Valencia?

"How much would it cost?" Johnny asked.

"That would depend," the Valencia man answered. "But probably not more than twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," Johnny repeated.

"Certainly not more than three thousand," the man replied. "Unless the block is cracked, or something serious like that."

"All right," Johnny said; "I'll think it over."

"Not more than three thousand," he repeated to himself when he had hung up.

That evening the garageman called up to say that a junk dealer had offered one hundred dollars for the Valencia. He could get a price for the magneto and there was enough brass and aluminum and bronze to show him a profit.

"What do you think of his offer?" Johnny asked.

"Well, I tell you," the garageman said; "I just can't bear to see her junked."

"No," Johnny said, "neither can I."

Tuesday afternoon the garageman called up to say that the repair bill would be fifty-five dollars, and Tony Carusone had offered to pay the bill and give Johnny twenty-five dollars.

"What does he want her for?" Johnny asked.

"He's going to use her for a truck to peddle vegetables."

"All right," Johnny said. "Tell him he can have her if he intends to keep her running."

He left the telephone with the relief that comes of making a decision. But his relief was short-lived. He couldn't keep his mind off Anne. He wished he'd been nicer to Anne. He knew what would please her. He knew he was going to do it. He knew he was going to swallow his pride and forget the beautiful old boat and buy a Becker six roadster. But it came hard. It took him two days to go through with it.

When the Becker agent arrived Thursday evening with the roadster, there was nothing to do but sign the papers and write a check for the first payment. And then there was nothing to do but drive over and see Anne.

She was sitting on the front porch with about eight other young people, when he came in the drive. She came down to the edge of the drive and saw Johnny and observed the Becker six, and she understood. She was an understanding girl.

"I've come to tell you what I think of you," Johnny said.

Anne slipped into the seat beside him. "Shoot," she said.

Johnny stepped on the Becker six, and before the group on the porch realized what was happening, he and Anne were out of sight. After a couple of miles Johnny put his foot on the brake. The Becker slowed down obediently.

"I was a fool to buy that old car," he said. "I was more of a fool to take you out in it without finding out what shape she was in. And most of all, I was a fool to get mad at you, when you you were so sweet. I was crazy."

Anne looked up at him and smiled. "I like men to be a little crazy," Anne said.

"Well," Johnny said, "I certainly am crazy about you." And when he kissed her, all the pain of losing the beautiful old boat was gone.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

A certain pal of mine which you know, too,
Can introduce us. So, if that's O. K.,
We'll meet next week—say, on a certain day!
—*C. Wiles Hallock.*

Mirrors: A Parable for Lovers

I DO not like my cheval glass,
It always says to me, "Alas,
My dear, you're plainer than of late,
And don't you think you're gaining weight?"
It swings in daylight strong and bright
And every smallest thread's in sight.
"Pull down your hat—it should be wide—
Your slip shows badly at the side,
And also there is powder shows
Upon your nose."
I know that all it says is true,
And do the things it says to do,
But I am saddened as I pass;
And how I hate that cheval glass!

I like my dressing-table glass;
It says, "How gracefully you pass!"
It has pink curtains on a hook
And smiles: "My dear, how well you look!
That hat is just the thing for you,
You chose the very shade of blue
That frock you thought a little wild
It makes you seem a perfect child!
Remember, when you go away,
You're sweet today."
I know it generally lies,
But I smile back with brightened eyes
And simply spread joy where I pass!
I love my dressing-table glass!
—*Margaret Widdemer.*

The Law's Delays

A WAS a shy confiding man,
Ingenuous and youthful.
He loaned some cash to Mr. B,
Dishonest and untruthful.
When trusting A demanded pay,
B wouldn't give it to him,
So A went to his lawyer and
Instructed him to sue him.

REFRAIN:

So let us raise our voice in praise
Of the wonderful ways of the law's
delays.

Poor A waited more than a year for news;
His lawsuit had unnerved him.
One day his lawyer called him up
And said, "Hooray! We've served
him."
Said A, "I think that's perfectly grand;
Get my money as soon as you can,
sir."
His lawyer said, "It will take some time;
I've extended his time to answer."

The years passed by and Mr. A
Grew corpulent and grayer.
His lawyer made more motions than
The well-known piccolo player.
He studied and slaved and worked on the
case
With ardor and devotion,
And every week A sent him a check
For the costs on another motion.

One day his lawyer phoned and said,
"I'm so glad I could almost kiss
you.
Your case will be reached in a couple of
years,
For I've filed a note of issue.
The calendar soon will be moving fast,
Of that there isn't a question,
For they've named a committee of lawyers to find
The cause of the court's congestion"

At last the case was reached for trial;
Poor A was old and wrinkled.
As he tottered to court there was joy in his
face
And his feeble old eyes twinkled.
The defendant's counsel said to the court,
"This action must abate, sir.
My client died at his home last night
At the age of a hundred and eight,
sir."

REFRAIN:

So let us raise our voice in praise, and so on. —*Newman Levy.*

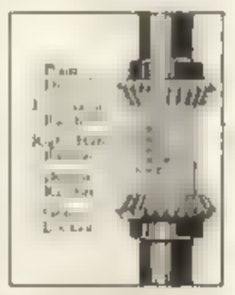
The Doctor at the Zoo Absent-mindedly. "Say Ah"

Picture of Famous Movie Actress Never Sent to Her Public

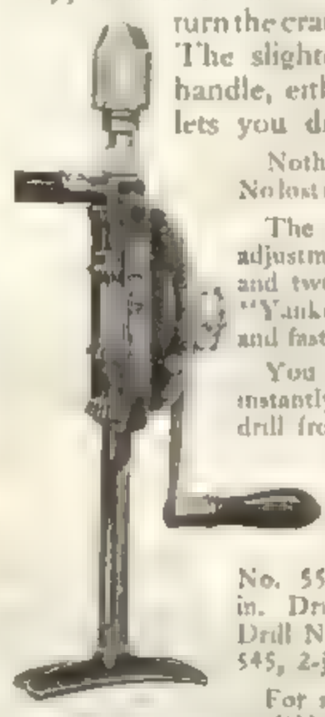
"YANKEE" No. 1555

Brings Job Out into the Open

With "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555, a finger touch on the Ratchet Shifter gives you DOUBLE Ratchet.



When set in this way, lack of room to turn the crank doesn't matter. The slightest movement of handle, either back or forth, lets you drill continuously.



"Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555

Nothing need be removed. No lost motion. No lost time

The four other ratchet adjustments shown above, and two speeds, make this "Yankee" Drill the handiest and fastest ever designed.

You can change speeds instantly without removing drill from work. Just shift lever at base of hub.

Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555 (Illustrated), 3-jaw; No. 555, 2-jaw. Hold ½ in. Drills. Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1545, 3-jaw; No. 545, 2-jaw. Hold ⅜ in.

For smaller drilling jobs use "Yankee" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530, with five ratchet adjustments.

Write for Free "Yankee" Tool Book

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work [illegible] Vises—Removable base, etc.

Dealers Everywhere Sell Yankee Tools

"Yankee" on the tool you buy me my the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

The
STUDEBAKER
Dictator
4-DOOR SEDAN
$1245
F. O. B. FACTORY

This companion car to the famous Studebaker Commander is a brilliant example of excess power and finer quality at a One-Profit price . . . . .

* * *

Twenty-three sedans selling for $50 to $1815 *more* than The Dictator Sedan have *less* power, according to the ratings of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

To traditional Studebaker stamina (typified by 1009 Studebakers which have traveled 100,000 miles and over), custom beauty has been added. Exterior and interior rival each other in graceful harmony.

More than $100 worth of extra equipment

Front and rear bumpers; no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker); engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on the dash, cowl dental lock, oil filter, automatic windshield cleaner, rear-vision mirror; rear-traffic signal light; 4-wheel brakes; full-size balloon tires; disc wheels; two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel; front spring brakes; dome light, Butler finish hardware.

Studebaker Dictator Models — Sedan (4-door) $1245 and $1335; Victoria (for four) $1325, Business Coupe (for two) $1245; Sport Coupe (for four—rumble seat) $1345, Sport Roadster (for four—rumble seat) $1295; Tourer (for five) $1165; Tourer (for seven) $1245, Duplex Phaeton (for five) $1195. Commander models, $1545 to $1710; President models, $1845 to $2495; Erskine models, $895 to $965. All prices f. o. b. factory, including front and rear bumpers and 4-wheel brakes.

STUDEBAKER

THE LAST OF THE ARGONAUTS

(Continued from Page 7

trade. This was '76; the California boom was gone. The Colorado gold fields, from the standpoint of him who lives upon the excitement of maiden camps, had slowed considerably. No longer was there money to be made in mushroom towns ahead of the railroads building across the plains, for these at last had been completed. The Montana gold camps, to which persons had flocked in Civil War days, were becoming weak and listless.

Here was a new frontier, with gold and rumors of gold, and they answered from other frontiers which were frontiers no longer. From Texas they came, driving cattle to be sold for food and replacements for the tremendous bull teams by which freight was carried from points of civilized trade. From Colorado and Nevada and Montana they came; from Kansas and California and the Northwest; from the French-Canadian settlements of Eastern Canada. It was a grand final convention of men and women, many of whom even then held pioneer standing in other communities in spite of youthful years. And once here, they stayed; there were no more worlds left to conquer.

But in a few years conditions began to change with that swiftness of progress which had its inception toward the beginning of the 80's. Soon even this land was a part of civilization; a roving type of humanity found itself engulfed in the softer existence of a rapidly advancing age, and there was no place else to go. Here they remained and here they are today, with the exception of such inroads as have been made by death and the ordinary losses that ensue in any community, and here they reign supreme in spite of their diminishing numbers. For if grandfathers are aged, then there are sons and daughters to carry on the traditions engendered by childhood days in a frontier mining camp, and by their influence impart a veneration to an age which elsewhere has its own outlook on life. But even youth, in the Black Hills, has a different tone in its voice in addressing one of those aged reminiscent persons whose main memory is of straining bull teams and the sluices which once cluttered the gulch.

There is a veneration imbued from babyhood, when, instead of the usual childhood stories, the bugaboo which lurked in nursery shadows was a Deadwood bad man or a whooping Indian, and the boy of the burning deck an express messenger who held safe his hoard from bandanna-masked road agents when all but him had fled. The past is a mighty thing in the Black Hills, and more than that—a sentimentally beautiful one.

Where Age Will be Served

The saleslgirl, for instance, in a Black Hills department store has none of that superior boredom which usually greets age when some doddering remnant of a half century ago comes slowly in to potter about, ask questions and take prospective purchases to the window that daylight may aid dimming eyes. Instead, there is a sort of holy subservience which this writer has never seen before either on this side of the Atlantic or the other—a worshipful respect all the more apparent because of the utter lack of it which one finds in other places. And it has its reflection in more than mere figures of speech.

He was an old negro, courtly of mien, a veteran of the days when the Colorado gold camps swarmed with life—camps that are quiet now, many of them with streets deserted and buildings sagging in decay. As he shined my shoes he talked of other days and other times, of the dance halls which once had blared and blustered in the cities of the Rockies, of the burro trains which had made their way over Mosquito Pass, of the rich mines and the old-time characters.

"Them was sho good days," he said.

"Wouldn't you like to go back to Leadville?" I asked, and he regarded his shining rag in a moment of thoughtfulness.

"Well, seh," he said at last, "Ah giss it's betteh to stay right heah in de Black Hills. 'Cose, when Ah was young, runnin' aroun', them places was all right—easy come, easy go. But theh's somepin beautiful about bein' up heah—jis' in knowing' that even if yo' is old, people loves yo'. Old folks don' come in fo' much mos' places. But heah if one o' de old-timehs is missin' offen de street for two days, somebody sashays out an' fin's out wha's wrong wif him. An' if he needs coal or wood an' he ain't got de money, he gits de wood an' he gits de coal, an' de man wha's sold it, he's willin' to wait till de summehtime comes, when maybe de ole man can git out an' fin' work an' pay for it. Don't fin' that mos' places."

Gold's Where You Find It

Thus does the little shoe-shining parlor stay in the same place year after year, and thus do new arrivals in the Black Hills town where that shoe-shining stand exists inevitably meet with some citizen who sooner or later says:

"A shine? Sure I know a place. Take you around there. You'll get a real job there. You know, he's an old-timer—been in the Hills for years."

Nor does one find this sentiment only in large communities. My pack train wound slowly one evening down the aspen-lined trail which led to all that physically remained of a place where once man worked madly for gold, found it and moved on. Time had been when Bear Gulch, deep in the high fastnesses of the Black Hills, ebbed and flowed with the rush of frontier existence. The banks of the little stream, tumbling over its bed of porphyry, still bore the scars of years agone, where men had dug to the bed rock, then with the dirt pouring into the sluices, had searched for nuggets and cursed the peculiar heavy black sand which often hid the golden flakes, even as eager fingers reached forth to grasp them. Time was, too, when there had been dance halls and saloons, boarding houses and dwellings; now there were only sagging rotten log cabins, with the marigolds growing about the door logs and the chipmunks scampering through windowless openings.

My ten-horse string had been unsaddled and was rolling and grazing upon ground once sacred to the pick and pan. In the midst of panniers, saddles, bedding rolls and the countless other impedimenta of a pack outfit, Jack Nankervis, my trail partner, was digging the trench that would hold a camp fire from wandering to the heavy trunks of pitch-laden pines and spruce, growing anew upon ground denuded a half century ago as frenzied men built cabins for a metropolis that might have been but wasn't. At last Jack straightened from his work and looked about him, at the bulging sides of wrecked cabins, the scars in the hills.

"Gold's where you find it," he soliloquized. "Funny about this place, wasn't it? They found the stuff here, and plenty of it. Then some negroes came along and asked where they could dig. A joker told them there was a fine streak of pay dirt up on the hill a mile away. So they went there—clean to the top of the hill—and began to pan. The next thing people knew there was a rush for Nigger Hill. They'd found better gold up there than there was in Bear Gulch. Funny, ain't it?"

I wandered down to the little stream as Jack returned to his work on the trench. From up the creek, where the largest of the log cabins slanted in aged disarray, came heightened tones of argument as grizzled old Deadwood Dick and Spearfish Charlie Graham of my outfit disputed in heated tones as to whether the dance hall had been the first building or the second, each calling to his assistance the memory of many a night spent therein when the sawdust had been fresh on the floor and the paint fresher upon the lips of the dancing girls.

At the creek, Billy Hitzel, my horse wrangler, dipped out a bucket of water and pointed. "Somebody's been gopherin' here," he said. "See where that porphyry's scratched, and them tailings fresh from a sluice?"

A moment later there came further evidence that we were not the only occupants of Bear Gulch. At first only a peering form from the protection of near-by aspens, he at last came forward, a tall, thin, slouching man, his features shaded by a tattered hat, his mustache drooping about his lips in the fashion of long bygone days, a peculiar hooked knife in one hand and a gold pan in the other.

"Just thought I'd scratch this porphyry a leetle more," he explained as he moved to the stream. "Had my sluice set up here, then moved down the creek a ways. But I've been thinkin' this was the best place, after all." Then, slowly rocking his pan as he searched for color—"I'm gettin' some mighty good gold along here. Got a whole bottleful of it now; most of it's got quicksilver on it where it slipped through the sluices when they were workin' this gulch forty year or more ago. You see," he added as a long finger scratched the sand to separate a few particles of yellow metal from the general residue, "it's funny about placerin'. Now in the old days they couldn't handle this stuff right, in spite of loadin' their sluices with quicksilver. The sand was so heavy that it pulled the gold right off the riffles and a fellow couldn't hope to get anything but the real coarse stuff. But I've got a dee-vice, a thingumajig on my sluice, that keeps it from running too fast, and I'm getting gold they overlooked. Then, o' course, I'm selling that stuff they cussed for twenty cents a pound."

"And what is the stuff?" I asked.

"Stream tin," said the lone miner of Bear Gulch. "In the old days they just thought it was heavy sand. Fine quality, too, this tin. Got to be when Cap St. John'll buy it."

"And who's Cap St. John?"

Meet Cap St. John

It was sacrilege. Gold forgotten, the pan dangling, the gaunt figure straightened, to regard me with the expression of one aghast at unforgivable ignorance. "Well, if you don't know," he said at last, "you'd better go up to Tinton and find out."

That evening I obeyed the command, guiding my horse up the long trail to the little town which stands where the luck of misguided negroes once bequeathed the title of Nigger Hill. A tremendous mine was in my path, and the vast open cuts where mica and tin, flooding forth in heavy tonnage, belittled vastly the gold-seeking activities of other days in all save romance. Did the superintendent know of a man named Captain Edgar St. John? He answered with a commiserating look and furnished an escort. Into the little town we went, the word spreading before us. A visitor to see Cap St. John—a stranger who had asked for him down at the mica mine.

"You've got a treat in store for you," they said.

At last the square wooden building where he lived, and within, a gray-haired, sharp-featured man, thinned by age, warming quickly, once there came the knowledge that his visitor was also of the West. For he had fought Indians, this man who humorously allowed rumor to set his age anywhere from 90 to 110. It had been he who, coming down from the Yellowstone, guided one of the primary bands of Argonauts from the fading boom camp of Alder Gulch, in Montana, through hostile lands, across trackless prairies and bitter mountain

"After you leave here, you'll be a stranger in a strange land."

"Nothing like it. I'll have plenty of companions."

"Stopping at a club?"

"Just the same—but without fees or dues. I'm going to The Allerton."

ALLERTON

CLUB RESIDENCES

THE ALLERTON System, known throughout the country today, was born of a great need. It has solved the problems of men and women of refinement who were formerly forced to forego the living atmosphere their standards prompted but incomes prohibited. Allerton facilities compare favorably with the finer hotels and clubs. Allerton service is well epitomized in the phrase "You live in nine rooms—pay for one."

In all Allerton Club Residences are spacious lounges, reading rooms, restaurants, exercise rooms and showers. In some, squash, handball, tennis courts, gymnasia, roof gardens, swimming pools and, in addition, separate accommodations for women guests.

All Allerton Club Residences are centrally and conveniently located. While not at all undemocratic, residents are selected with extreme care. Rates: $12 to $22 a week. No initiation fees. No dues.

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NewYork—130 E. 57th St.† New York—22 E. 38th St.
New York—302 West 22nd Street
Chicago—Huron Street & Michigan Avenue
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†*Exclusively for women*

ranges into the last of the West's great El Dorados.

He had washed the gold of Bear Gulch a half century ago, and he it was who had learned that the heavy sand was something more; and, learning, had given forty years of his life to the development of tin mining. As we talked the doorway darkened and shuffling booted feet, striving painfully to hold a tiptoed pace, thudded across the boarded floor. Miners there were, and prospectors, and wide-eyed boys at the open window. Cap St. John was talking of the old days when there had been Indians and dance halls and shots in the night—Cap St. John, who knew because he had been right there when it happened and seen with his own keen eyes the making of history! Perhaps in ancient days there may have been more rapt attention when a pearl of wisdom issued from the oracle of Delphi, but there could not have been more reverence.

For in the Black Hills are all the ingredients to make history a thrilling subject, especially when told by one who has lived it. The fighting of Indians will never grow old when the story is told by one who has heard the war whoop or pressed the set trigger of a fourteen-pound Sharps rifle in the direction of a plunging savage. There is a puerile quality in the average human which responds to such a recital.

One loves, too, the creak of harness leather and the dust engendered by swift hoofs, the crack of the bull whip and the sway of the old coach careening over the prairies with its treasure of passengers and bricked bullion. One thrills inordinately to the crack of the pistol in the hand of a bad man, the surge of the crowd as the victim falls, the squeak of the fiddle and the siren voice of the dance-hall girl. And one wants, above all things else, that these ingredients shall be bright with the gleaming veneer of gold.

For, after all, gold is truly rich only in its romance. As compared to other resources of the United States, its production from a standpoint of dollars and cents is somewhat niggardly. One year's output of automobiles or motion pictures—or coal, for that matter—would exceed by many millions all the gold that ever has come from the entire Black Hills. This in spite of the fact that, grinding on ceaselessly, month after month and year after year, ever since the hectic days of '76, there is in the very heart of the Hills a gold mine reputed to be the largest in the world, with its own railroad system, its lumber mills, its stores, its commissaries and its pay roll extensive enough to support the entire city of Lead.

Romance in Four Letters

One hears but little of the Black Hills save in matters relative to gold. Yet in the main, with the exception of that one tremendous mine, eating away veritable mountains as it pursues the gigantic vein which has sustained its life for half a century, gold, as such, has ceased to be a product of importance. But it remains in the ascendancy in relation to the country's romance. What matter if there be mines that roll forth wealth in lithia-bearing ores? Or others that give mica for wall paper and insulation, tin for the thousand necessary uses that only it can fill, feldspar for the finishing of pottery, iron, tungsten for the hardening of steel, lead and bismuth and sulphur and gypsum?

What matter if the fields of old endeavor are rotting with the passing of the years—Galena, with the railroad abandoned and the roofs that once housed a little city sagging with the rains or scattering before the wintry blasts of Dakota blizzards; Rockerville, where men defended their claims with leveled guns, deteriorated into nothing more interesting than a group of ranch houses at a remote crossroads; Keystone, its chief claim to fame not in the eroded dumps and windowless mills of a bygone day, but in the fact that upon a group of rocks near by a famous sculptor is making arrangements to carve, in gigantic figures, a national monument in the profiles of Lincoln, Washington and Roosevelt? Gold once was there, and gold will remain there forever in memory if not in fact. Virgin gold is romance, and so is all that it touches. Everything else is dross.

I stood, for instance, one night upon the main street of Deadwood, talking to a miner of '76. For an hour the subject had been of the past—of the time when he had stood off assailants who strove to take from him the claim now buried beneath the brick paving of a busy progressive little city; of the fire which destroyed the saloon where died Wild Bill Hickok, and the epidemic in which a solicitous woman, nursing the ill, was metamorphosed from an ordinary frontier camp woman to the fabled Calamity Jane. At last, enthusiasm waxing, the old man whirled, his features ablaze, his age fallen from his shoulders in the memories of youth.

Three Score Years and Twenty

"Oh, there'll never be another rush like it! Why, from one end of the town to the other the bull teams were strung out, bringing in food and supplies and people that were willing to pay twenty-five dollars a head just for the protection of numbers so they could walk in from Pierre or Laramie or Cheyenne. And the crowds, coming in here from everywhere; tents pitched on every bit of open ground, saloons running day and night, music going and people flooding in here like mad! Why, at times there must have been 300 a day—just coming in here for the gold!"

But when I mentioned a fact I had learned that day there was not the slightest reaction. It interested him not at all that private homes were being thrown open and householders sleeping upon the floors that guests might be accommodated, hotel clerks worn and tired from uttering negatives to insistent applicants, or that a count of automobiles had revealed an influx of wanderers which made the rush of '76 puny in comparison. These men and women of today, flooding into a new land, were only there to leave gold; the ones of other days had come to find it. The incoming hordes of today are only tourists.

But it is a rush, nevertheless; from the southern hills, with stony-faced Harney Peak, its queer needlelike formations of eroded granite, its game lodge where in the afternoons there existed a possibility of a faint glimpse of the nation's Chief Executive resting upon the veranda of the severely modest White House. From the south to the north, from the east to the west, speeding the graveled roads or wandering into byways, thronging the streams where the trout become wilder with each visitation, gathering about the graves of Wild Bill and Calamity Jane where they rest on Mount Moriah, above the city of Deadwood, poking into deserted villages and along placered creeks last summer found the tourist reveling in new fields of discovery, a condition brought about by a President's interest in a different vacation spot and sustained by the romance and beauties of the land itself.

Of the two rushes, the one of '76 and the one of '27, the latter may be more lucrative, with its results in the building of hotels, of resorts and camps and dude ranches, in the provision of provender, the establishment of roads and trails, thus making for accessibility, with the wandering motor car as an incentive, but with better marketing facilities for farmers, suburban homes, summer cabins as the indirect result. The tourist will do these things, while discarded houses will gain new paint and furnishings to accommodate them, stores increase their stocks and resorts enlarge.

But the greater the scope the new lucrative influx may attain the brighter the halo about the memory of the rush that was, when gold beckoned to be taken away instead of deposited. The gold of today is only money. The gold of yesterday was a chimera for the love of which men lived and died. And when satiation has been achieved for the splendors of a land where one finds the gorges and tree growths of true mountains mingled with the lime and sandstone formations of lesser hills, it will be the old rush and its romance which will keep the new rush flooding on—other days and the ones who live to tell of them.

Incidentally, in the course of all this, some enterprising life-insurance man may evolve a new adaptation of all rules for the promulgation of longevity. Three score and ten as a statistical span of life may be perfectly proper, but the death rate in the usual centers of ease seems to have a habit of achieving its purpose before the allotted time. Not so, however, in a land where men reared themselves by hardships, with the sky for a roof and the earth for a bed, with plain food as a staple and straining muscles as a continuous part of existence. In this land of the Argonauts one becomes accustomed to seeing old men at work—men of seventy-five and even older still able to follow the business which they began as young men; not a few of them, but scores of them complaining only because they can accomplish little more than the usual man of sixty.

"Why, fifteen years ago," wailed a friend as we toiled up the 116 full-lift steps by which he ascended from the downtown district of Deadwood to his home upon the hill, "I used to be able to leave my billiard parlor and run all the way to my doorway—yes, sir, run, and take these steps three at a time! But," he groaned, "I can't do it now. I'm on the wrong end of the trail. Still, I'm not so old—I'm only eighty-one!"

This is not an isolated case with these old-timers. Early in July, my horses waiting in their corral at Spearfish, I sought a few companions for a pack trip where the other fellow doesn't go: places where in a few more years there may be roads and niftily named summer cabins with their original titles of Dewdrop Inn or Jazz Cottage, but as yet unspoiled; the old bull trails of other times, with the ruts of ancient wagons showing faintly in the soil, or paths that feather out before the horseman's eyes, only to be found again by the instinct of the woodsman and the patience of him who loves the dim trails for the beauty of their solitude.

One sees a country differently these days from the back of a horse; the plodding gait, the lack of necessity for watchfulness, the knowledge that there is nothing to do save to hold one's stirrups and look about him give a far different picture from that which one may see with what is best described as the automobile eye. Here there is nothing to do save to perceive. One has time to learn the name of a flower beside the trail, to notice that the kinnikinnick is brighter here and greener than in higher mountains, to observe the waxiness of the mountain laurel or, fixing his eyes ahead, to watch a distant scene unfold in a dozen perspectives.

Youths With the Wanderlust

The rush is gone—the swift glimpses as a machine swishes about a curve, giving the opportunity for an instantaneous focus of the eyes, and one fleeting, quickly visioned mental photograph, taken like the clicking of a camera and retained in the mentality with something of the artificiality of a stage setting, placed flat before one's view. From horseback, there are the innumerable little ingredients by which a country is made real—the sound of a brook, the call of a bird or the scampering of a squirrel; the momentary sight of a speeding trout as one fords a stream; the piping of the woodchuck, high in the turreted limestones, warning his companions of danger.

Once upon the trail, a person feels that he can truly appreciate a country in no other way. Hence the horses and the pack equipment, and Jack Nankervis wrangling his grub list while I gathered other companions for a three weeks' journey. One of these I had found in a follower of the Chisholm Trail, a mere stripling of seventy, named Spearfish Charlie Graham. The other I felt should be more settled and graced with the poise which only years could bring. I therefore sought out, in his tepee in Pine Crest Park, with his hand-sewed, colorless trousers and his hard pine mattress beneath his double blanket, a youth named Deadwood Dick, whose fishing license told me that he would not be eighty till Christmas.

"How about this ride?" he asked as he took his extra hairpin from the match box in which he carried it and restrained a wandering lock of gray. "How far will we make a day?"

"Oh, twenty-five miles or so," I suggested. "Think you could stand it?"

Twenty-five miles on the trail, let it be known, dodging brush, weaving up side-hills and hanging to the horse's mane to hold a saddle from slipping, rocking on the down grade to the hippy jerk of a cautious mount, or shuffling along at a rack that one may keep pace with the fastest walker, sometimes makes even a cow-puncher look favorably upon his bedding roll. But the question was ignored. Deadwood Dick, his long hair at last corralled, restored his extra hairpin to its safety-deposit box and grunted roughly. "I'll be ready," he said.

Agile From Habit

Ready he was, not only for the first day but for the numerous ones that followed, enduring rain and hail and wind and blinding sunshine, up hill and down grade, fords and mountains and prairie as he rocked along upon his ancient dinner-horn saddle of Texas lineage; ready in the gray of dawn as he unrolled himself from his single blanket after a night on damp ground; ready when, following eight hours in the saddle, the place of camp was found, to chop the wood for the evening camp fire, help with the cooking; and then, the meal devoured, wash the dishes with an éclat equaled only by the tremor of his voice when, gathered about the blaze with the coming of darkness, he told us how he had herded cattle, washed gold in the fastnesses of the Black Hills, fought Indians and carried water to the wounded of Major Reno's command at the ill-fated Battle of the Little Big Horn at one and the same time. However, the multiplicity of simultaneous accomplishments elicited but little objection. When one can endure a pack-train trip at eighty in anything but a wheel chair, why should there not be an allowance for mental as well as physical agility?

It is the life they led, they will tell you, if you ask these old-timers for an explanation of physical fitness far in excess of the usual span of life; the hardships they endured which built sinewy muscles and firm brains; the fresh air and the simple food and the ability to dose oneself with sunshine and confidence instead of drug-store nostrums.

But having met pioneers of many sorts, there seems to this writer to be another ingredient which is not catalogued—the living in retrospect in such continuity as to wipe out the fact that today is 1927, an age of transitions sufficiently swift to cause the ordinary person to look upon the events of fifty years ago as hoary history. The illusion is kept ever alert, in their conversations, their thoughts; a mind remains active and in command of a body which otherwise might wither and die with the knowledge that the world has passed on. They are still supreme, and there is even the aid of surrounding events to keep green the mentality and thereby life itself.

When summer comes and there arrives the urge for celebration and communion which sweeps the average community about this time, the Black Hills town raises its nose in supreme disdain at such prosaic things as the county fair or harness races, or even the mental calisthenics of a Chautauqua. There are greater things to celebrate, matters more poignantly important to the denizens of this little section of land—history, for instance.

Continued on Page 125

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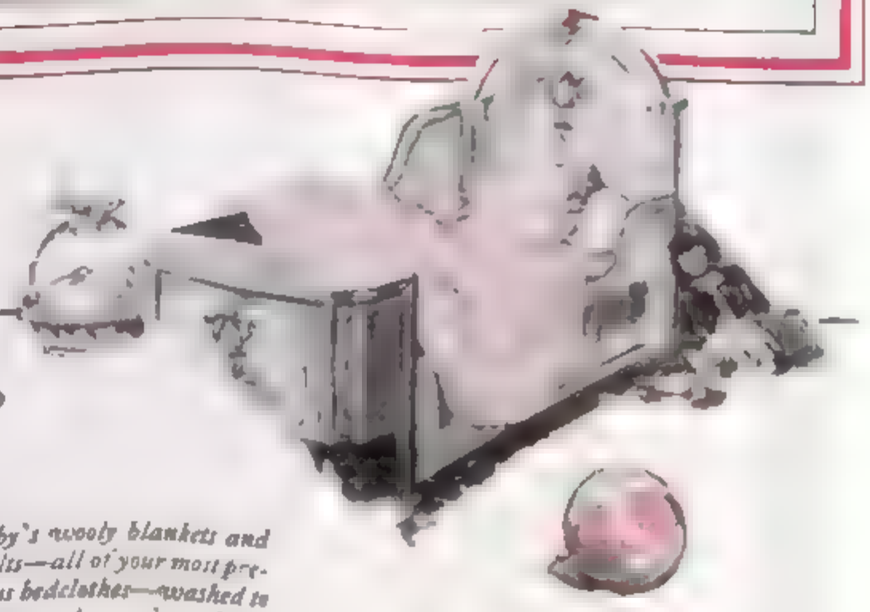


Baby's woolly blankets and quilts—all of your most precious bedclothes—washed to a new and caressing softness

SEND COMFORTS,

Watch your local papers for announcements!

Very likely there are laundries and dry cleaners in your city already equipped to give this wonderful blanket service. Watch for their announcements in your local papers. Or write The American Laundry Machinery Company for name of nearest laundry or cleaner offering this new help to housewives

blankets to be washed!

Wonderful new method GUARANTEES *perfect washing without shrinking; returns your blankets soft, fluffy as new*

BLANKETS!—Haven't you often wished that some kind fairy would take them out of your house and off your mind? Wash them for you—wash them thoroughly, safely, without shrinking or hardening?

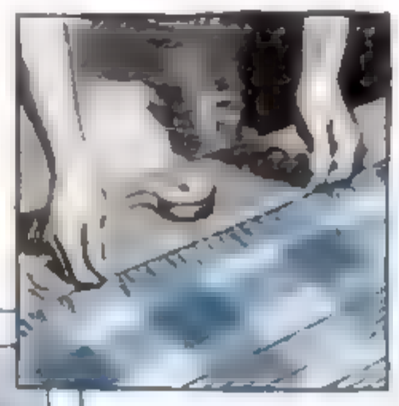
Today the laundry and dry cleaner offer just such a "fairy" service! For now you can send your blankets—even your finest ones. They will come back exactly the same in shape and size, and oh, so new!—so clean and sweet, so soft and downy. Your laundry and dry cleaner actually *guarantee* these results! Because . . .

A wonderful new blanket-cleansing method has been developed. It required years of research, but the engineers of The American Laundry Machinery Company finally perfected it, embodying in it all the best ideas of textile men and blanket manufacturers, both in this country and Europe. And they have proved the method conclusively. Why, the first laundry to adopt this new system has been washing 1200 blankets a week for nearly two years—and has received nothing but words of praise!

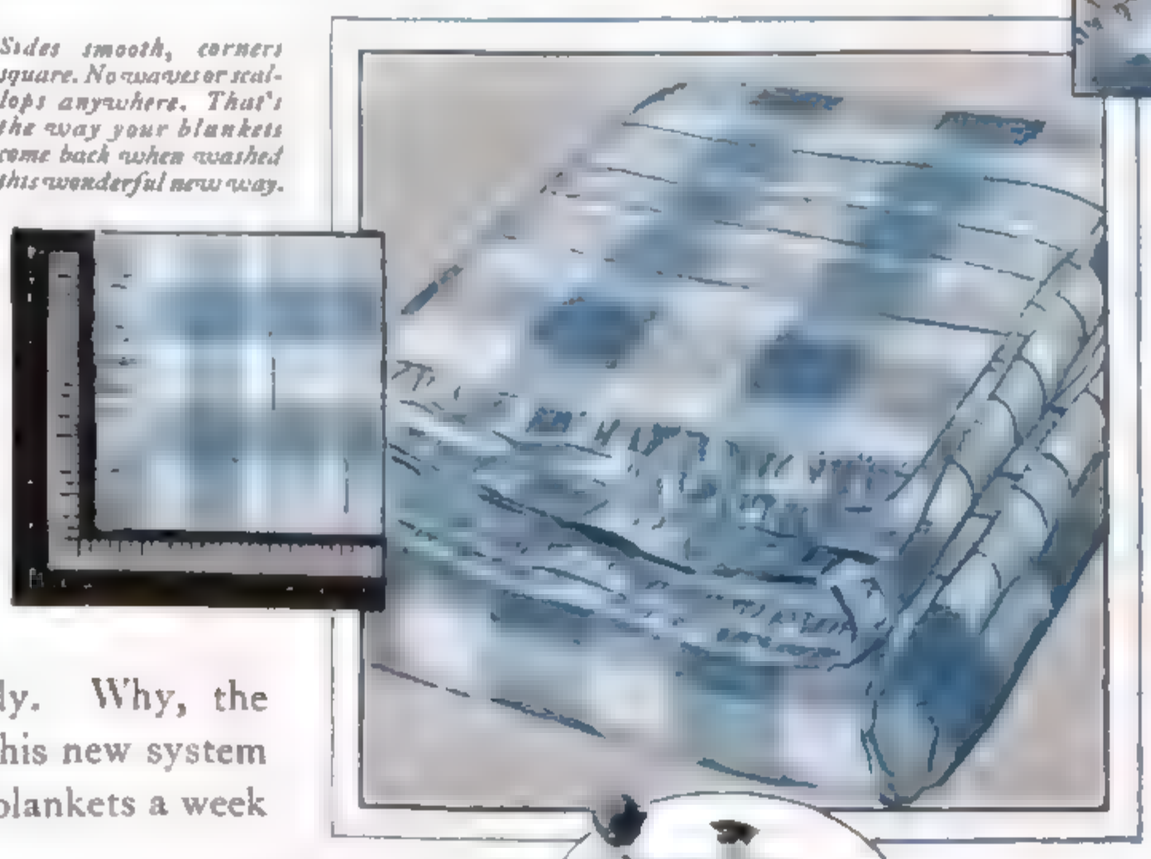
Careful thoroughness in every step

Here's the way your blankets are reconditioned by this new method: First, they are washed in special washers—gently soused, without pounding or rubbing, in pure suds of neutral olive oil soap, then rinsed in floods of crystal-clear water. A patented device keeps all suds and rinses at exactly the right temperature—there can be *no shrinking or hardening*—and there is no fading of colors. Next a marvelous "spinning basket" removes the correct amount of moisture, without wrinkling.

Then, the blankets are fastened to frames, and, under easy tension, placed in a dryer. Here, gusts of warm, fresh air fan the fabric, drying it, removing all lint. The blankets come out dry, clean, sweet-smelling. The edges are smooth; no "dog-eared" corners; no waves or scallops. The original size has been retained and the nap stands up. Finally, to make your blankets just like new, they are brushed on a patented machine. Brushed to a luxurious softness caressing to the touch. Why, most women prefer blankets washed this way to *new* blankets!



Measure your blankets, if you wish, before and after this cleansing treatment. You'll find length and breadth exactly the same—not an inch of shrinkage.



Sides smooth, corners square. No waves or scallops anywhere. That's the way your blankets come back when washed this wonderful new way.

The method is equally ideal for wool or cotton blankets. You can send, too, comforts, quilts, feather pillows, sleeping bags, curtains, washable rugs, sweaters, wool-knit goods of every kind. Send them all—perfect results guaranteed.

Laundries and dry cleaners throughout the country have installed the equipment necessary for this new blanket service. Watch for announcements in your local papers—or write The American Laundry Machinery Company for name of nearest laundry or cleaner offering this help.

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Begin *now* to cut the cost of good radio reception

This new-type battery will give you longer service than you have ever had before . . . and with improved reception, too!

ABOVE is a photograph of the Master Ray-O-Vac heavy duty 45-volt "B" battery. It is especially recommended for loud-speaker sets operating four or more tubes. Use it in your radio and you will find it the least expensive radio power you ever bought . . . because it has remarkably long life.

Ray-O-Vac batteries have always been known for their amazing staying power. Now, a new type of construction makes them last from 10% to 15% longer yet!

With this new construction short circuits within the battery are almost entirely eliminated. All the active elements are permitted to give all their energy in *producing current*. There is practically no waste of energy. Hence the battery lasts longer.

Better reception, too!

And all the while that Ray-O-Vac batteries last, they render a quality of service equalled by no other "B" power unit . . . because they have *low internal resistance*.

Eminent radio engineers agree that for undistorted reception the "B" power producer must have an internal resistance below a certain point. In Ray-O-Vac batteries this resistance rarely exceeds this permissible maximum, even when the batteries are completely worn out. It is always from 1/6 to 1/3 as much as other sources of "B" current and does not distort the reception.

When you can improve reception and at the same time cut the cost of operating your radio, with Ray-O-Vac batteries, don't you think they are worth a trial? See for yourself how good they are!

Ray-O-Vac batteries are sold everywhere by leading dealers in radio supplies. Ask for them by name and recognize them by their pitchless tops—an exclusive Ray-O-Vac feature resulting from the new construction.

RADIO IS BETTER WITH BATTERY POWER

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries

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(Continued from Page 120)

Thus the past lives again, reenacted by those who made it and those who have learned of it, taking form in greater or lesser degree according to the wealth of the community presenting it, but vital nevertheless, for it is the folklore of a particular people annually revived and verdant. One finds, for instance, in the Deadwood district, that there is a lessening of business in the barber shops, beginning with about the first week in June. One notices an unshaven appearance in the otherwise immaculate bank teller, the merchant, the man of the street, at first only indicative of a lapse of memory regarding the razor; then, as the days pass, slowly taking on proportions of a wondrous character.

The Whisker Club has begun its annual propagation, and while friends compliment and wives complain, features which heretofore have been ordinarily passable veer into hirsute landscapes which often defy even the efforts of relatives to penetrate them to an identification. Goatees and dundrearies, sideburns and full beards, chin whiskers and mutton chops—the entire gamut is run, with laughter and gibing for the first week or so, and after that deadly seriousness as the crops glow beneath the warming sun of brilliantines and fatherly care, and formation comes where there has been but straggling scrub growth before.

Strangers, not versed in the art of turning back the clock, may blink and stare as the young man of the soda fountain leaps from behind his protecting barrage of baabaas and inquires in a voice which thoroughly belies his chin adornments if they'll have pineapple frappé or straight ice cream. In the court room the lawyer struggles manfully to overcome the handicap of a set of blazing red dust mops as he pleads mercy for his client—a situation relieved, however, by the fact that the judge on the bench in all probability is dragging around a hair mattress himself, and the jury, to say nothing of the defendant and the prosecuting attorney, are also buried beneath beards.

On the ranches, in the mines, the stores, upon the highways, one sees beards which appear strangely incongruous until one learns that they now are merely in the hothouse period, force-fed for the time when they are put into their proper place and surroundings—the red shirts and slouch hats, the boots and suspenders and pick and pan and burro and pack outfit which will reproduce an Argonaut of other days for the annual three days' celebration of the Days of '76.

The Days of '76

As the humans turn to the primitive in their facial adornments, so do the more inanimate things revert also. From the mountain sawmills comes load after load of slabs, to be heaped upon the sidewalks; then, with busy carpenters hurrying from one task to ever-impatient others, the buildings are converted into as near a replica as possible of what appeared in other days. Old photographs are brought forth to serve as models—banks, confectionery shops, dry-goods stores; nothing is too dignified to remember that once upon a time when Deadwood was only the Gulch these stores were log shacks, hastily erected from the offerings of near-by forests, and log shacks they become again in as near a reproduction of the old days as possible.

Windows bristle with old photographs and relics—guns from the battlefield where Custer met his death, the huge rusty spur discovered upon a booted skeleton as a railroad cut was made in the Black Hills in 1901, watch chains of huge nuggets from Potato Creek, old gold bricks, replicas of mines. Year upon year are these relics treasured that when summer comes they may aid in the illusion that the old days are not gone after all, but merely dormant.

Night after night the band practices, and in private homes fiddles squeak as old fingers tickle the frets and voices which quaver repeat the calls of other days:

Sashay all across the hall!
Swing your pardner; balance all!
Gents to the right, ladies to the left,
Swing the girl that you love best!

There is rummaging in attics and in old trunks for another '76 dress for Sister May, coming home after thirty years in the East; a digging up of ancient jewelry; again the old Deadwood stagecoach—and this is the real one—goes to the blacksmith shop for a tightening of bolts and the setting of wheels. Like an awakening Rip Van Winkle, the memory of other days and other times comes slowly to its feet, not to look about in vain for a recognizable face as did the original of the simile, but to find smiles and a welcome everywhere.

Poker Alice Herself in Person

Not that the idea is original with Deadwood; it came into being at Sacramento some years ago with the celebration of the Days of '49, and it fell to the lot of this writer to produce the second show of its kind at the place where Jackson discovered gold in Idaho Springs, Colorado, with the Days of '59.

But the Sacramento show and the Colorado show, in spite of financial success, lasted only one year each. There was a good reason. No matter what sentiment might be behind them, they were, after all, only exhibitions. The forty-niners are gone. Of the mad souls who lighted a path across the Great American Desert in the days of '59, there are, indeed, few alive. The element of true realism was lacking; the true actors were not present.

But in the Black Hills, when the Days of '76 flare into life, one has the feeling that this is something more than a mere celebration; it is a reincarnation, the spirit of which will live for months to come.

For when the bull teams come up the street, there is Smoky Tom, cracking his long bull whip as he cracked it when this very street was so tangled with heavy wagons, eight-bull strings and long-eared mules that one pressed himself against the slab buildings that he might find space to walk. When the roulette tables come forth and the faro layouts make their appearance, one sees again the fabled Poker Alice; not merely someone dressed to look the part, but Poker Alice herself, with her heavy black cigar slanting from a corner of her mouth and the tips of her army shirt collar turned up about her throat, deal faro with the same sang-froid with which she dealt the game back in the days when men were men and women weren't any slouches either!

And when the long wagon trains of Indians, making their way overland from the Pine Ridge Reservation of the Sioux, far to the south, rattle and clatter into the Black Hills, there is a different note to the beating of their drums, the cries of the braves and the high-pitched obbligato of the squaws as they dance their Omahas. In this band there is practically every Indian survivor of that day in '76 when Custer waited in vain for Reno at the Battle of the Little Big Horn and died upon the field of battle, the bodies of his dead command clustered about him.

One has a different feeling about Indians when one sees the actual survivors of a battle. One forgets the times that he has seen the noble redskin do his dance at a rodeo or in the lobby of a hotel, seizing nickels and dimes thrown from the audience as he whoops 'er up in a gin-u-wine old Injun war dance. There is an element of realism about this for the simple fact that everything else is realistic; the present has faded and the veteran has taken command in a period of veneration rather than of hullabaloo; the young, in their dress, their whiskers and their respectful subservience forming a background for what is really a colorful convention of survivors whose times and struggles will not be equaled again, the aged dressed in the clothes they wore when the West was young, and reminiscence everywhere—such is the Black Hills celebration in greater or lesser degree when the clock turns back. Nor does one find it all in the show; there is more often than not a thrill in a spectator who seemingly has come only to watch.

She sat beside me upon the grass of a sloping expanse at Custer a few weeks ago, watching excitedly the events of the pageant by which the little town annually depicts the history of its gold-incrusted life. Over to the left, where a white railing shut off a number of glistening, high-priced cars from the general multitude, the Chief Executive viewed the celebration in company with his staff. Upon the hills, under the trees, and from an embankment of hundreds upon hundreds of machines, the residents of the district formed a grand stand which aided the illusion of the spectacle, while near by three jaded tourists from the East complained about the lack of seating arrangements, the noticeable absence of professional direction in the production, and the home talent with which a little town, working manfully for weeks upon weeks of arduous rehearsal, strove to depict a history very close to its heart.

As for the little old woman beside me, she had neither eyes for the President of the United States nor ears for the carpers who rattled on ceaselessly beside her. The first episode, depicting by means of costumed children, the forest as it existed before the advent of the white man, had been enacted; now, out of the natural wings of spruce and pine and forest growth, Custer and his soldiers moved forward in replica of the first exploration of the Black Hills and the finding of gold, while from the three there came incessantly:

"Look at that now! You'd think they'd know better, wouldn't you? One of those supposed soldiers has a bandman's cap on. I wonder why these places don't send back to New York and get someone who knows how to put on a real show—someone expensive, you know. Oh, by the way, did you see the Follies? Wasn't it beautiful? I just loved that Spanish song where—oh, what was her name?—danced. And that man—wasn't he just lovely? I never can remember his name. I thought he was darling! What's that fellow on the horse going to do now? Oh, he's pretending to be washing gold, isn't he? But I was reading somewhere that you had to have water to do that—what do they call it?—panning it? Now you'd have thought that they could have built a little stream running down through here, wouldn't you?—so there would have been the water for him really to wash gold. Don't these little towns do things the funniest way? And look there! Custer has lost his whiskers! Isn't that simply screaming? Did you hear some bells—like sleigh bells? I thought I did. Oh, yes! It's the Indians. There, they're coming out of that clump of bushes over to the left. I hope they're going to dance. I saw some Indians dance at Cheyenne at the Frontier Days and it was simply de-vine. Sure enough, they're going to. I hear a tom-tom. That always means —— Oh, did you lose something?"

Not Partial to Indians

It was to her neighbor that she spoke. The little white-haired woman had brushed the shoulder of the loquacious onlooker as she had swiftly turned, and with her back to the dancing Sioux, sat staring at the ground. The question was repeated, and a feminine pioneer, her features suddenly drawn, looked up.

"Oh, no," she said, and tried to smile. "I just don't like to watch Indians. You know, I lived here when they were different from what they are now. And whenever I see them dance I can't help remembering when my husband would find their tracks about the place and would take his rifle and go out, all alone, while I waited for him, never knowing whether he'd come back or not. You see," she added, as if in apology, "we had four small children."

After that there was more attention for the pageant before us—even from three persons who liked their shows professionally produced.

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New Spout Pours a *Thin* Stream

"Above the Salt"—*sat Nobility!*

THROUGH medieval centuries lordly banquet tables bore, near the center, a huge, jewel-encrusted cellar, elaborately wrought.

Above this salt cellar sat nobility alone—below sat those less favored. Salt—imperfect as it then was—held a proud place in history. Today, those of us whose creed is "ever a better salt" are spurred on through the realization of its great service in human health. By creating a salt so fine as Mulkey's we feel we are in truth contributing to human progress.

MULKEY SALT CO., DETROIT, MICH.
LAFAYETTE, LA.

Also Makers of

3B Butter Salt, Bakers' Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt—each perfect for its purpose

For the Prevention of Simple Goitre—For Every Day and Dish—Ask Any Grocer

MULKEY'S *Iodine* SALT

THE FAIR LARGE EARS OF GENTLE JOY

Continued from Page 21

young woman who—heaven bless her—took less than no interest in the Comte de Breux.

There was another donkey in this inclosure; if not so perfect an example of the genus as Mr Quain's family fondly proclaimed him to be, still an interesting member of the species. His furry face was closely tied to a ring in the western wall in the interests of various flora surrounding him, his overgrown ears drooped pensively to either side. Seen from the rear, the rest of his diminutive body was screened by the little two-wheeled cart to which he was harnessed.

With the disappearance of the bearers of his luggage, Quain, waving them off as one who cared nothing for what room they gave him, was left alone with his confrere for a moment, until there appeared from the hotel a young lady of some nine summers bearing gifts. These took the forms of various eroded chunks of bread and a wilted head of lettuce.

Mr. Quain, perceiving at once that the young person's plans could not be successfully advanced until the muzzle of Messer Asino was released, accordingly lifted his hat and proffered his assistance. That the young person appreciated his courtesy was very evident. When she smiled at him a deep dimple appeared in either cheek. She was rather a quaint bit of femininity, slender and tall for her age, with two long yellow braids of hair down her back. Mr. Quain was rather partial to long yellow braids and deplored their rarity.

"What a jolly little cart you've got," he said amiably as he untied the tether.

"It's not really mine, you know. We just hire it. The boy brings Virgilio over every day. But I'm quite certain they don't feed him enough. He's always so hungry. But perhaps donkeys always are."

William Quain, as one who should know, was about to reply to this generalization, when he suddenly remembered that he could not hear it. A plague on't! There was nothing he liked much better than a good satisfactory gossip with a nice child, and here he was cut off from any such indulgence. For a moment he contemplated letting her into the secret, but immediately he saw the dangers of such a course. He watched the first fragments of indurated bread being devoured by the little animal, felt that here had been some shocking neglect of urbane breeding, and then said with an unaffected reluctance, "I suppose of course you can write."

She was not surprised by the question. Interest in her social accomplishments was frequently indicated by people she liked less, people who would never think of taking off hats to a nine-year-old. She nodded.

Mr. Quain produced his notebook. It occurred to him that this volume, originally intended for mere addresses and such memoranda, was like to become a more interesting record. "I am popularly supposed to be as deaf as a post," said he. "You know that posts are much deafer than poles. I would be ever so much obliged to you if you'd write your name for me."

Her candid blue eyes and their compassion gave him a horrid twinge. But he was distracted from his conviction of sin by having her promptly charge his arms with the remains of the feast. She loved to write, and her intention to do so while he assumed her cares was obvious. She carried the notebook over to one of the little tables, tucked a foot under her on a chair, put her head down on her left shoulder and started in.

Mr. Quain fed the donkey.

On this domestic scene entered Mr. Lorillard Lithgow and his daughter through the great iron gates, and paused. He was quite naturally the more surprised to recognize the gentleman engaged in this eleemosynary occupation.

"Why, Allie, it's the young man on the train, isn't it?"

"Yes, that poor lad who is stone-deaf," said Miss Lithgow. "I saw him on the boat and advised him to come here."

Her father's brows went up as he made a genial gesture toward the stranger, who, his hands being more than full, merely shook off his panama from his head and smiled his pleasure in this recognition. The lady laughed and nodded.

"Was that quite wise, do you think?" asked Lithgow softly.

"Why not? I think he looks a very good sort."

"My dear Allie!"

"What's the matter, darling? He can't hear me. I like homely men, you know, Lorry. You are my one exception. There's that nice chick writing him a love letter already. Go over and grin with him." She swooped down on the scribe and dropped into a chair at the same table. "He is feeding your donkey so nicely," she exclaimed with a little laugh. "What is his name?"

The little girl looked up, beaming. "How do you do?" she said. "I don't know his name yet, but I soon will. I missed you very much in bathing today."

Mr. Lithgow went over, obediently if somewhat awkwardly, to do his daughter's bidding. The last pieces of bread were going, the lettuce reserved for a *bonne bouche*. The caterer looked not at all embarrassed at being caught in this unusual service.

"I shall not be shaking hands again till I've had a wash," he said pleasantly. "But my name is Quain, and as I know what yours is, that makes a sort of introduction, doesn't it?"

The older man nodded agreeably, laughed, shook hands with himself Chinese fashion, pulled the donkey's ear and looked about him helplessly. He was notably a charming companion, but it puzzled him how to charm or companion a man who could only see one's becks and wreathed smiles. He was relieved when Alida and the child came over to join them, laughing. Quain wiped his hands extensively before he accepted the open book, and then held it so that Mr. Lithgow might read. His eyes dwelt upon the small scribe with admiration and passed to Alida without any diminution in the quality of his look.

"I call that a very neat thing," he said.

"Capital, capital!" agreed Mr. Lithgow.

In very careful script, the child had written:

MISS PATRICIA CHENEY
requets the plaesure of
MR. ——'s
companny tomorow afternoon
Donky driving
R. S. V. P.

Not to be outdone in formality, Quain on the opposite page wrote his acceptance, giving his name in full and taking care to hurt no one's feelings by intruding his own orthography. Miss Lithgow, brazenly overlooking his shoulder, noted this with approbation. Indeed, she voiced her applause to her father, with a mere turn of the head away from Mr. Quain, in no uncertain terms, however deplorable as an example to little pitchers.

"He may be deaf, Lorry, but he isn't dumb," she said.

Mr. Lithgow gave a little start. Less adaptable than his daughter, he could not immediately adjust himself to the stranger's inability to hear. "My dear Allie," he remonstrated in a very small voice, "there is such a thing as lip reading."

"Not when nobody is looking, there isn't," retorted she, incorrigible. "I wonder if he is what my darling mother calls impecunious, Lorry. Did you ever hear of any Quains?"

"I really think we might postpone ——"

(Continued on Page 128)

KIMBALL

70 Years of Music
in Homes, Churches Schools and Theatres

LONG before reaching its seventieth year, the house of Kimball had created a piano with an appealing tone and an exterior physical grace excelled by no other instrument of its time.

It is many years since the Kimball name was first identified with the finest pipe organ music heard in the cathedrals and churches of this continent.

It does not take seventy years, or fifty, or thirty, for creative genius to develop the highest plane of beauty in any line of art. The significance of this seventieth anniversary lies, not in mere lapse of time, but in the enduring character of the ideals of the Kimball house.

In the giant Kimball organ of the Roxy Theatre, New York—the largest theatre organ ever built—Kimball history is merely repeating itself. Several times in the past, Kimball pianos and organs have established new precedents, and the Kimball organ for the new Minneapolis Auditorium will mark another advance. These wonderful instruments simply illustrate a principle followed by this institution from the beginning:

The house of Kimball always aims at a higher excellence than the best yet attained. On this tradition rests the supreme favor won by the Kimball piano—the most widely used piano on this hemisphere.

The Period Grand shown is a Louis XVI design—one of several Anniversary models. Two sizes, $1125 and $1300, f. o. b. Chicago.

Other designs in grands from $975 to $7000

A variety of uprights and players

W. W. KIMBALL COMPANY

1857 CHICAGO *1927*

Kimball Hall, 306 South Wabash Avenue

MORE KIMBALL PIANOS ARE IN USE IN AMERICAN HOMES THAN PIANOS OF ANY OTHER NAME IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 126)

"You don't appreciate his unusual charm, Lorry. He combines the advantages of association with the privilege of privacy. I consider him an ideal companion."

If Mr. Lithgow suffered uneasiness under her exploitation of the stranger's infirmity, it was nothing to the strain she put upon the man himself. Mr. Quain found himself confronting a new difficulty. He had not considered the likelihood of anyone's indulging in highly personal topics secure in a belief that all talk was inaudible to him. This young woman seemed to take pleasure in thrilling her father with horrid fears, and there was no knowing what she would say next. But inspiration came to his relief. If he but looked at her—and what else on earth did he want to do?—she would become discreetly silent. He could combine more things than she was aware of, and by the mere indulgence of his desire to turn his eyes her way put an end to her outrageous comments.

Virgilio's hour struck and he was led away, his exaggerated ears flopping to the slow pace of his tiny feet. All sorts of other hours struck, too—suppertime for Miss Cheney, dressing time for grown-ups. But in the matter of punctuality, Sorrento is vastly indulgent.

In the next few days William Quain wandered about, a dreamer among other lotus-eaters, conscious that he had at least secured immunity from interruption of his thoughts, which were almost entirely what his mother would have expected. He was at any rate not to be annoyed by the uninspired advances of his few fellow guests at the little hotel, for his deafness had been bruited by the chatty waiters and he moved in an enviable social aloofness. The little notebook came forth only for Patricia and Alida, Mr. Lithgow contenting himself for the most part with friendly gestures and amicable profferings of cigarettes.

Coming back afoot one afternoon from a solitary prowl toward Piano di Sorrento, where he had purchased a string of coral for Miss Cheney, he encountered that young person outside the gates of the Tritone engaged in spraying the patient Virgilio with insect powder. Virgilio's attendant, a ragged little fellow with the face of a Raphael, stood looking on with an expression of dulled resignation. It was evident that he regarded Mistress Patsy as an odd monster whose tender years prevented her being dangerous. One never knew what she would do next, but it was almost certain to be something that had never been done in Sorrento before.

Patsy was hot and happy. She pushed her straying hair out of her face with her forearms and smiled at William Quain. Then she pointed to herself, to the cart, to Mr. Quain, and raised her nearly invisible eyebrows.

"I'd love to go with you again," he answered, "but it doesn't agree with my legs. They are not collapsible. That's the worst of getting the cheaper kind." Miss Cheney gurgled. "I would be glad of a lift to the Piazza, for I couldn't find any of my kind of cigarettes up the other way. But I'll tell you what I'll do. After I have had a long wet quench for the thirst I did find, I will come along and meet you at that café where one buys ice cream. It will give me great pleasure to see that you get a *gelato*. As a gage of my sincerity, here are some beads I saw in a shop that looked like you. They are guaranteed to keep off evil eye, lumbago and castor oil." He produced the trinket from his pocket and stood by smiling while she executed a barbaric dance of delight.

Miss Cheney then leaped for his neck and kissed his cheek ruthlessly. It was the only way to thank a man who was popularly supposed to be much deafer than a pole. She put the corals over her head and exhibited herself to Virgilio, who shook his head philosophically over the frivolous nature of woman.

With a last general embrace about Mr. Quain's middle, she jumped into the cart, cried a stentorian "Ah! Ah!" to the reluctant motor force and departed thence. Mr. Quain stepped into the courtyard of the Tritone, paused to bid the waiter bring "*una mezza bottiglia di Capri ed uno sifone*" to a table on the terrace, hooked his cane over his arm, mopped his brow and wandered on.

There were two tables already occupied, one at the extreme end of the parapet by a Teutonic family awaiting afternoon refreshment, and a smaller one nearer him, where sat the Impossible She. If she had been alone he would have begged permission to join her, or had she been with her father only; but another man sat with them, smoking and ignoring his tea.

It was this third person—third person very singular, Mr. Quain silently commented as he took possession of a little round iron table in the center of the stage—who gave him pause. For, after an exchange of friendly nods with the Lithgows, he had caught a good look at the man, who casually glanced behind him. Mr. Quain, in the first moment of glimpsing this masculine back, was aware of a jealous pang, but he was quite unprepared for the nature of his relief.

The man, very carefully—perhaps too pointedly—dressed, groomed and barbered, was none the less the very rat who had come ashore at Naples desiring pantaloons, a modest estimate of his requirements that would seem to have multiplied. What under the extremely blue canopy of Italia was he doing here in such company?

The man's voice had reached him quite plainly as he took his seat, saying in rather nasal English: "Against the law, you know, to sell works of art out of the country without governmental permission. So, naturally ——" After the interruption of his host's recognition of Mr. Quain, he had turned back to continue speaking, but had so dropped his tone that what he said became inaudible at the little distance. And Mr. Quain very earnestly desired to hear what he had to say. He wished it were at all likely that Miss Lithgow would be led to mention how very deaf he was.

Mr. Quain dropped his hat upon another chair near him, gazed blankly at the Bay of Naples, stretched forth his noncollapsible legs and sighed. He was the idlest of men in an idle hour. The awning, stretched almost taut above, clacked occasionally in the light breeze; a gentle wind that served to move sundry little *battelli* with the whitest of sails slowly and lightly across the blue water so far below.

From the *albergo* behind him a waiter came at last bearing a big tray laden with the very substantial afternoon collation of the Teutonic family. Coffeepots, decanters, glasses and cups chittered and tithered against one another with a promising sound that attracted the eager eyes of the expectant patrons and brought no change to the dreamy expression on the face of Mr. Quain.

It was just behind his chair that the catastrophe occurred. The waiter tripped, and with a loud disintegrating smash the contents of the tray connected by Newton's law with the tiles of the terrace, a devastating splintering crash, carried over by the gonglike tones of the metal tray. The Teutons gave tongue, Mr. Lithgow's party fairly leaped in their chairs. William Quain gazed on placidly at the Bay of Naples and did not die.

Completely unaware of the cataclysm behind him, in which of course his walking stick had played no part, he drew out his silver case and lighted his last cigarette. Had he so much as glanced about him he would have seen pats of butter, pools of wine and coffee, shards of glass and china, and a miserable waiter who, under a passionate rating from the major-domo, was gathering up these fragments. But he saw nothing, being absorbed in some letters he had taken from his pocket.

The nerves of all the company on the terrace gradually settling again from their sudden standing on end, conversations were resumed—at the Teutonic table rather acrimoniously. And Mr. Quain was rewarded by noting that the unaccountable companion of the Lithgows had accepted a word from his host explaining his own preternatural calm, and that unconsciously he continued his remarks in a more normal tone of voice.

Mr. Quain made a note on one of his envelopes to see that the waiter should not defray the costs of his advertisement.

"For years," said the man at the other table.

"It must be rather a saddening occupation at times," Alida suggested.

"Well, you must look at it philosophically," the other returned. "After all, aren't such people in luck to possess ancestral treasures to sell? You wouldn't pity them for inheriting money, you know. Moreover, since the war has so impoverished all Europe, aren't they fortunate to have a market in America? Nobody over here can afford to buy such things."

"In business for yourself?" queried Mr. Lithgow amiably.

The man laughed. "Lord, no!" he said. "I haven't any such capital. I am just a purchasing agent for Nicolay. Do you happen to know Mr. Nicolay, sir?"

"Not personally," Lithgow answered. "Having a wife and daughter, however, I have not escaped paying tribute to the firm."

Alida smiled compassionately at her father. The best-known jeweler in the United States, one of the most celebrated in the world, had, indeed, done a good deal to add to her happiness. "Did you get any of the Russian crown jewels?" she asked.

"Not on my beat," returned the man, smiling. "I've been after smaller fry. But I have picked up some astonishingly good things. It's rather delicate work, you know. Most of the people we buy from save their family pride by exacting the greatest secrecy. I had an odd time with my last client. If we had worn masks we couldn't have been more mysterious." He laughed idly and drank his tea. Mr. Quain, with one hand at his glass of diluted wine, the other making far more extensive notes on the back of an envelope than his recent expenditures would seem to warrant, regarded his labor with complete concentration.

"You might be interested to see this," remarked the man at the other table, and took a wallet from his breast pocket.

Mr. Lithgow immediately froze, casting a glance of icy suspicion at Nicolay's representative. But Alida merely gave a little cry of admiration as the man laid down upon the table a very lovely string of creamy pearls.

"I always think it a very curious thing that an oyster's indigestion should have so great a market value." He looked up at his host with the lifting of an appreciative eyebrow. "No cause for alarm, Mr. Lithgow," he said easily. "They're not for sale. I'm taking them to Mr. Nicolay in Naples tomorrow."

"Oh, aren't they beautiful?" sighed Alida. "Some poor woman must be breaking her heart at losing them."

Mr. Lithgow thawed a little on hearing that the necklace was not on the market. He had not the slightest hesitation about buying Alida anything she wanted, but he very much objected to having a guest at his table suddenly unmask as a peddler. "They are very nice," he said with a casual politeness. "So Nicolay's in Naples, is he?"

"I came down to join him," returned the other. "He's sailing next week. To tell you the truth, I shan't be sorry to turn over my purchases to him. Of course they're all in safe deposit except this, which I got from our secretive friend. You need not worry about the supposed lady, Miss Lithgow. She doesn't exist. Of course I'm not at liberty to say whom I bought them from, but you can take my word for it that the last lady who wore them has been dead many years. . . . Yes, it's a superb string."

Never before had it been made so hard for William Quain to keep faith with a child. He very much wished to remain here and listen to the further development of this canard. That the man was a liar, for a good and sufficient reason, he knew. But the picture of little Patsy faithfully awaiting him drew him reluctantly to his feet after a glance at his watch. He could have wished that Alida had looked up on his rising, to afford him a smile from the eyes that crinkled so engagingly at the corners, but what woman could be expected to tear her attention from a splendid collar of pearls to notice the departure of a negligible man?

He found Miss Cheney composedly awaiting him at the café of Herculaneum, at the corner of the Piazza, and sat down at her side, before a little wicker table on the extremely restricted sidewalk. Before them the steep narrow street ran down toward the Giardino Pubblico, and an occasional large motor car, filling the better part of the way, hooted raucously to part the slow-moving pedestrians. Across the way Virgilio leaned against the wall of a shadowing building and twitched his hide, locally, under irritation.

Having on his way supplied himself with many small boxes of cigarettes, he asked her permission to smoke while she ate her ice. "I fancy you can tell me," said he, "how much are two and two?"

"Four," said Patsy, and held up the corresponding number of fingers.

Mr. Quain nodded. "Just as I thought," said he. "Arithmetic and pole vaulting are the only things I do well. I once jumped into the middle of next week. Most instructive."

Miss Cheney commandeered his book and pencil. "What did you see?" she wrote.

"Man going to jail," answered Mr. Quain, with a downward glance at the question. "It happens with the most depressing frequency. . . . Have another ice? I suppose I am not interfering with any rules of your diet."

Patsy made an interesting gesture, tracing the sun's path across the sky with one forefinger and holding up two digits of the other hand.

"You are allowed two a day," interpreted Mr. Quain. She laughed and nodded. "I think we get on famously," said he. "But I would so like to hear you talk. One of these days I expect to be cured of my deafness, and then I shall certainly look you up."

"We come here every summer," wrote Patsy, and went back to her *gelato*.

"I shall not forget it," he promised.

Miss Cheney ate her ice slowly while her escort smoked one cigarette after another and reflected on the curious chance that might make his pretense of deafness of possible service to the Lithgows. Thanks to this same alleged infirmity, his reflections were not to be interfered with by any chatter from his demure but naturally loquacious companion. Only once did she interrupt his rapt meditation by claiming his attention. Abandoning for a moment her peach ice, as one can a second helping, she wrote in his book: "Shall you come here next summer?"

"That depends," said Mr. Quain slowly, "on the loveliest woman in the world."

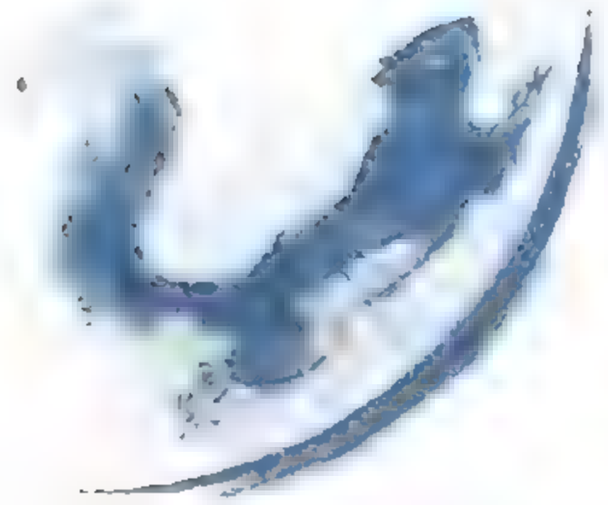
Miss Cheney eyed him a moment. "Do you mean my mother?" was her next entry.

The question went straight to his heart and resulted in his squeezing her hand. "I really meant the second loveliest," he lied affectionately. "It's a secret, mind. Miss Lithgow."

The child's eyes brightened with delight. It is difficult to say how early the appreciation of romance wakens in the feminine breast. She bestowed a slow wide smile upon him and her dimples emphasized her approval. Still, one could not forget a *gelato di pesca*. She went on eating.

With the exception of this interlude, in which Mr. Quain took almost as much satisfaction as herself, he was at liberty to pursue his own thoughts. And even when

(Continued on Page 133)



'ROUND and 'round and 'round—without ever getting anywhere! Green grass, great leafy trees and nuts without number are waiting beyond the bars . . . pitiful little prisoner . . .

'ROUND and 'round and 'round—from laundry to kitchen . . . and back again . . . and another day tomorrow . . . and another after that . . . No time for anything else . . . no chance to *get* anywhere. Yet there are no bars to keep this woman from doing all the pleasant things she dreams of . . . no bars save those of *habit*.

THE woman across the street would tell her how to escape from the vicious circle of the daily round. Her clean, cheerful home runs like clockwork. Yet she has time to chum with her children, to enjoy her friends, to read the latest books, to attend the newest plays—to make her dreams come true!

HOW, in the workaday world, does she find time for these things? Simply by refusing to be bound by out-of-date *housework habits!*

Never depend upon finding her at home on "washday"—life is too full of wonders for such wanton waste of time!

You, too, live in a modern world that has no hours to spare. Send your wash to a modern laundry and turn these work days into pleasure days—*52 of them in every year!*

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Today's laundry offers Services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook. All-ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home. Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

The Appian Way, begun about 312 B.C., is the oldest and most famous of the Roman roads. It was the first good road ever constructed and there are many parts of it still carrying traffic.

Caius Julius Caesar, fully realizing that commerce and conquest depended upon good roads, achieved lasting prestige by extending the construction of the famous Roman roads.

A reprint of this advertisement, suitable for framing, may be obtained by addressing Continental Motors Corporation, Detroit Michigan.

Powerful as the Nation

HIGHWAYS

A nation's progress is dependent upon its highways. From ancient days down to the present these links in the chain which binds cities and towns together have played a history-making part in transportation and industry.

During the past quarter century, when highway developments and transportation have made their greatest strides, Red Seal Continental Motors have been factors in this ever-changing panorama—pioneers in the constant development of gasoline power.

As a reward for this pioneering, Continental has secured an unparalleled experience which is augmented by an unswerving policy of concentration on gasoline motor building, unsurpassed facilities and an unequalled organization of trained specialists.

The user of gasoline motor transportation reaps his share of the reward for this pioneering in a product universally recognized for its outstanding quality, dependable performance and consistent economy of operation.

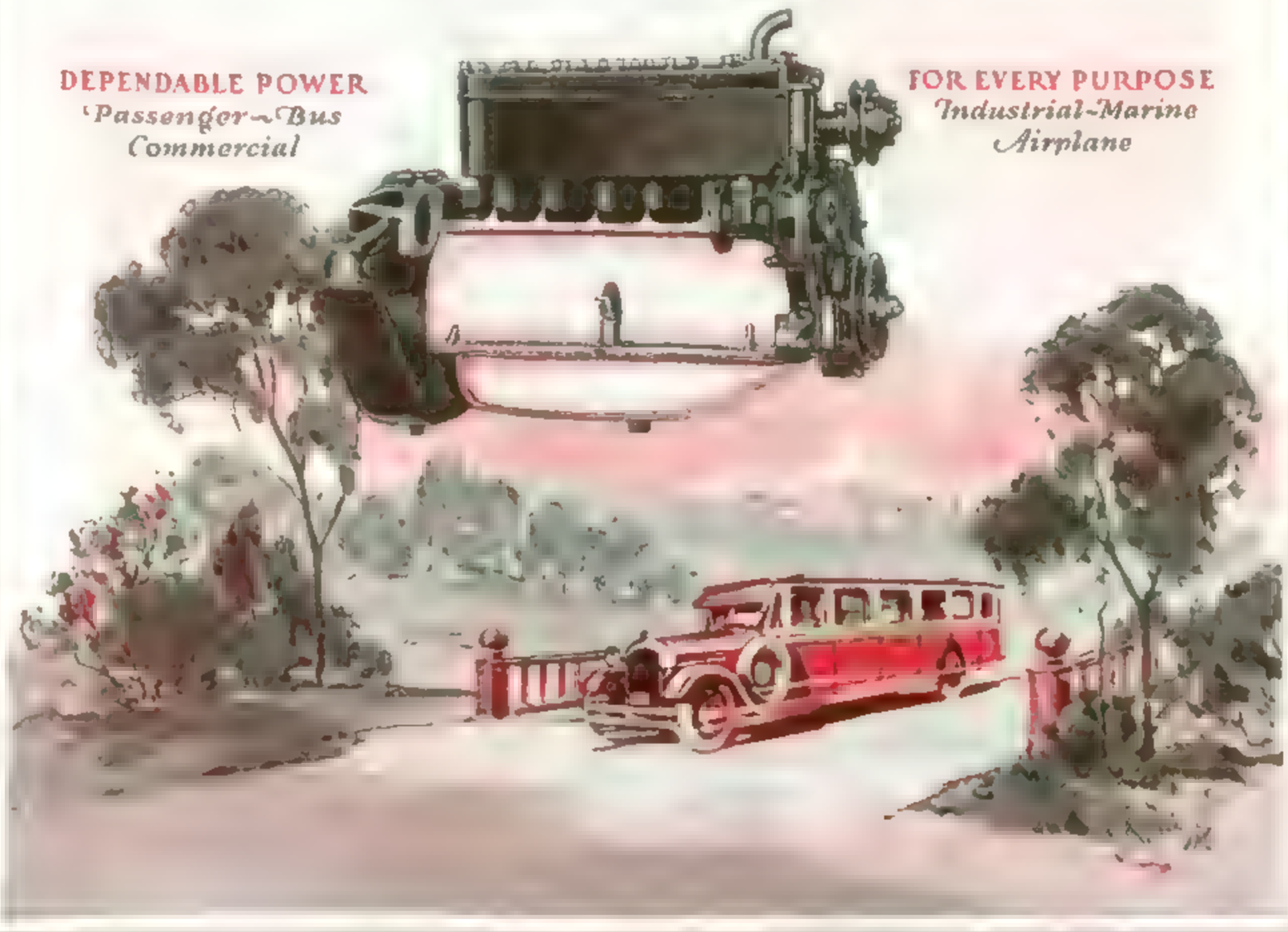
CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

The Largest Exclusive Gasoline Motor Manufacturer in the World

DEPENDABLE POWER
Passenger—Bus
Commercial

FOR EVERY PURPOSE
Industrial-Marine
Airplane



Continental Motors

Thorough cleaning can be quick!

FLOOR POLISHER
This amazing accessory at only $10 extra.

WHEN you clean thoroughly you get every speck of dust—every particle of grit. Yet it can be done quickly.

The Premier Duplex always cleans thoroughly. It has the two actions that together *must* get all the dirt. The action of the motor-driven brush sweeps the surface clean of lint, and frees the grit. The action of the powerful suction bags all. And brush and suction work together with *double action*. They do twice the work in half the time.

When you've cleaned, you're through with the Premier Duplex for the day. It is always in order. Both its motor and brush are ball bearing. They never need oiling. Every time you use the Premier Duplex, you clean thoroughly, yet you clean quickly and easily, too.

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 309 Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York

(Continued from Page 128)

he had helped to reverse Virgilio and the cart, and had bade godspeed to a replete Miss Cheney, he set off in her wake immersed in speculation.

The eyes of several *signori* sitting in the shade at the *circolo* followed the retreating figure of the afflicted American, and as many lips breathed a sigh of relief when he had safely crossed the path of the cars and carriages. Thus swiftly does gossip pass about Sorrent' that there was scarce a person in its streets who did not know that the gentleman staying at the Tritone could not be expected to hear a motor horn or warning cry.

And indeed cogitation so absorbed Mr. Quain as to render him almost as deaf as they supposed. The plan to sell Mr. Lithgow what he was perfectly certain was a stolen string of pearls was simple enough to prove successful, unless he came forward at this late hour with a most difficult confession; difficult, because with the most bewildering rapidity he had become painfully sensitive to Alida Lithgow's opinion. He found it unbearable that she should share his mother's compassionate estimate of his character. Think how extremely fugitive had been Titania's interest in a more famous donkey!

And what would be Alida's reaction toward a man who had permitted her an unconscionable frankness under pretense of surdity? It was not alone the warmth of the baking little roadway he trod that caused him to wilt.

No, something else must be done about this episode. He could not bear to be written down an ass by even the second loveliest lady in the world. He must find out in some way if the impostor had inveigled the Lithgows into a definite appointment, without betraying himself as an eavesdropper. The immediate future must find and leave him deaf. After that, he would be miraculously cured; and, unhandicapped by infirmity, renew acquaintance with Alida and her father at home. So much decided, with a grimly purposeful nod, he found his heart lighter and his step more brisk.

A considerable gathering of people in the road at the gates of the Tritone surprised him. Had the faces of this small mob not been uniformly a-grin, he might have had a horrid moment of fear that all was not well with the valiant driver of Virgilio. For he could see the tail of the cart as the press of spectators concentrated at its other end. Cooks, waiters, chambermaids, passing pedestrians, guests of the hotel—were clustered together in democratic parity, including even Mr. Lithgow and Alida. Very evidently they had been attracted to this congress on their way across the courtyard to the lift, as both were in bathing dress under their terry-cloth wraps.

Alida, catching his eye, beckoned him nearer and made way for him to join her as he circled the muster of smiling witnesses.

A low babble of exclamatory Italian warned him that he was about to see something well worth looking on, yet it did not prepare him wholly for the sight of his little friend, with some difficulty and tremendous determination, scrubbing the teeth of Virgilio with a toothbrush.

Quain broke into irresistible laughter, and the ring of it brought to an end the nearly awed hush of the onlookers. The little crowd gave way to tickled merriment, rocking where it stood.

Miss Cheney did not mind it in the least. Secure in the unimpeachable soundness of her treatment, she concentrated primarily on the formidable job of keeping Virgilio subdued to her instaurative purposes.

Alida, having laughed until she was fain to wipe her eyes, leaned weakly against her father's stalwart arm and smiled at William Quain through her ecstatic tears. "Isn't she the most priceless lamb?" she gasped softly.

"I never thought," said he, who could quite easily guess at what she was saying under the circumstances, "to come so far to fall in love so quick. In the short time I've not done so badly, having ensnared her with gewgaws, plied her with comfits and made an appointment for next summer."

She turned her head upward toward her father's face. "There!" said she. "Do you hear that? I have lost him to another, just as I was beginning to understand his worth!"

"Come, Allie, you give me goose flesh!" he remonstrated uncomfortably. "Are we going bathing or are we not? I wouldn't have missed this for a corner in steel, but the show is nearly over."

"Let's all go," said Alida. "Wouldn't you join us, Mr. Quain?"

Warily William caught himself in the act of replying and reminded her of his condition with a mere flap of the arms. Her eyes had never left his face.

"The poor dear," said Miss Lithgow. Spurning the more tedious method of communicating in writing, she pointed first to her father's bathing suit and then to Mr. Quain, apparently counted "Eeney, meeney, miney" about their circle of three, and made a swimming motion with her pretty hands. "I'm getting to be wonderful at this," she said proudly.

"I have a suit and I'd be delighted," said Mr. Quain. "It won't take me seven seconds to change, and I'll meet you down at the water. You are more than kind."

"Well, you look so lonesome," said Alida. "Come along, Lorry. If we don't get in soon we will be late for dinner."

They were all three late for dinner, but not because of a delayed start. The fault lay with the more or less temperamental electric installation that ran the elevator. It took them down slowly but surely enough, through the solid rock of the cliff to sea level, but the return was not so successful. Halfway up the well the lift, with a sound of settling bones, became motionless. Vainly the little boy in charge of the mechanism pressed buttons and called upon his gods. His three dripping passengers sat and dripped in a Mohammed's coffin, suspended in neutrality.

"What happens now?" asked Alida.

The boy explained that it was only a matter of a few moments. The concierge would not be long in perceiving that the car did not arrive and would immediately bring his potent influence to bear on the electricity.

"This would be more romantic, Lorry," said Miss Lithgow, "if you were not present." She was dreamily silent a moment and then remarked pensively, "I wonder what it's like to be proposed to by a man who couldn't hear your answer."

"For my sake!" begged her poor father.

"No, but fancy bellowing 'This is so sudden!' through a megaphone! How could a modest maiden coyly admit a budding interest at the top of her lungs?"

"I can't see that the dilemma of a modest maid concerns you," retorted Mr. Lithgow. He was averse to this sort of thing, but their companion was certainly not watching their lips. "Can't you talk about something else?"

"I can, I suppose," said she, cuddling down into her wrap. "But the fact is, Lorry, I am beginning to find this person rather interesting. Do you remember how airily I dismissed him as a hatchet-face? Well, on closer observation, I find him rather good-looking. How many people do you know with as fine a jaw as that?"

"I know a young woman who might do well to hold hers."

Alida giggled. "There's such a lot of sense in his face, and a nice kind of twinkle, which is better than the light of Phœbus, who was handsome, but, dollars to doughnuts, had not humor. I do wish I could talk with him. It's so discouraging just to nod and smile, so hard to get any forader."

"If you were any more forward than you are," said Lithgow, "I should die of shame. By George, this is rather tedious, isn't it?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Quain to the attendant presently, "that you cannot open these doors between levels."

The Italian habit being to talk quite as much with the hands as with the voice, he had no difficulty in understanding that this was indeed impossible. The boy himself had begun to look uneasy.

Mr. Quain, sitting opposite the others, leaned forward a little. "You'll notice," he said pleasantly, "that it is getting quite close in here. I'm afraid you may have a headache."

She shook her head, smiling, and yawned. Mr. Quain and Mr. Lithgow exchanged a glance.

"I don't want to cut your bag about, but it's the only weapon we have," remarked Mr. Quain. "Anything breakable in here?"

"No," said Alida. "What are you going to do?"

He did not answer. The small leather satchel, which contained their towels and sundry comforts, swung upward in his hand. Methodically he bashed it at all four elaborately ground panels of glass in the doors, which offered no resistance but tinkled musically into the depths. The boy whimpered with horror. The destroyer set himself to enlarging the apertures by loosening the shattered pieces of remaining glass.

"There, Lorry," quoth Miss Lithgow, somewhat obscurely. "Do you see what I mean?"

Her father assured himself that Mr. Quain's back was turned upon them before he answered. "A large simple gesture," he agreed. "And not one, my mercenary child, apt to occur to the impecunious."

"Then you think mother would not be likely to object?"

Mr. Lithgow received this in a horrified silence.

"You would better draw your wrap closer," suggested Quain without turning from his destructive occupation. "You'll notice that I've let in a bit of air and that it's coolish."

"Thoughtful of others, too," said the young lady. "Upon my word, Lorry, I think I might do worse."

"You might do better to wait till you're asked," said Lithgow. "For my part, I consider the subject indelicate and reprehensible. I shall say no more."

She laughed softly and fell silent. The boy, with a murmured, "*Scusi!*" had sunk to a seat in the corner, eying the assaulter of glass doors with a humble admiration.

Mr. Quain, as busily occupied as a happy child, spoke presently without looking around.

"I hope you have no pressing engagement for tomorrow," he said lightly.

Alida laughed. "Well, Lorry, it's an ill wind. If we are here tomorrow morning I shall not cost you the price of a heavenly string of pearls."

It was just the information Quain had hoped for.

Lithgow grunted. "I'm inclined to think I won't buy it," he said.

"Poor darling, of course you'll buy it," she answered with a soothing pat on his hand. "With Mr. Nicolay himself there to appraise it and all that sort of thing, all you'll have to do is sign a check. I never saw anything I wanted so much."

Quite suddenly, with a rattle of loose joinery, the little car shuddered, jerked and slowly resumed its upward way. The boy leaped to his feet with a glad cry. The passengers stirred and smiled at one another. But of the quartet of sighs of relief, none was more sincere than William Quain's. Another five minutes of Miss Lithgow's confidences, he felt, would have reduced him to ignominious exposure as a fraud. And there was no balm to be extracted from the tenor of her remarks, either, for very obviously she was only plaguing her father. Mr. Quain decided that she was a knavish jade, and wondered if woman before her had ever been so thoroughly adored.

The Maria della Corona, being concerned mainly with the transportation of humble individuals whose day began early, left her mooring at the Grande Marina at the wholesome hour of seven next morning, and bore William Quain among others across a milky sea of *nacre* blue to Naples. Before the Lithgow automobile could fairly be expected to bring more leisurely travelers to the city, he would have ample time for his errands. These included a visit to the *polizia*, whence was dispatched an agent on a motorcycle to watch the Castellammare road for a carefully identified motor, and a second breakfast at the Café Caflisch. Returning refreshed to the police station, he smoked cigarettes with the sergeant until a telephone call announced that the agent had followed his quarry to the Hotel Vesuve, where he stood awaiting orders.

"You will await us," emended the officer. "We shall be there in two minutes."

At the hotel, the hapless manager led them all into a private office, two *carabinieri*, two Black Shirts and the principals, where Mr. Quain supplemented the official exposition with his own story.

"It will all be so quietly done that nobody in the hotel will know. There will be no scandalous scene," the police assured the lamenting manager. "Of the *signore's* assistance and his plan, I cannot speak too highly. I agree with him that we may chance upon a member of that pack of thieves that has so plundered the tourists of the Riviera as to impair seriously the business of the hotels. You yourself, *signore*, may have suffered from the natural desire of wealthy persons to shun a region so infect."

"But there are holes in your theory like a Swiss cheese," said the manager. "Why should a stolen article be brought so far on the chance of making a sale to a rich American?"

"The rich American was doubtless a stroke of luck," said William Quain. "I fancy the Fioredelucca brought the thief here because it was the earliest and safest way out of France. You must remember I saw him come ashore, dressed as a miserable sailor, needing pantaloons. The passing through Naples of a rich American would not be unknown to his kind here, and doubtless he could hope for a better price, granted he could give the transaction an air of sanctity, than he could get from a dealer in stolen goods. But after all, are we not wasting time? This gentleman who calls himself Mr. Nicolay arrived yesterday, I fancy."

The manager nodded. "If there is any mistake," he groaned, "I am ruined."

"The responsibility," said the police rather grandly, "is ours. Look you, *signore*, we do not need to show ourselves until after this gentleman has entered the room."

"So be it," said the Vesuve resignedly. He took the party up in a luggage elevator at the rear, marched them silently down a branching corridor and halted them at a few paces from a handsome double door. Quain, with his much maligned ear at the panel, heard a suave voice remark in a good American accent that it was all very irregular—to which pronouncement he gave a silent nod of assent—that the jewels were purchased for sale in New York, but that since Miss Lithgow was so interested ——

The listener gave another nod, this time to prompt his escort.

The manager paused only to mop his miserable brow before he opened one wing of this door, bowed nervously and announced, "Il Signor Quain."

There were several exclamations of surprise from within the room. Mr. Quain, stepping promptly in, gave an excellent imitation of astonishment at seeing the Lithgows and their guest of yesterday, and glanced at the elderly gentleman seated in a pontifical chair with a well-simulated bewilderment. He did not fail, however, to note that the man quickly dropped his large silk handkerchief over a gleaming heap of pearls upon the table.

"I sincerely beg your pardon," said Mr. Quain, with a regretful bow. "There has been some mistake." He distinctly heard the management emit a low groan of despair

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behind him. "I understood that my father was here."

"Your father!" echoed Miss Lithgow so obviously that a deaf man watching her could easily guess at what she said.

"Well, my stepfather," said William Quain—"Mr. Nicolay, of New York."

"God bless me!" cried Lithgow loudly. "Look here, Quain, are you playing a joke? Isn't this Mr. Nicolay?" He had quite forgotten that the afflicted young man could not be supposed to hear this, but his eloquent gesture toward their elderly host was not to be misunderstood. The man at whom he pointed was so green of cheek in that moment as to render further talk superfluous.

"That?" said William Quain. "Oh, no, that's not Mr. Nicolay."

He who had come ashore in the garb of a humble sailor snatched up the pearls. The elderly person jumped to his feet. The pair made a desperate dash for the doorway.

Mr. Quain stepped aside, leaving for them a free passage into the arms of the waiting forces of the law. "Don't be alarmed," said he as Mr. Lithgow made a red-roaring plunge after them. He closed the door tranquilly as the posse outside formed a hollow square about the would-be fugitives. "When I heard that my stepfather was registered here, I fancied there was something fishy about it, as I had a letter from him not a month ago saying nothing of any such trip. So I took the precaution of fetching the police along. They were waiting in the corridor. I'm sorry if what I have done has caused you annoyance."

Miss Lithgow beamed upon him—for a young lady who had just missed getting a remarkable pearl necklace, quite delightedly—and shook her head. "Tell me now he is not an acquisition, Lorry! I never lived a more thrilling moment."

"I confess to a start myself," said he. His jovial laugh rang out as he clapped Quain upon the shoulder. "Done in the nick of time! Give me your notebook," he added, with an explanatory gesture. "It must have been a poser to find us here."

Mr. Quain produced the desired article, and leaving him to write a totally unnecessary explanation of their presence, crossed the room to Alida. "You will forgive me for barging in like this?" She nodded again. "I suppose your father is writing me a testimonial, so I fancy I've been of use somehow. If I have, you can't know how grateful I am of the chance to serve you."

Miss Lithgow glanced away from his adoring eyes and flushed a little.

"You believe me? I was never more in earnest in my life."

It was unusual for this young woman to be even so slightly disconcerted. Her lashes fluttered as she looked up at him. She managed another little nod and a faint smile.

There was a discreet rap at the door. Quain turned on Mr. Lithgow. "You are probably going to be extremely annoyed with me," he said. "Because there is no doubt we shall all three have to appear against these men. I should take it as a great favor if you would put in a plea for our being allowed to make it written and sworn testimony. I may have to leave Sorrento at a moment's notice, and it would be a nuisance for us all to be held up by the police."

Lithgow nodded, handed him what he had written and walked to the door. "I fancy this is their summons now," he said.

Mr. Quain incontinently turned back to Alida. "You must be so accustomed to having men fall in love with you at first sight," he said softly, "that you won't be astonished at my having done it. I want you please to take this book and write in it three things: First, if I may come to see you when we get back to America; second, how much truth there is in that announcement I read in the Paris Herald; third, whether you believe in long engagements."

Miss Lithgow flung an appealing look at her father's distant back. But Quain had no intention of causing her embarrassment. He merely put the book into her hand gently as it lay on a table, and turned toward the door.

So well had Mr. Lithgow managed the affair with the police that his statement made there and then was likely to prove sufficient. For the rest, the captives would be held pending the arrival of a French agent to identify both themselves and the indubitably stolen pearls.

It was rather a quiet drive back to Sorrento later through the warmth of early afternoon. Mr. Lithgow occasionally eyed his daughter with a faint concern in her silence. Her usual provocative high spirits seemed to have deserted her, yet she did not look in the least unhappy. Only once did she break her dreamy silence.

"Lorry, darling, do you think mother is very angry at me for running away with you? You don't know how glad—how glad I am that I did!"

Mr. Lithgow received this seriously. He was by no means a fool, and a less sensitive person would have been fully aware that, whatever might happen to the installation at the Tritone, there was an electricity playing about here that was not liable to intermission. He looked down at her hands lying clasped in her lap and laid one of his own over them.

"Your mother, Allie, chose her own husband," he said very gently.

The girl's lips trembled and she turned her palm upward to clasp his fingers. "Darling, I'm so glad it was you," she said softly.

"Well, so am I," he returned, smiling. "Considering that it was a love match, it has turned out very well."

It was when they alighted in the courtyard of the Tritone that fate forced Quain's hand. Miss Patricia Cheney, who had been hanging over the parapet in an attitude that revealed little but two tense legs, turned at the sound of their voices and rushed to meet them. "The loveliest boat has just come in!" she cried. "Do come and look!" She caught impartially at the hands of Alida and Mr. Quain, making a delectable hyphen of herself, as she dragged them across the terrace, Mr. Lithgow following. "Isn't it the grandest thing? So big and white and clean!"

"Why, Lorry, it's the Noma," cried Alida over her shoulder. "That scamp of a Jim Littleton has turned up at last."

William Quain stopped short in his tracks. "Are you going cruising on that craft?" he asked, pointing dramatically downward where she rode surrounded by inquisitive and admiring small boats.

"Came down to join her," nodded Lorillard Lithgow.

Mr. Quain tossed his hat one way, his stick another. "Then I give up!" he said. "I'm done! You won't deny I've done my best, but there's no keeping it up on a friend's yacht, now is there?"

"Are you sailing on the Noma?" cried Alida

"Well, bless me!" said her father. "What's this you're giving up?"

"It is a horrible confession, but I'm not deaf at all," quoth Mr. Quain with a certain desperation.

An enormous silence followed the shock of this announcement. Patsy's eyes went quite simply round with astonishment. Mr. Lithgow, after one amazed stare at Quain, turned a slow significant look upon his daughter. One by one, there surged through his horrified memory the outrageous remarks she had permitted herself. Alida, her cheeks faintly crimson, looked carefully away from the entire group.

"For whatever did you pretend you were?" cried Patsy, finding a voice at last.

Mr. Quain looked steadily at Alida and did not answer.

Quite suddenly Mr. Lithgow stooped and swept little Miss Cheney up to his shoulder. "You come along with me," he said, biting back a hearty laugh. "We are too young and too old to be anything but out of place here."

As he bore her away Alida wandered over to the parapet and leaned there silently.

"I know you've every right to be angry," said Mr. Quain humbly as he followed to a place beside her. "But don't you think you can find it in your heart to forgive me? You see, I couldn't know it would turn out like this, could I? I only did it to save you embarrassment on the train, do you remember?"

To none of these questions did she vouchsafe an answer. He looked at her averted face. "If you are thinking I had no right to let you say the—the things you did," he ventured abjectly, "I can only admit it. The one thing I couldn't bear would be to have you unsay them. They were so friendly and—and jolly, Alida. Please!" He nerved himself to the courage to touch her hand. "Won't you forgive me for not being deaf?" he begged.

She looked down at his hand and a slight smile twitched at her lips. "I knew from the very first you weren't," said Miss Lithgow, and had the grace to blush.

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THE CHANGING ROAD

(Continued from Page 40)

the center of the room. Then he got into it, draping his long legs over the foot and propping his shoulders against the head. It wasn't half bad.

Next morning the baker had some gossip for the butcher. "Where were you last night?"

"In bed," answered the butcher, "where I usually am at night."

"You heard nothing then?"

"What was there to be heard?"

"Why, at eleven, or near, there was an attempted murder in front of the Boronov hotel "

"What?"

"It is as I say. I was starting to undress, when I heard the police whistle and ran out. The policeman questioned me."

"Ah!"

"But I had never seen the man. I hadn't heard the least sound. Nobody cried out."

"The victim is alive yet?"

"Yes. And what do you think? The man was a murderer for whom the police have been scouring Paris. It seems he murdered a chauffeur on the Simplon Pass. Goes back to Switzerland or to Vienna, I don't know which. They will hang him."

"But the man who tried to kill him—what of him?"

The baker shrugged. "They only know that he recently bought a straw hat in the Opéra. The label had fallen out. But Madame Papin thinks she saw the man. He was the only man seen coming out of the street at the hour of the attempt. He wore a straw hat and was in evening clothes, mussed up."

"What did I tell you?" cried the butcher. "Did I not say that something would happen over there?"

"It was I who said that."

"Where were they last night?" demanded the butcher. "Did someone come out from there?"

"No. The police rang the bell, but no one answered."

"They knew someone had moved in?"

"Of course, the police and the collector of imposts would know. Simply because a thing like that happens in front of your house is no sign that you are concerned. The police think that someone was walking through the street, that the murderer attacked him for robbery and got the worst of it. The victor will be Madame Papin's man."

"Was he stabbed?"

"He was throttled, almost. They said—the ambulance men—that he wouldn't be able to speak for hours."

The two men stared thoughtfully at the Boronov hotel. It was the butcher who made the discovery. "Look! That window under the roof—it was not broken yesterday."

"That is true. Shall we notify the police?"

"Simpleton! Do you want us to be dragged into it? Let well enough alone."

"Well, yes; it is none of our affair."

Now these two good gossips closed their shops from noon till two. It was a custom handed down by their sires and therefore inviolable. Not even a funeral could interrupt this habit, and never did, because no Frenchman would permit a funeral to take place within these two hours, disrupting as it would the very life of France. There was a café around the corner, and to this the baker and butcher hied them for red wine and politics.

Thus they had not the good fortune to see a taxicab enter the courtyard of the Boronov hotel at one o'clock and depart half an hour later. The activity suggested something akin to hurried flight.

XXII

IN THE Boulevard Raspail that morning Sonia could not sit still; she had had no sleep. From room to room she strode, the round bringing her back to the front-room window from which she peered into the street. Her elderly companion eyed her compassionately, tenderly, but offered no speech. She understood this child, lovable but untamable. Would she always be surrendering to these mad impulses which, on the rebound, always hurt her?

"What shall I do, Ekaterina? What shall I do? I have thoughtlessly involved Anatole, Boris and Antoine. They can be sent to prison for what I have commanded them to do."

"You can tell the truth, Barina."

"The truth?" Sonia halted. "Oh, I am a mad creature!"

"It is time, Barina, that you began to look before you leap." It was the one and only reproach she ever offered Sonia for leading her son to his death.

"I have made a dreadful mistake! I believed him guilty!"

"Why did you take it for granted? Why did you rush blindly into this?"

"I did not remember his name. I could not find him."

"And so he turns out to be what you believed him—a valiant, chivalric young man. You had something which in the eyes of the law did not belong to you, and he knew it. Yet he let you go and turned the emeralds over to the police."

"I did not know where he lived!"

"But you knew that he was trying to find you so that he could explain."

"Why didn't he accuse me that night—let me know what he intended to do? I would have told him everything."

"But still he would have had to deliver the emeralds to the Brigue police."

"Why didn't you stop Gregor and me that wild night?"

Ekaterina sighed. "Because I am human too. I saw all of us in comfort again, Barina."

"Stop calling me that! Call me Sonia, as you did when I was little."

Ekaterina—Catherine—put her arms around Sonia and stroked her head. She was taller than Sonia.

"I was so filled with gratitude for what he had done that I kissed him!" Sonia's voice was muffled.

"Then he will remember that all his days. Play something. The music will soothe you."

"Play? Play, when I can't think of anything but those faithful souls whom I have made criminals in my folly?"

"Perhaps the young man will never say anything when he learns the truth. He has a sister, you say. Go to her and tell her everything. Go to her this afternoon. Perhaps she will stand between you and the young man's wrath—if indeed he is wrathful. You are very beautiful, like your English mother, only there's the Cossack strain."

"Ah!" Sonia broke away suddenly from the other's embrace. "Beautiful! Hasn't it been my curse? Would I not gladly work with my hands if I were not beautiful? Men! Was I not beautiful to Lubovin?"

"There seems to be one who has the instincts of chivalry. . . . These Americans! The folly of that night! Was I not equally guilty? But you were my Barina, and I did not know how to say no to you. Play "

Impetuously Sonia sat down at the piano and began the Revolutionary Étude.

"No, no! There is nothing soothing in that. It is oil on fire. Play that mazurka I used to love—the tender one—the one your father always made you play in twilight."

Sonia began the mazurka, but halfway through it came a stormy discord—and she fell to weeping. Quick as a flash the other woman knelt and once more took Sonia into her embrace.

"That is what I wanted—tears. Weep, little one; weep and grow green again. Weep. You tell me this young man is brave. A brave man is always a generous one. Go and tell his sister everything, then let him go. Weep."

In time the storm passed; Sonia wiped her eyes and smiled.

"I will get you some tea," said the other, and hastened into the kitchen.

Sonia lifted Ling Foo off the lounge and cuddled him for a minute or two; then she sat in the easy-chair, her legs curled under her, and permitted herself to dream. Love—she had never given it thought. Besides, he was quite as mad as she was, and unafraid. Not a kopeck, he had said. She left the chair and stepped over to the desk, pulling out a drawer and returning to the chair with a little slip of ribbon in her hand—for valor. No one need tell her what this bit of ribbon meant. He had fought for France. He didn't care what she was or what she had been. That would linger in her thoughts so long as she lived. But love? No, no! She was only a beautiful shell. There was no soul in her; it had been plucked out by the ruthless hand of Anarch. Yet just a few minutes gone she had wept—to grow green again!

But Paris! She and Ekaterina must leave Paris when the time came that they could. They would live upon what remained of the pearls; then she would do what she had always sworn she could not do—teach music.

A knock on the door! She jumped up. But there came two other knocks, and she knew that François the baker would be at the door with the morning newspaper.

"Look, ma'm'selle!" he cried, flourishing the paper. "Lubovin has been caught by the police! See, here it is."

Sonia grasped the newspaper and read with astonished eyes the event of the night before. A gentleman in evening dress. She could account for Anatole, Boris, Antoine and François.

"Ekaterina!" she called. Ekaterina came running in. "Fedor Lubovin is in the hands of the police," Sonia announced.

The mother of Gregor Sergine smiled. "You see, Barina? God is slow sometimes, but sure."

"Someone tried to kill him in front of the Boronov hotel."

The two women looked into each other's eyes, and each mutely asked the other, "Who?"

XXIII

THAT same morning the *préfecture de police* notified Molly that the man her brother had fought on the Simplon was in custody, in a precarious condition, but it was evident that he would live to be hanged. He was a powerful man, but he had been nearly choked to death and his face seriously battered. The assailant could not possibly have been Monsieur Davidson, who would have recognized his man and summoned the police after his victory.

Monsieur Davidson had last been seen in Montmartre. Perhaps he was on some private engagement—some old affair—and believed it best not to communicate till the business was accomplished.

The *préfecture* had every reason to believe that Monsieur Davidson was alive. If anything relative to the Boronov emeralds had happened, it would be a matter of ransom. In that event she would soon be receiving a letter stating the terms and conditions. If she did receive such a letter she was to inform the *préfecture* at once. Mademoiselle must not, under any circumstance, reply in person to any such letter. And above all, mademoiselle must have patience.

"Patience!" Molly cried. "They ask me to have patience!"

"It's a good thing to have, Molly," said her father. "Remember, he has been through tough affairs. He'll come through this one." He was determined not to let Molly see how deeply he was worried. If his son wrote to pay ransom, then he'd pay it; for the boy would not weaken except in the face of death.

Molly's imagination not only drew horrors for her but as one form would appear another would spring up immediately and demolish its predecessor. She could not accept any one picture and abide by it.

Sonia Karlov was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. There were some things the mind refused to accept; and although the adventure on the mountain wrote her down a thief, with a courage and a resolution which matched her beauty, Sonia insisted upon remaining a block which somehow refused to fit in this picture puzzle.

Ransom. Her father could haggle if he wanted to; she wouldn't. She would pay the ransom even if it took all her worldly possessions. She wanted her brother, safe and unharmed; the price didn't matter. To her father, to Mason, to the household, she appeared to accept the misfortune calmly. Turmoil within and the mask of placidity without—as it is with most of us in crises.

At four o'clock that afternoon Mason drove her father to the *préfecture*. That left Molly alone. At 4:15 a ocher-colored taxicab stopped at the curb outside. Five minutes later Victor the butler knocked on the door of the mistress' boudoir. "A lady wishes to see you, ma'm'selle."

"A lady?"

"Yes, ma'm'selle."

"What name?" Molly did not want to see anybody.

"She would not give her name."

Molly became tense behind her door. A woman who would not give her name! Her heartbeats threatened to suffocate her. "What is she like, Victor?"

"She is beautiful and highly born, ma'm'selle, if one may judge by appearances"—conservatively. "I have never seen her before "

"She is in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, ma'm'selle."

"Say that I will be down shortly."

Molly ran to the wall safe and pulled forth her jewel case. Out of this she took strings of lovely pearls, bracelets, rings—a fortune. She put this treasure into a hand bag. Ransom. She was glad that her father was out of the way. He had sworn not to move without Ronny's bidding.

The arrival of the Karlov woman—the fact that she was waiting in the drawing-room below—cleared her mind of doubts as the north wind cleared the fog out of the Channel. She knew that Ronny was alive, unhurt, but in a trap. It had resolved into the business of buying him out. For this underworld woman would be wanting money, something to make up for the loss of the Boronov emeralds, for which she had risked so much. It would not be in her to accept that defeat with the sporting instinct of the high world. She would have the instincts of greed and reprisal only. Very well then, let her state the sum of the ransom, and Molly Davidson would give her the jewels, accompany her to the prison and bring Ronny home.

She found Sonia apparently inspecting a piece of *cloisonné* standing near Ronny's unmounted photograph. Yes, this was the Karlov woman. It would be hard after today to have faith in anyone. The two women stared into each other's eyes steadfastly.

"You!" Sonia spoke slowly. "It is you! What a little world it is—sometimes!"

XXIV

DAVIDSON would not have minded his captivity so much if there had been something more than a chair in the room. He did not consider the bathtub as furniture. So infernally obnoxious became this chair that he was often inclined to smash it merely to see several objects in place of one. If he went to the windows he had to come back to the chair; if he proceeded to the doors to hammer on them inevitably he returned to the chair; the routine was as inescapable as the spokes of a wheel in the

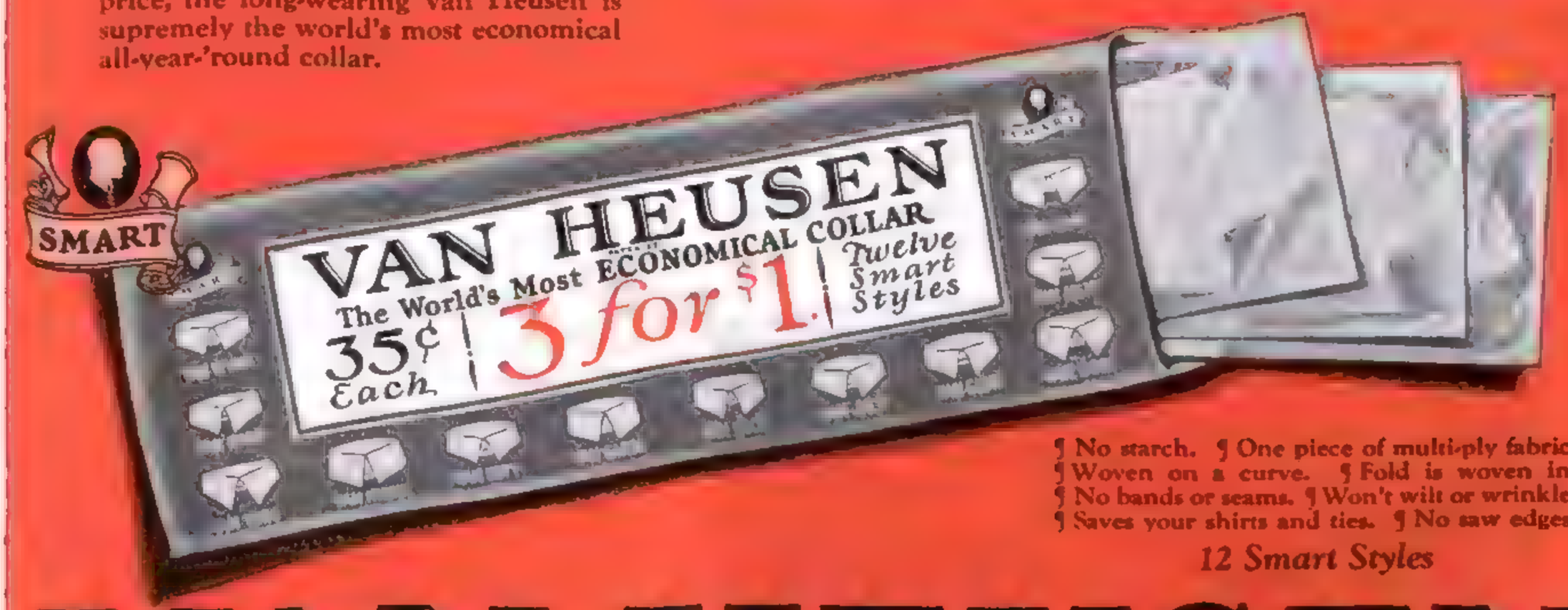
(Continued on Page 141)

van York

35¢

3 for $1.

The crisp dignity of the Van Heusen is especially appropriate to the returning formality of fall days. Strictly conventional in its unwilting smartness, Van Heusen is incomparably easy in its unstarched comfort. And at its new low price, the long-wearing Van Heusen is supremely the world's most economical all-year-'round collar.



¶ No starch. ¶ One piece of multi-ply fabric.
¶ Woven on a curve. ¶ Fold is woven in.
¶ No bands or seams. ¶ Won't wilt or wrinkle.
¶ Saves your shirts and ties. ¶ No saw edges.

12 Smart Styles

VAN HEUSEN

The World's Most ECONOMICAL COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK

LOOK!

Runs ANY from your Electric

The Marvelous New PHILCO

Does Away With All Ordinary "A" & "B" Storage

Yes, the new 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power runs any standard radio set from the electric light socket. It does away with the ordinary "A" Storage battery, and all Dry Cell A and B Batteries.

Think of what that means to you! No more recharging to do! No more batteries to replace! No hum and no distortion! Furthermore, improved reception in any set!

It makes no difference whether you now have a dry cell or a storage battery operated radio set, the Philco AB Socket Power will give you both A and B radio power—***super-power for power tubes***—from your electric lighting current.

Installation on any Radio Set *FREE!*

Any Authorized Philco Dealer in your community will connect the new model Philco Socket Power to your set ***at no additional cost to you.*** Installation is ***free.***

And if you buy a brand-new set, by all means insist that it be equipped with the Philco AB Socket Power. ***Get the improved reception and the super-power for power tubes.***

The New 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power.

NOW No Matter What Set You Own No Matter What Set You Buy Philco Will Run it From the Light Socket!

That is exactly what we mean. Select the set with the tone you like—a set with the distance range you want—a tried and proven Radio Set. And then remember that the Philco will operate ***that particular set*** from your Electric Light socket.

And remember also, ***it makes no difference what kind or what make of Radio Set you may own right now,*** Philco will operate it from the Light Socket.

Yours on Easy Payments!

Yes, you can buy the New 1928 Model Philco on Easy Payment Terms from any Authorized Philco Dealer in your town. You merely make a small first payment; and pay the balance a little each month.

Go to your Radio or Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Lighting Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station. Just tell them you have read this advertisement, or, if you prefer, simply mail the coupon below to us and we will send you the full details.

Trade-in Your Old "A" Storage Battery

You will not need your old "A" storage battery with the Philco AB Socket Power. And any authorized Philco dealer anywhere will make you a ***liberal trade-in allowance*** for it on the purchase of a brand-new 1928 model Philco. It makes no difference what make of "A" storage battery you now have; or how old or worn-out it may be.

Every Philco Guaranteed!

Remember: Every Philco AB Socket Power is covered by an ironclad factory guarantee—the most comprehensive guarantee ever given a radio socket power. You take no chances when you buy the Philco. Furthermore, every Philco is built to conform to Underwriters' Laboratories safety specifications.

Radio House Current!

1928 Model Radio AB Socket Power

and Dry Cell Batteries!

Just as easy as turning on your Electric Light! No fuss! No bother! Your Electric Lighting Current will now operate your radio set smoothly and perfectly. Now you can have improved reception—and Philco will also give you ***super-power for power tubes.***

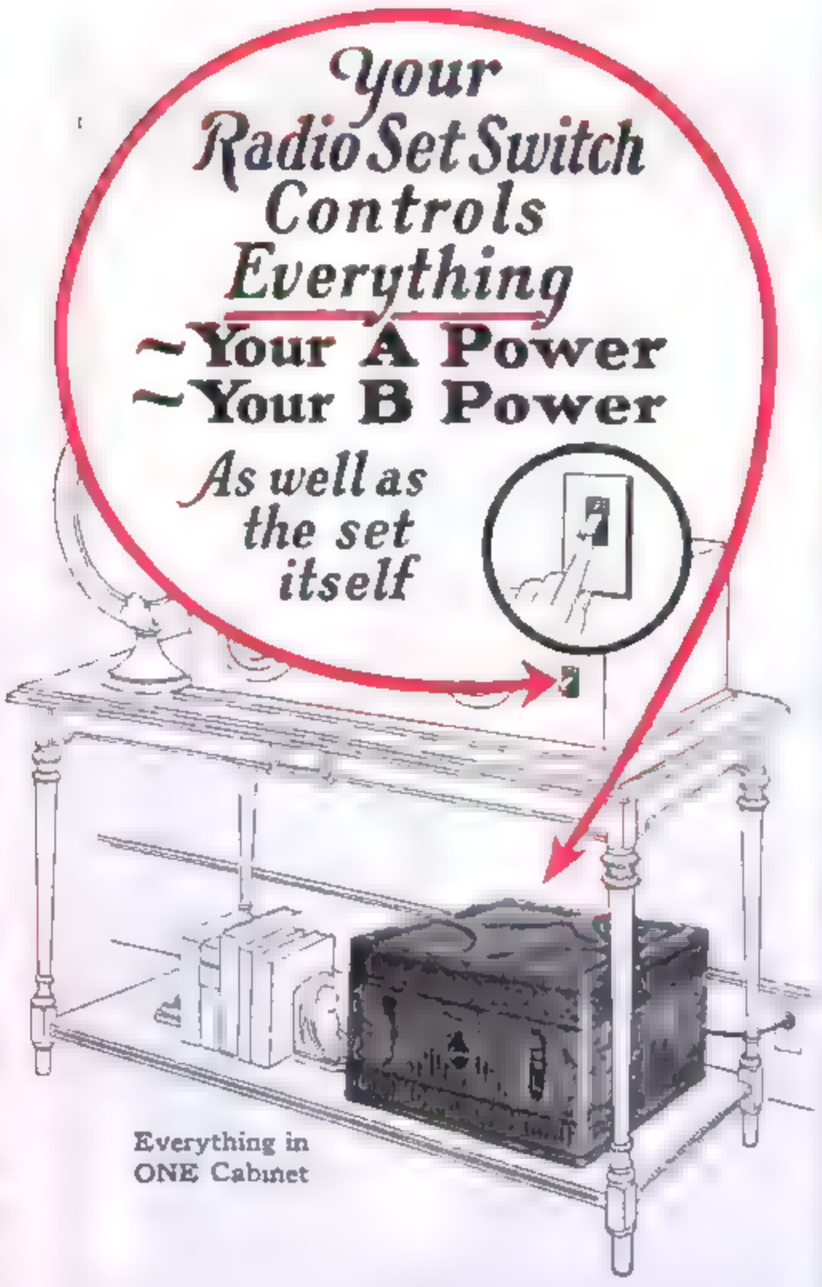
Your Radio Switch Controls Everything

Here's another sensational Philco improvement: ***the set switch on your radio controls everything.*** All you need to do is snap it "ON" when you want to listen in. Snap it "OFF" and your radio is silent. That's all! Extremely simple to operate, and everything in ONE attractive-looking cabinet.

No Hum! No Distortion!

The Philco AB Socket Power will give you absolutely the best reception ***without the least hum and without the least distortion.***

Your radio power is always steady, smooth and uninterrupted. Your radio reception will be constant and unvarying.



Everything in ONE Cabinet

Built for All Power Tubes!

180 Volts

At 60 Milli-amperes

Yes, the new model Philco Socket Power gives you the necessary ***super-power for all radio power tubes.*** 180 volts at 60 milli-amperes! And maintains high voltage indefinitely.

Console-Cabinet Models

Special Philco models are built to fit ***inside*** the cabinets of practically all well-known radio sets, including:

Atwater-Kent	Radiola 28
Freed-Eisemann	Pfanstiehl
Victrola-Radiola	Brunswick-Radiola

Another PHILCO Sensation!

The New 1928 Model Philco "B" Socket Power

Eliminates all "B" Batteries

No Tubes - No Batteries No Acids

The 1928 Model Philco "B" Socket Power does away with all "B" batteries. It produces a strong, steady flow of dependable "B" radio power for any make or style of radio set, AND FOR ALL POWER TUBES.

180 Volts! At 60 Milli-amperes

The 1928 Philco "B" Socket Power will positively deliver 180 volts for operation of any and all power tubes. What's more, it will ***maintain*** high voltage indefinitely. It is especially adapted for the popular UX 171 and 371 Power Tubes

No water to add! No binding posts on the outside! No danger from high voltage transformers. Built to conform to Underwriters' Laboratories Safety Specifications.

Tone Volume With Tone Quality!

This new Philco "B" will give you the same tone volume—strong and powerful—and at the same time the tone quality that is generally secured by means of high priced amplifiers. And remember, no "B" batteries to worry about. No tubes in it to "go dead" and no corrosive acids to cause you a lot of trouble.

Yours on Easy Payments

You can get the 1928 Philco "B" Socket Power on Easy Payments from any Philco dealer in your community. ***And any Philco dealer will connect it to your set without additional charge.*** Guaranteed!

The marvelous Philco "B" Socket Power that gives Super-Power for all Power Tubes

Mail this Coupon NOW!

Whether you now own a radio set or whether you are thinking of buying one—be sure to mail us this FREE COUPON. Merely sign your name and address to the coupon, put it in an envelope and mail it to us. ***It does not place you under the slightest obligation.***

We will then send you the full descriptive literature of the new 1928 Model Philco Socket Power and the full details of our national offer of Easy Payments. Trade-in Allowance and Installation Free. ***Mail the FREE COUPON NOW!***

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Ontario and C Streets
Philadelphia Dept. 1226

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Special Offer COUPON

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Ontario and C Streets
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 1226

Gentlemen:

Please send me the literature on the new 1928 Model Philco Socket Power. I also desire the full details of your Easy Payment Plan and your Trade-In Allowance on any old "A" Storage Battery. ***I understand that this request does not place me under the slightest obligation.***

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

"And when you change the piston rings, be sure to put in PERFECT CIRCLES."
Compression Type, 50c
For each cylinder of your motor, you should have one PERFECT CIRCLE Oil-Regulating ring and two PERFECT CIRCLE Compression rings. This PERFECT CIRCLE combination constitutes the finest in piston ring equipment; stops Oil-Pumping and Blow-by; gives increased oil-mileage, thorough lubrication and maximum compression.
Oil Regulating Type, 60c

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT

If you get Bum Piston Rings

IT'S JUST AS IMPORTANT to tell your repairman the kind of piston rings you want, as to ask for your favorite brand of motor oil.

* * * *

Oil-Pumping* and Blow-by* are common and costly motor ailments. They are caused by inferior or worn out piston rings and can't be overcome by the best oil in the world. Yet the installation of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings (that's a complete set) will completely eliminate these troubles.

* * * *

So when you have your motor overhauled, don't be backward about specifying a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE rings. Then you will know you are getting the best in piston ring equipment—the choice of 140 leading motor car manufacturers and all the foremost race drivers. If they don't know what's what in piston rings, who does?

* *Oil Pumping*—Excessive consumption of lubricating oil. Can be eliminated by the installation of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings.

* *Blow-by*—The leakage of explosion gases past pistons and inferior piston rings into the crankcase. Causes loss of power, cylinder wear and dangerous fumes in closed bodies. Can be reduced to a minimum through the installation of PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings.

Made by the Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY
HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 136)

hub. A scrap of an old newspaper and a bit of tobacco. . . . Why, there wasn't even a furtive mouse!

Not a human voice since yesterday morning. That was rather cracking it on. He couldn't get a rise out of the beggar who brought the food; not even when he tried to show him the photograph of Sonia in the locket. The infernal dumb-bell simply walked in and out; Ronald Davidson did not exist for him. To have got into a verbal argument would have mitigated some of the monotony. Threatened physically, he would have had something to look forward to; his brain would have been active in devising schemes for eluding the blow. They hadn't even pressed the ransom business.

What had happened? Where was Sonia? By this time she had checked up his statements. If it were ransom, why didn't she come to demand it? Damn funny business. This phrase interpolated most of his theories. Lubovin hadn't got her, or these chaps would not have continued guarding him.

Love? Was it love? Rather wasn't it fascination—a queer kink in his cosmos that drew him irresistibly? Yesterday morning he had been ready to throw over his world for hers; now he was growing cautious. Analysis had got hold of him, even though it did not lead him far. Perhaps the silence had something to do with it. Perhaps in the end he would be glad that he had been left alone. Isolated confinement by law to give common sense a chance to decide. That would knock this Paris divorce court galley-west. He did not laugh over this droll fancy. Instead he kicked over the chair, then grumbled because he had to right it. His growing irritability was making him childish. What a sight he must be! Two days' beard on his chin and cheeks, his hair matted, his shirt and clothes streaked with garret dust. Physically he felt as badly as he looked. Ransom, eh? All right, they could keep him here till the crack of doom. But he worried about Molly and his father. One or the other would probably weaken. If they did, it would be a long time before he would forgive them.

Confound that fool of a Mason! Why hadn't he brought the police? Or had something happened to him? Picked up as he started to go away, and for all he, Davidson, knew, might be a prisoner in another room. If they could pick him out of the Perroquet doorway, it would be simple to snatch Mason off the street. Only such an event would account for Charlie's inactivity. That was probably just what had happened. He had underestimated Sonia Karlov.

She hadn't struck him after that brutal kiss. She hadn't even —— Devil take the whole business!

There was a flimsy chance of getting out of here without the aid of the police. At the right of the third window was a cement drain. By standing on the window ledge there was a possibility of catching the drain by making a leap à la Fairbanks. But if he missed it! Still, he was inclined to take the risk. He had taken more desperate chances during the war. The real danger lay in the time. It would be folly to attempt it now. Fine thing it would be to slide down the drain, only to be caught and lugged up here again.

One thing was certain—he was permanently cured of this investigating mania. He had dumped emeralds out of vacuum bottles for the last time.

His luncheon, which this time consisted of half a loaf and a bottle of water, came in at noon. He was hungry, so he ate. A little later he heard the putt-putt of an auto in the courtyard. Peering out of the window, he could see only the hood and top of a taxi. Now what? The gates were closed; but of course they would be. Nevertheless, he watched for half an hour. Then the man who had brought his food appeared and opened the gates. The taxi lumbered out. The same man who had opened the way closed it and went away in the taxi. Davidson scratched his head, perplexed. Had they taken anything away, or were they going for something?

Since there was no one to answer these questions, he decided to take a nap in the tub. This pleasant oblivion lasted from two till four, when he climbed out of the tub, lame and disgruntled. He stepped over to the third window and glanced out obliquely at the drain. Three feet from the ledge, three inches from the drain to the house. It all depended upon a precise calculation of the distance in the dark. He tried to lift the window. It had old-fashioned side-spring locks. He had in other attempts overcome these, but time had cemented the frame to the sill.

Davidson chuckled. A comic notion seized upon his thoughts. He had bashed in the middle window in the night and no one had come to protest. Something surely must happen if he repeated this act in the daytime.

To bash in a window just now would afford him a mental and physical relief. Kicking the chair about got him nowhere. He would make as much noise as he could. So he set about it exhilaratedly. One kick demolished the panes; three kicks completely wrecked the frame. He waited jubilantly. Some conversation was toward. He waited, listening. No sound of hurrying feet on the stairs. He had made enough noise to wake the dead. Queer condition. It would seem that nobody cared a hoot what he did. What kind of a game was going on anyhow?

He then remembered that he hadn't tried the doors since morning. Forthwith he approached the middle door, grasped the knob with both hands and gave a mighty pull. The door flew open; it might be said that it flew at him. Naturally he went off his balance and jarred his funny bone severely. He sat on the floor, rubbing his elbow. Then he rose and peered cautiously into the hall. It was empty—empty!

Something had frightened them away. Or was there some new trap on the floor below? Deciding not to take chances, he returned to the chair and smashed it, selecting one of the legs for use as a club. He next proceeded to the stairs, eyes and ears alert.

Flight after flight he descended unmolested. Nor was there any sound other than he himself made. It was all interesting but mightily confusing. The lower rooms, he observed, were still furnished, but all objects were covered with yellowing sheets, the dust of years in their folds.

He distrusted the great door in the main hall. But this opened protestingly. Presently he was in the courtyard, in the golden May sunshine. So far, so good. He began to see. Sonia had thrown up the sponge. And now he would have to hunt for her all over again.

He laughed. He was free, out in the sunshine. He was no longer a misanthrope; he was an optimist, and he would find Sonia even if he had to turn Paris upside down. Instantly the sun withdrew its warmth, the blue of the sky went drab, and against his heart pressed walls more terrible than bricks. What was this *gigolo* to Sonia that he carried a locket with her picture in it?

Dully he strode to the last barrier—the gates—and paused. Pinned in the center was a bit of writing in French:

Monsieur, when he leaves, will please attach the padlock to the street side of the gates.

"Well, I'll be tinker-dammed!" he exploded.

Nevertheless, he obeyed these instructions and snapped the padlock outside the gates. This done, he turned to hurry off, when he observed two policemen volley out of the baker's shop in his direction. He was ready to embrace them.

The baker and the butcher, it seemed, had witnessed the bashing in of the window and had summoned the officers, believing that a second murderous attempt upon someone was in progress. They dared not risk silence this time.

And what would be the natural inference of the two policemen upon beholding a man in dinner clothes issue from the courtyard, turn and lock the gates? That here was the man who had nearly killed Fedor Lubovin the night before!

"Halt!"

Davidson halted readily enough. He would, in his present frame of mind, have welcomed the entire police force of Paris.

"Monsieur, you are under arrest."

"Arrest? Why, I have been a prisoner in this house for two days and have just escaped!"

"Monsieur, we saw you lock the gates."

Davidson stared at them, thunderstruck. Locked the gates? Ass that he was, so he had! From start to finish Sonia had made a fool of him.

"Upon what charge do you arrest me?" he had the presence of mind to ask.

"For occupying a house unlawfully and for the attempted murder of one Fedor Lubovin last night, on this very spot."

"You have in your orders to look for missing persons?" Davidson asked.

"Yes, monsieur," answered one of the policemen coldly.

"Then look for the name Ronald Davidson."

The notebooks were inspected. "You are Ronald Davidson?"—impressed.

"Yes. I have been a prisoner in that house."

"Nevertheless, monsieur, we shall have to take you to the *préfecture* to be identified."

So it came to pass that at five o'clock, Davidson, in wrinkled and dusty clothes and a dirty but jaunty panama, guarded by two stern-visaged policemen, passed the gloomy portals of the *préfecture*.

XXV

THE first mental activity of Molly and Sonia was the covert inspection of each other's manner, clothes, shoes. One's character is indefinitely expressed by clothes—indefinitely, because precise terms are never ready to the mind. Yet the thing is there; you are born to them or you are not—clothes. That is the first door to the person within. You desire to enter or you don't.

Molly's eyes were trained, and so were Sonia's. Each felt herself in the presence of what the world calls a *grande dame*. In Sonia's black eyes was frank admiration; in Molly's blue eyes there was admiration tinctured with reluctant pity. If this woman had had a chance!

"You are Sonia Karlov?" she asked, her tones keyed to that pitch which dressmakers hear oftenest—a kind of lazy insolence.

"Yes. And you are Miss Davidson"—in a voice which admitted Molly to be the chatelaine.

"You have come with terms for my brother's liberation—ransom and all that?"

There was lightning in Sonia's black eyes; there was thunder in her throat; but all Molly saw was the quirk of a smile in one corner of Sonia's mouth. "What are you willing to give for his safe return?"—ironically.

"All I possess in the world."

"You will not notify the police?"

"On my word of honor, no."

"You will not hunt for me after he has returned?"

Molly could not exactly tell what it was, but she was conscious of something electrical in the air.

"You shall not be hunted. All I want is my brother. Accidentally, he upset your plans last autumn. He restored the emeralds, but at the same time he gave you your liberty."

"Because I am young and beautiful?"

"That is possible. My brother is romantic, but he is honest."

"He is very strong too. He pounds on doors, threatening to break them in, and he smashes windows. To keep him very long would be expensive." Sonia stood with her back to the *cloisonné* vase.

"Don't you tire of this life?"

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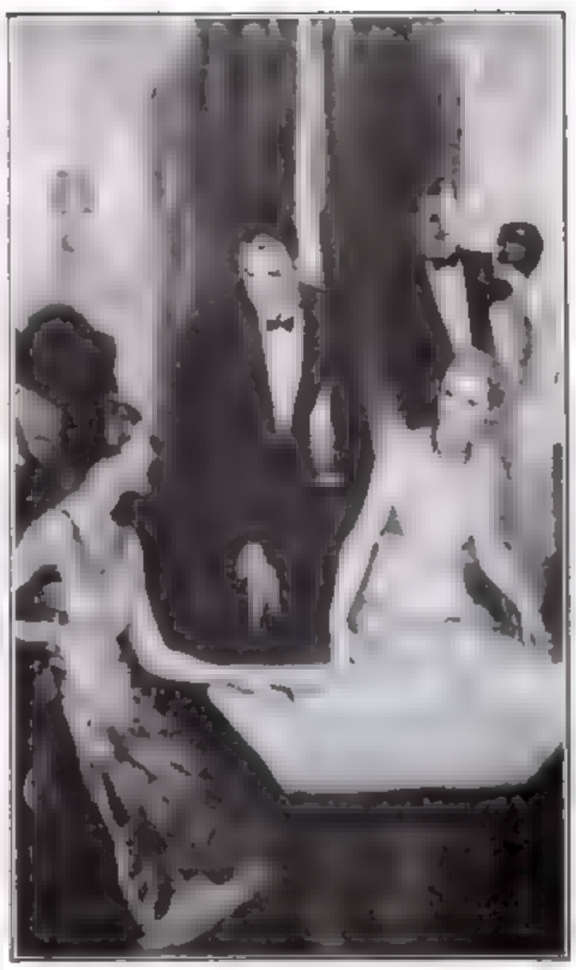

Why upset it?

At the time your home should appear most charming

THERE really isn't any need to upset the artistic arrangement of your rooms—just use Stakmores....Stakmore folding tables and chairs are designed in colorful lacquers. There is one that harmonizes with your decorative scheme....Stakmores are such a comfort—they open and close—zip. Stakmore tables never irritate by "wobbling" (patented corner leg anchorages prevent it). Stakmore folding chairs fit the user instead of the user trying to fit them.

Send for booklet and name of shop near you. Stakmore Co. Inc., Dept. H-10, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City. (Save this address).

THE SOUTHAMPTON SET

The Stakmore "Southampton" Decorated Set. Special carton holds four chairs and table in space 7½ inches wide. If you want Stakmore quality insist on seeing the name "Stakmore"

STAKMORE
Aristocrats of Folding Furniture

Back to school

What college men of today get out of their books will influence the world's affairs ten years from now . . . what they take out of their wardrobe-trunks will influence men's fashions this season:

Collar-attached shirts of Oxford cloth or Bond Street broadcloth . . . woolen hose from McGeorge of Scotland, in advanced autumn designs, and a cravat and linen handkerchief to harmonize with each pair—ensembles styled and selected for every suit . . . shirts and shorts, the preferred underwear.

Count on the college man to recognize what's what in clothes, and to get a dollar's worth of value for every dollar. The prevalence of Wilson Brothers label on the haberdashery in America's leading universities is a tribute of which Wilson Brothers Style Committee* is proud.

*Wilson Brothers Style Committee, with representatives in London and Paris, has become recognized as the arbiter of men's fashions in haberdashery. The ensemble is one of its notable achievements.

WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Shirts • Neckwear • Hosiery • Scarfs • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Nightwear • Belts
Suspenders • Garters • Novelties

(Continued from Page 141)

The bitter wild pride, which had opened so many pitfalls for her and hers, burned up her good resolutions. She had come, gentle and humble and sorry. But this quiet contempt of the sister roused a burst of fury in her—the cold fury of the Cossack—such as the brother had never roused.

"Oh, yes, I tire of this life." Sonia gestured. "That is why I wanted the emeralds. They would have kept me in modest comfort all the rest of my days."

"You speak English well."

"So that we shall have no misunderstanding—my mother was English."

"Do you never think of her?"

"Oh, yes, I think of her." Sonia laughed.

Molly shivered at the sound of it. Tragedy and desperation flashed out of that laughter—heat lightning on a summer's night. The mother ruthlessly thrusting this beautiful child into the crooked road; the child waking up when it was too late. What terrible things lay hidden below the apparently smooth surface of life!

"Tell me what you expect in the matter of ransom," said Molly coldly.

"The equivalent of the Boronov emeralds"—haughtily.

"What assurance have I that if I give you my jewels you will return my brother?"

"My word. I have to accept yours; you will have to accept mine. I don't want your brother. He is a fool! Get me your jewels. There isn't much time. If I do not return at six, he will be taken elsewhere. He meddled with something which did not concern him. So be quick."

"Here are my jewels," said Molly, extending the bag.

Sonia grasped it with pretended eagerness and sat down in the nearest chair. She poured the jewels into her lap, ran the strings of pearls through her fingers, held the stones to the light; in fact, acted like a child who had discovered some new playthings. She knew that in fondling the pearls she was twisting the sister's heart. Good! She had twisted Sonia's.

Between her and the pearls suddenly appeared the calm, benign face of Ekaterina. The Cossack died down. Sonia returned the jewels one by one into the bag. She rose. "No; men are not like women. You offer these for his return. He laughed when I threatened him. He would not give me a kopeck for his liberty. Men have a notion that it is cowardly to pay ransom. Sometimes they are right." Sonia held out the hand bag. "Take them."

Molly stared at her in astonishment mixed with terror. "What? Is that not enough?"

Sonia tossed the hand bag upon a chair. "Since your brother will not give a kopeck for his liberty, I shall not accept one. Even thieves have the sporting instinct—sometimes. I came here to tell you a story. The good impulse is gone. Your brother is already free, but he may not know it. . . . Adieu!"

Sonia passed into the hallway. Molly sat down because she was no longer able to stand. Her bewilderment had the effect of paralysis. She wanted to get up and run after Sonia, but she could not move. When she was capable of movement it was too late. The taxi was not visible.

When her father returned she told him what had happened. She wasn't particularly coherent.

"What! You offered that woman your pearls and she refused them?"

"She came to make some kind of a confession, and because I didn't treat her as an equal —— But what else could I do? I'm human and can't understand everything. But Ronny's free. He has made a terrible blunder somewhere. And yet those emeralds belong to the Baroness Sauer."

"Hang me if I understand anything! If she wasn't after ransom what the devil did she kidnap him for? By the way, that fellow Lubovin has been caught by the police. That's off the board. I've been worried pretty badly. You see, Ronny will be getting into scrapes all the rest of his life. He can't sit still. Talk won't do any good."

"No," said Molly. "He's a victim of what Mason calls the big flop—war backfire."

"Why doesn't he like the girls? He used to like them."

"It's what he calls the road, daddy—the changing road. It keeps calling to him. He's better than he was. Till Sonia Karlov turned up, it looked as if he thought of settling down."

"Don't tell him you offered your pearls."

"All right."

She had, during this short dialogue, been staring musingly at the *cloisonné* vase without actually seeing it. Subconsciousness told her that something was wrong with the table, but for a while her eyes were out of focus. She jumped inwardly when she saw what subconsciousness had been trying to tell her—Ronny's unmounted photograph was gone!

XXVI

SONIA hadn't been driven a block before the impulse came to turn back, but now it was too late. The father might be returning—the men of the house. Fool—that pride must boil up when she had need of humility and patience! Why should she take offense at the sister's attitude? Why blame the sister, who knew of Sonia only that she was a thief and was apparently holding the brother for ransom? She had gone to throw herself upon the mercy of this blue-eyed American girl; she had instead baited her agony and stalked out.

Pride! Was not the rubble in Moscow that had once been her home due to that—the blind pride that would not see the handwriting on the wall? Debacle.

Antoine, whose broad back was so close to her! She had forgotten her obligation to him. She had gone to take all the blame of this mad abduction, and in her wild pride she had abandoned her loyal friends.

She leaned sideways so that she could draw the photograph from the pocket of her coat. From the Boronov emeralds to a five-franc photograph—what a fall for a great criminal! She laughed—laughter which would turn into tears if it swung too far.

And there was Ekaterina. What should she tell Ekaterina? That she was, as always, a blind passionate fool, hurting everyone with whom she came into contact. She knew. When the time came she would not walk to her grave; she would hasten and fling herself into it.

She had not stolen the photograph deliberately. A sudden inexplicable impulse, and the thing had found its way into her pocket. She gazed at the face. It had been taken when he had gone into the American Army, eight years ago. There was no scar on his cheek. She shivered. No matter at what angle she held the photograph, the eyes looked directly into hers. If ever she met him again in the flesh his eyes would look directly into hers. A young man with clean eyes.

Pearls. . . . Sometimes sisters loved their brothers as deeply and loyally as that. It had been the word "ransom" which had spoiled everything. It had stung her like the knout. She returned the photograph to the pocket carefully so as not to bend or break it.

She began to understand. He had been mocking her. Love. It did not come that way. Love was built upon respect, and he could not possibly have any for her. Mocking her. Well, that was just.

When she reached home she was tired. She climbed the two flights of stairs laboriously. She and Ekaterina could live for some time upon the pearls—that is, if she could find another merchant who would not ask questions.

She opened the door and entered the apartment listlessly. But this listlessness vanished as she beheld Ekaterina sitting upon the lounge stiffly, her eyes distended, apparently sightless.

"Ekaterina, what is it?"—rushing over to the sofa and kneeling.

"I was on the street a little while ago. . . . I saw him."

"You saw whom?"—thinking it might be Davidson, but instantly realizing the impossibility of that, since Ekaterina had never seen Davidson.

"I saw -Paul!"

Sonia sprang up. "You dream!"

"No"—an absolute negative.

"But he was dying in the Buterka when Lubovin dragged me away! He is dead!" Sonia struck her breasts. "I saw him dying!"

"I saw him in a taxicab. I tried to scream at him. . . . My voice was gone! Lubovin. . . . Who would try to kill him if not Paul? . . . I saw him, Barina. God is becoming kind to us again." A tear rolled down the withered cheek.

XXVII

THERE was much ado in the apartment when, at six, the adventurer returned. Now that they had him safely home again, both father and sister began to berate him—tenderly.

"Dad, did you pay any ransom?"

"I did not."

"You, Molly?"

"I offered her my pearls, but she refused them. She said you were already free. She came to tell me something, but my actions or the tone I used choked her up. She went away. I was so astonished I hadn't brains enough to run after her. Ronny, we've all made a blunder. I don't know what kind, though there it is."

Davidson rumpled his hair—or rather, he shifted the rumple. "She had in her possession the Boronov emeralds which belonged to the Baroness Sauer of Vienna. None of us can get away from that. The baroness is an authentic person, of wealth and repute. She has admitted the ownership. The stones are now in her possession. So she came to tell you something and you closed the tap?"

"I cannot read minds. If she had begun by saying that you were free —— Ronny, why not find out who sold the baroness those emeralds?"

"I intend to. But only when it becomes a police affair can a buyer be forced to give the name of the seller. In this case the police are, or were, only the agents. The baroness would not lay herself open to police investigation. No one goes into court about loot. Vienna is not so far from the Russian border, the last stop before chaos."

"You can find out how much she paid for the stones," said the banker. "She will have been taxed on that purchase. Go shave and get into a tub. And I hope your razor pulls like the devil for giving us this scare. There's a bottle of Cordon Rouge on ice." Father Davidson strode into his own room.

"Molly," said Davidson, "you've seen her three times now. Three times you've talked with her. What is your real impression?"

"The same as it was originally—that she's fine. Only," Molly added, "I imagine she has a temper. Not even her clothes were common, though they were a bit shabby. She is very beautiful, Ronny. Do as daddy says—shave and tub yourself. You look as if you were rehearsing Ol' Bill in The Better 'Ole."

"Where are the cigarettes?"

She got the box for him and struck a match, and watched him as he puffed and breathed and blew—a tobacco grampus. She decided never to mention the kiss—the kiss Sonia had given him. Let him have that to dream over. For she knew he would dream over it, considering the beauty of the woman who had kissed him.

"Ronny, you are going through with this?"—seriously.

Davidson scowled, but it was the scowl of a man brought face to face with a stiff problem. Finding Sonia would not be an impossibility. They had caught Lubovin through the gift of that snapshot. They might find Sonia by using a print of the photograph in the locket. But when he found Sonia, would he not lose himself?

Well, the first number on the program would be the finding of the *gigolo*. He denied vehemently to himself that there was

(Continued on Page 145)

THAT THEY *may be remembered for* All time

"Mark every grave"

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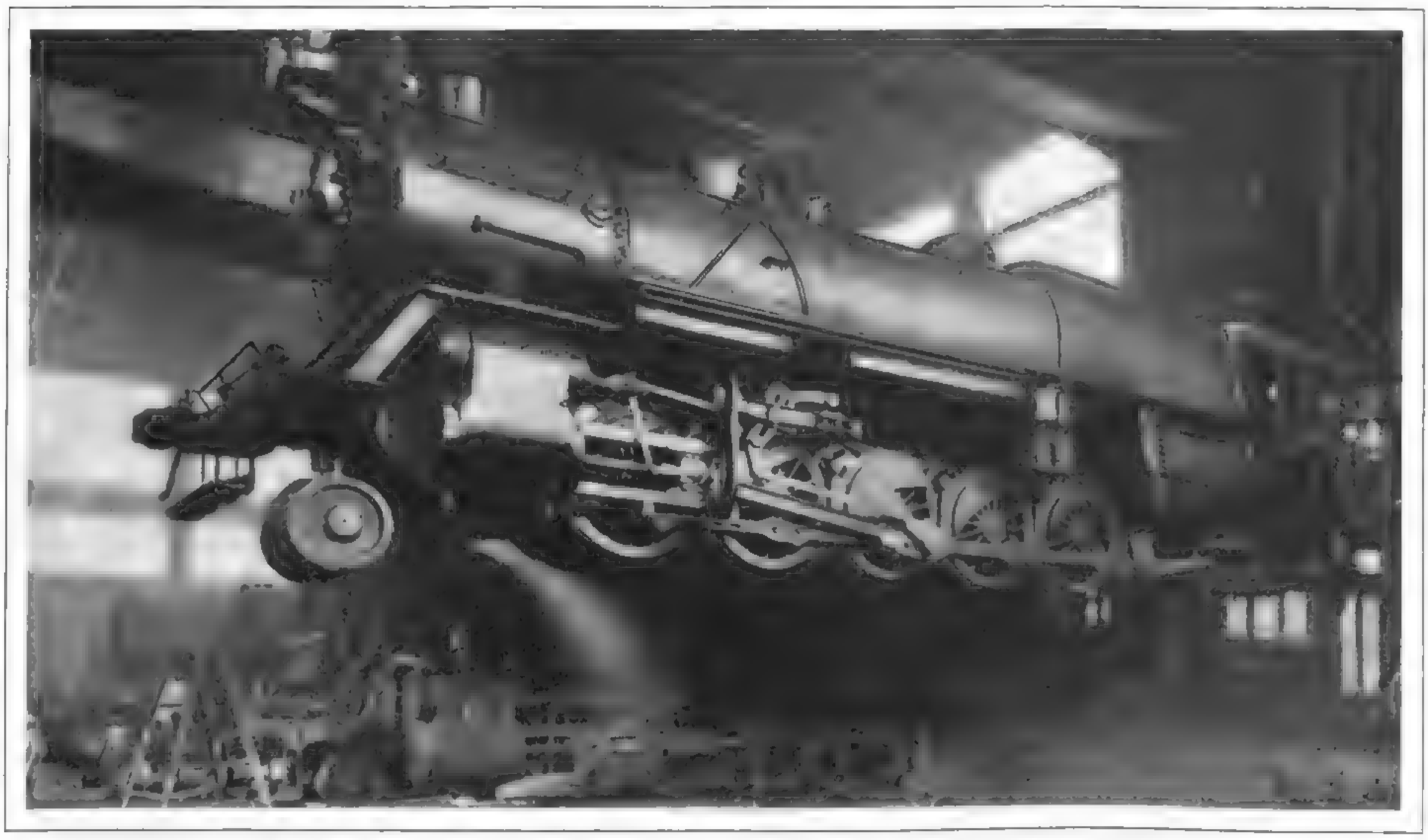

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Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 143

any grain of jealousy in this dislike of the *gigolo*. The distaste grew out of the thought that a paid dancer and Sonia might have something in common. Of course the chap had gone through a lot. In the great days he hadn't been a slacker. Nevertheless ——

"Yes, I'm going through with it, Molly."

"Do you know that the man you photographed was nearly killed last night and is under arrest?"

"They told me at the *préfecture*."

"Did they tell you where it happened?"

"Didn't think to ask."

"The Boronov hotel."

"The Boronov hotel?" A star shell, as it were, exploded in his head. "The Boronov hotel?"

"Yes. The same family which originally owned the emeralds."

Davidson seized Molly and hugged her. "Lord, Lord!" he cried. "Yea-bo, as Charlie would say! The Boronov hotel, where I was locked up, and only this moment to find it out! I'm a hell of a detec-a-tive!" He released Molly and dashed toward his room. His heart sang. "Victor, Victor?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Lay out things for me. I'm getting into the tub!"

The Boronov hotel. Later Molly and his father heard him splash about in the tub. Sometimes he sang, sometimes he whistled—Kiss Me Again.

"That boy is crazy!" Davidson senior decided.

"No, daddy, he's in love."

"What?—with that woman? Do you mean that that's all this thing amounts to?"

"Don't call her 'that woman'; you haven't seen her. The war ——"

"Damn the war and everything connected with it!" cried Davidson senior. Reaction to forty-eight hours of nerve torture; and there was the franc bobbing up and down like a fisherman's cork.

First, Davidson began his hunt for the *gigolo*. He did not want that chap returning to his thoughts with the effect of subtle poison. Once the dancing fellow was out of the way, he would concentrate all his energies toward discovering Sonia's habitation.

At the tea room, where the *gigolo* danced, he was told that the dancer had not appeared for two afternoons.

"You have his address?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Give it to me, if you please."

Davidson did not find his man at the address, though he would probably return at any moment, declared the hotel manager, since the dancer's luggage was still in his room.

"He signed his police card?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Permit me to see your ledger."

"Monsieur has the authority?"

"Here is my calling card. Ring up the *préfet*."

Instead, the manager produced the name. Paul Mikailovitch, Moscow.

"How long has he been here?"

"A month ago he arrived from Marseilles. He behaves himself, monsieur."

"There is my telephone number. Call me when he returns."

"It is serious, monsieur?"

"Not at all. I have something belonging to him—a locket." Davidson exhibited Sonia's photograph. "Have you ever seen that face before?"

"No, monsieur"—promptly.

"Very well. But remember to telephone."

While Davidson was eating his dinner that night the call came. Monsieur Mikailovitch had paid his bill and checked out while the manager had been absent. The address was unknown. This news disgruntled Davidson. It would entail the necessity of consulting the police cards—a colossal job. Nevertheless, the job must be done.

Davidson was alive now. The secret investigator's gifts had returned in full. He was in wartime fettle. He was, primarily, in search of the woman he loved; but to know that he had the right to love her, he must first discover the *gigolo*.

Davidson was fond of fresh caviar. He generally went to *Le Grand Vatel*—a few blocks west of where he lived—to purchase this delicacy. This day his appetite returned.

As he was leaving the restaurant he saw a cabby in the act of mounting the step of a cherry-colored taxicab. He nearly dropped his caviar. Here was the man who had brought him his food!

"Halt!" he cried, springing forward. Antoine turned and saw that he was caught. Phlegmatically he stepped back to the sidewalk. "You recognize me?" asked Davidson.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Will you drive me to your mistress?"

"No, monsieur."

"I can have you arrested."

"That is true, monsieur"—calmly.

A block away stood a policeman. "Very well," said Davidson, putting two fingers to his lips. Antoine did not stir. The whistle did not materialize. "You are loyal."

"I would die for ma'm'selle"—still calmly.

"When you see her, say that the police are no longer interested in her, that she is free to come and go as she pleases. I was abducted, but I do not know by whom."

Antoine brought his heels together and saluted.

"You are free," said Davidson. "But wait! Your mistress knows my address. If ever she is in trouble, tell her to use the telephone."

"Yes, monsieur"—imperturbably.

Davidson got out the locket. "Is that familiar to you?"

"I never saw it before, monsieur."

Davidson opened the locket. "Do you recognize her?"

Antoine's calm vanished. "Where did you get that?" he cried.

"A *gigolo*—a dancing fellow—dropped it."

"Was he Russian?"

"Yes. He is in Paris. I have been hunting for him so as to return the locket."

Antoine sprang into the driving seat, slammed the side door and bolted.

Davidson registered the license number before it became too late to do so. He would find Sonia in his own way.

XXVIII

ON THE Rue St.-Honoré, near the Place du Théâtre Français, was a little *brasserie* to which Mason had taken a fancy. One had all the daily newspapers and weekly comics to select from. The beer and the outlook were good. A little iron table to put your knees under—a little grandchild of the Café de la Paix. It had the advantage of being only ten minutes from home. Thus, after work was done, Mason walked to the *brasserie* and enjoyed a bottle of beer, spent an hour's pleasant loafing, then returned home.

Tonight he felt in need of two beers. His vanity had been knocked lopsided. Tonight, in jest, the boss had told him about the Boronov hotel. He hadn't seen the boss, but the boss had seen him. He had gone straight to the spot, like a dog to the covey—then he had gone home! But why hadn't the boss knocked on the window and attracted his attention that way?

With that in mind, he couldn't see where the joke came in on Charlie Mason. He hadn't been trying to find the boss; he had been looking for the Boronov hotel, and he had found it. Oh, well, that was part of his salary, taking a verbal poke from the boss occasionally.

He sipped his beer and wondered if the old U. S. was brewing anything like this stuff. He hadn't voted in twelve years. Sometimes he longed for Main Street and Mulligan's cigar store. By the time he got home there wouldn't be a war story alive; they'd all be dead and buried.

He had noticed the man at the table obliquely ahead of him, noted him unobservingly. The man opened a newspaper, and it was then he saw the man's hands. The boss had said: "Keep your eye open for a chap about my age who has been bayoneted through the palms. Follow him if you can." And here the man was, only three feet away! It didn't matter what the boss wanted him for. This time Charlie Mason would be on the job. Right in front of him, three feet away! Luck as big as the Woolworth!

There were two taxis at the curb. Mason rose quietly and approached one of the drivers. "I'll pay you to let me sit in your taxi," he said in a whisper. "I want to follow that man"—indicating the quarry—"even if he walks."

Charlie exposed a hundred-franc note. The cabby promptly opened the door for him and Charlie got inside. The stranger had not observed these actions. Charlie determined that if he fell down this trip he would never forgive himself. There couldn't be two men in Paris like that.

After ten minutes the stranger rose, looked about and nodded to the other cabby.

"Half a block behind!" said Mason through the window. "Far enough away to keep him in sight."

Car Number 1 rolled out of the Rue St.-Honoré toward the Louvre, passed under the *couvert*, crossed the Seine and made way along the Quai d'Orsay to the Boulevard St.-Germain, thence into the Boulevard Raspail. Next, a side street; and even in the night Mason recognized the Boronov hotel as Cab Number 1 stopped by the gates.

"Keep going," he called. "Turn the next corner and stop."

These orders were obeyed, so great is the power and persuasion of hundred-franc notes. Mason got out and peeked around the corner. The quarry's cab was coming toward him. Quandary. Had the stranger gone into the Boronov hotel or was he still in the cab? Mason realized that he had to think quickly. He chose to follow the cab. It led him swiftly back across the river, toward the Avenue de l'Opéra. It went a block on the avenue, when a man from the sidewalk hailed it.

"Get to that cabby before he starts!" yelled Mason, understanding that he had taken the wrong course. As Cabby Number 2 drew alongside Cabby Number 1, Mason stuck out his head. "What became of your other fare?"

"I left him at the gates."

"Was he trying to get in?"

"No. He told me to stop there."

Mason remembered that there would be shadow enough for the stranger to hide at either side of the gates. "Stung!"

But when he recounted this adventure to Davidson the latter gave him two hundred francs and patted him on the shoulder. "Good work, Charlie! I wanted to know if he was still in Paris. But not a word of this to anyone."

"Who is he and what's he done?"

"He is Paul Mikailovitch, and he tried to kill Lubovin the other night. Anyhow, that's my guess. But I don't want the police to find him before I do."

"What are you going to do with him when you get him?"

"Make him happy."

"What is he?"

"A *gigolo*, Charlie."

"Boss, I hand in my badge."

"It's a new break in the road, Charlie. We're going to find surprising things around the next turn."

And they did.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ME—GANGSTER

(Continued from Page 45)

Snift went on, and I could see in his manner of speaking that he was pretty well satisfied with everything the gang had to work with and proud of the way they schemed it all out.

"All those factories and warehouses out there get the alarm at the same time the fire department does," he explained, "and when it sounds you will see the volunteer companies from each place beat it for hoses and hand trucks."

It was a cinch that Snift could see the admiration in my eyes, because he flashed his gold teeth again and leaned across the table and pushed my arm in a fooling way.

"What it takes to get dough, baby," he cracked, "we got! When we start out, we score."

"What is my job on this racket, Snift?" I asked. "You sure got me convinced plenty."

"Flop says keep you in the car with him. You'll handle the sawed-off an' you can talk with Flop an' get just what you are goin' to do. Then, kid, you wanna do it. Flop is bad when he's splashin' that machine gun around, an' anybody that balled things up he would turn the gun on."

"I ain't goin' to ball things up. Gimme my orders, Snift," I told him, "an' lemme know somethin' about my end on this play, will you? What do I figger for a cut of the winnin's?"

"The cut is the same fer everybody except Flop," Snift explained. "Flop gits the big end, outside Gl—— I mean, outside what we have to shell fer—others."

"Protection?" I grinned. He nodded, and right away he explained it: "Sure. After all, they give us the gun, an' if anythin' should go sour they gotta play the game with us."

"I'm fer that—but how many cut? Suppose we knock off fifty grand, where would I sit then?"

"You'd be a sure shot fer five, kid. But I figger we'll take plenty more'n that. Gander's Mill is the biggest around here an' they oughta hand out twice what you say."

"That's all I wanted to know," I agreed. "I'm lookin' ten grand in the eye fer my end, that right?"

"You can figger your own end," Snift cracked. "You'll git a clean break from us, an' here's the figgers. Half to the outside birds that play with us. The other half cut an even five ways an' each of the five givin' back to Flop 10 per cent of their end. It oughta be a nice score, kid."

"Lead me to it."

"Sure. But wait'll an hour or so passes, an' then I'll slip Flop a shot of dope an' he'll feel great an' be able to talk straight to you."

I just hung around awhile smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. Flop walked around the joint like a lion in a cage. I could see he was getting madder and madder because the hop did not come, but he never suspected that the other birds were building him up so as to have him right for the big play at Gander's Mills. By the time they finally brought him his stuff I was ready to get away from him and hide. His eyes were bigger than I ever saw them and his hands kept twitching and turning like snakes that had been run over in the road. There was a funny thing he did with his cheeks that made them jump right up and down, and it was a long time before I got wise to the fact that he never knew he was doing it. Lots of hoppies get that trick.

(Continued on Page 149)

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WEDGE LEATHER HEEL
DOUBLE SOLES
REINFORCED HARNESS STITCHING

We'll send you our style book

(Continued from Page 145)

It is the nerves or muscles in the flesh right around their eyes. They keep jerking and the faces they make would give a guy the heeby-jeebies.

But after he got the shot he calmed right down and his eyes got smaller, and inside them, where the pupils were, they changed mighty quick. Instead of being big and round, they got as small as pin points, and there seemed to be a bright light behind each one, just like somebody had stuck a pin through a black sheet that was covering an electric bulb. The jumping in his cheeks stopped and he got real talky and friendly, and finally started to whistle and walk around the room all easy and comfortable. God help Flop, I thought, if he ever landed in a spot where he could not get his dope!

About an hour passed before I talked with him. During that time I took a shot of whisky and offered him one, but he refused and winked at me and pointed to his arm where he had taken the shot. I guess hoppies do not get any kick out of liquor; it is too mild. Just before Flop and me talked, Snift whispered to Brad that they had Flop just right, so that when we started out on the Gander job he would be wanting another shot and would make things quick and snappy in order to get back and get it. Snift said he would be vicious then. That suited me. I knew, now that I had seen Flop when he wanted his stuff, that nobody would be very apt to stop him from getting it.

"You are goin' to toss the sawed-off," Flop said, when we got to talking; "so I'll break it out an' give you a slant at it." He brought out a funny-looking gun that was about eighteen inches long and built just like a shotgun. It had two barrels, side by side, but they were only ten inches long. The butt was just like a pistol. When I saw the thing I thought of a pistol like they used in the Revolutionary War. Once when I was in school they took us to the museum and I saw that pistol there.

This gun was just like that, except it was all new and the barrels were bored what they call cylinder bore instead of choke bore. It weighed about four to five pounds and I could slip it right down my trouser leg. I thought it was almost as bad as the machine gun, but Flop soon took that idea out of my head.

Rehearsing for the Big Act

"That makes a hell of a noise," he explained, "an' when it nicks a guy he thinks sure he's dead. But it's only good at thirty yards, because the shot spreads so fast. Don't crack it too quick. When things break you'll be standin' on the left runnin' board of the car. Carrots Bell will take the other side, an' he'll have one of these too. When the pay car shows we'll swing out of that cinder road an' drive up to meet it. They always travel that street leading right up to the mill door.

"As we pass 'em, you an' Carrots will step to the runnin' board of our car. I'll wait till we get by 'em, so's I can get the range with the machine gun, in case they put up a fight. Then, when I crack the word, you drop off an' flash this gun. Carrots'll do the same on the other side of our car. Whichever of you gits first crack at the bag with the money in it, grabs it an' hollers. Then you both git back to the car an' git aboard. But keep apart, see? Keep a good distance between you an' leave me room enough to splash a few doses out of Sweet Marie without hittin' you guys."

He went over the thing three or four times with me, just to be extra careful, but I got the idea right off. Simple it was, and easy to work. Sure to get results too. Because when a bird got a look at those shotguns he would know he was up against the machine-gun gang as well, and then, when Flop told me he would blaze about ten or twelve shots into the air over our heads while we were working, that made it a cinch. I know if I was guarding a wagon and a gang cut loose with that machine-gun thing, I would never argue with them. I would rather look a little yellow and take a chance on finding them when the breaks were nearer even.

But even when things were as simple as I have told you, we had to sit around every two hours and drill the thing over and over again. Carrots and me stood on chairs and stepped off to the floor just like we would when we did the trick from the car. We carried the guns and practiced keeping apart. Flop stood on a chair and showed just how he would spray shots with the machine-gun. First he would make-believe shoot over our heads, then he would shoot between us while we got back to the car, in case these guards got nasty.

At the Gang's Garage

I found out what poor crippled Gip Marr did. He was the driver of the car and the way they talked about his driving I knew that he was good. Once, they said, he had wheeled through cross traffic and only lost one fender. He took a chance when he had to, but he knew his onions and always got through. Snift and Grapes and Brad sat about making suggestions and bringing up points, but they never did much good. We covered about everything that could happen. The only thing that could lick us was to have the car go bad, and we decided if that happened, to get aboard any car that came along and shoot our way out of the jam.

"An' in case you should git knocked off," Brad said, "leave the machine gun out of it. Don't nobody crack a single thing an' we'll find a way to spring you outa the can before long. Thursday mornin' a report will go to the captain of a certain station that the department guns have been stolen. Then if things break sour nobody can prove the gang didn't steal this gun. That will keep the old man out of it and let him work later on. Of course, things won't go sour, but in case they do, this report'll be there all reg'lar an' the captain an' the shop guy supposed to be fixin' the gun, have an out. They'll never make the report if we git the smoke box back Thursday afternoon; which we will."

You can see for yourself how we planned. Every loophole was plugged and all that remained was to pull the job and count the sugar.

Wednesday night about ten o'clock they gave Flop a shot of hop, and I knew that was the last he would get until we were back with the sugar in our kick. I noticed that everybody was a little talky and trying to be light and funny, but I did not sleep much. Even with all the odds on our side I felt kind of nervous and jumpy.

By nine o'clock the next morning we started out. Flop and me went together, because we were going to the gang garage and I did not know the way. The others went alone. The machine gun was stowed away in a lot of paper and dropped into a gunny sack. Snift called one of the dumb porters in his saloon and gave him the sack and told him to carry it to the garage. The porter never even guessed what he had.

By the time Flop and me got there the others had arrived and Gip was busy tuning up the motor of a big car. It was an eight-cylinder car painted plain black; a touring car, it was, and the top was black too.

Flop got the machine gun out of the sack and looked it all over carefully. Carrots and me looked over our sawed-offs, but I did not know much about them and had to take Flop's word that mine was all right. Then we loaded them up and stowed them in the back of the big car. There was room to slip all three guns down behind the cushion on the back seat. Flop sat in the middle and showed us once more just how we were to work. That was the first time I saw that the top of the car was not fastened to the body at the back.

The garage was closed and locked, and over the door there was a sign that said it was owned by some one guy who did repair work cheap. So we could practice in there. Flop sat on the seat, and when we stepped off the running board and started back like we would after the pay roll, he slid the machine gun right out over the back seat through the part of the top that was not fastened. There was no glass in the back of the top, either, and that let Flop get a good view and hear plainer what went on.

At 11:15 we had been ready for half an hour, and I noticed that Flop was more nervous than any of us. His eyes were big again and his cheeks jerked just a little bit. Believe me, he was ripe for this stickup. He was needing his hop, but he was steady enough to go through quick so that he could get back and grab his shot.

Gip went to the telephone and called Snift. Then he sat there holding the receiver to his ear so that they would be all connected when Snift got word that the pay car had left the bank. While they were waiting for that, Snift told Gip that both the fire-alarm guys had called in and the Gander paymaster was at the bank the same as usual. Everything looked hotsy-totsy, as the saying is.

But with Gip sitting at that telephone and Flop pacing up and down the little garage, and a mechanic I had never seen before standing by to open the door for us, time went past mighty slow. Flop kept asking the mechanic: "You all set, now, Greasy? Got everything you need an' got it ready to work fast?"

Greasy would swear and say again and again that he had everything and would do a fast job when it came his turn. I did not horn in on this racket, because I did not know what Flop was talking about and did not care much. All I saw was that the tires on the car were new and would not puncture easy, or blow out, and that Gip was sure of his gas and his engine.

"Right, Snift!" I heard Gip crack from the telephone. Then he snapped up the receiver and I knew we were off. Gip climbed into the car and slipped the gears into reverse. The mechanic opened the door and the three of us, Flop in the middle, climbed onto the back seat. Then Gip backed out and we saw the garage door close after us.

"That damned Greasy better be as ready as he says he is," Flop snarled. "We gotta git this job done an' git back." He was sitting pretty still on the seat, but his eyes were wide inside and out, and his cheeks were jerking more and more, and I saw his hands doing that funny snaky dance on his knees.

"Take it easy, Flop," Carrots grunted. "This is the softest touch we've had."

"Shut up!" Flop snapped, and Carrots did, so I never cracked a thing. Somehow, Flop was mighty nasty when he wanted his shot and had to wait for it.

All Set for the Play

Gip certainly could drive a car. We slid along at a steady pace and I knew he was trying to match the speed the Gander's pay car would make. He was planning not to wait too long on that little cinder road.

When we got out near the mill Flop started to laugh a little, and I heard fire bells and sirens and knew that others were working on time just as we were. We swung into the street that the mill was on and started for the cinder road. On the way we met a lot of saps in overalls dragging a fire truck toward us. Gip slowed down and they turned off before we reached them. I mean, nobody was saying anything at all and everything was running just like the big motor under Gip's twisted leg—smooth and easy and sure.

At the little restaurant there was only one guy in sight. He was the swarthy chump that had hung out the stew sign. We could hear the engines blowing and ringing their bells over on the next block and the street we were on was as empty as a morning-after bottle.

Gip pulled up at the cinder street and backed into the left-hand side of it, facing the mill. He kept out far enough so that we could see the entrance to the mill and the next street, out of which the pay-roll wagon would show.

(Continued on Page 151)

New Way To Fight Fire Without Water

Fire Prevention Experts are urging an amazing new chemical that snuffs out fire instantly. Absolutely harmless and stainless—yet it will even smother gasoline flames! You can shoot a steady stream 30 feet from a tiny pump, and each drop multiplies itself hundreds of times in an irresistible fire-gas. This amazing discovery—the most effective fire-fighting force the world has ever seen—

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COMPARE

The comparison of CHAMPIONS with other spark plugs will readily show how much better they are designed and made. But to really appreciate why CHAMPIONS are the better spark plugs, you must actually drive with them. Such a test will prove that their exclusive sillimanite cores, two-piece construction and special analysis electrodes result in a dependability which has made CHAMPIONS the choice of two out of three motorists the world over.

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Spark Plugs

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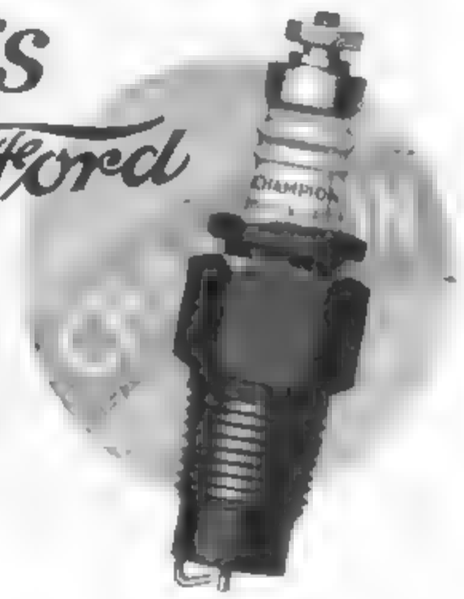
Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson tractor since it was introduced. They are also equipment on cars in every class up to Rolls-Royce.



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"Now," Carrots cracked, "if them mugs don't stop to see the fire, we got the world by the tail."

"They won't stop fer no fire," Gip growled, "not with a hun'nerd grand in their laps! In about three minutes them firemen will be lookin' all over town fer a place to do their stuff too."

Flop was not paying any attention to them. He shoved me aside and took out the machine gun. Right ahead of the trigger guard he set on a disk of shells. It was black and round and about an inch and a half thick. There were fifty shots in it. On the outside of the disk there was a ridge that you screwed up and that made a heavy spring throw shells into the chamber. Flop screwed the spring up by turning it eleven times, and I saw him count pretty carefully so that he would not go wrong and make the gun jam or something. Then he laid the thing across his knees and I drew back from the barrel. He grinned and his cheeks jerked when he saw me. He snapped the elevated sights up and down and twisted the control onto automatic. The gun was ready for business.

"Git that blunderbuss of yours out," he said, and I drew out the sawed-off. He looked it over quick and handed it to me. Flop certainly was careful even when he was jumpy and crazy for hop. In a minute he handed Carrots his gun and we slid them down beside our legs inside the car. That was the first I noticed that my hands were all wet in the palms.

While we waited a workman came along the cinder road and started across the street toward the mill. He saw us and grinned. "False alarm, I guess," he said. "There don't seem to be no fire anywhere." Before any of us could answer him, Gip cracked something sharp and Flop sat up.

Coming out of the wide street about a hundred yards away was the pay-roll wagon. Gip swung around the corner and pulled toward the mill. It all worked out great, because the money bus had to back up and turn in front of the mill. Just as they got to the curb we passed them and Gip cracked the brake so that he could make a sharp turn into the wide street and step on the gas as soon as Carrots and me were back in the car.

"Beat it!" Flop cracked at us, and Carrots and me were over the side and into the street together, each of us flashing a sawed-off in his right hand and bearing down on two birds that left the rear end of the pay-roll wagon with a big black bag between them.

"Drop it!" Carrots cracks at them, his voice sounding almost as sharp and as hard as a shot. Right behind us came the worst noise I ever heard. I almost ducked and looked back but I caught myself in time. Flop had cut loose with that machine gun, and if you never heard one I am not going to try to tell you how it sounds. It is not a lot of fast shots. It is just a kind of screech that has teeth all through it, and as soon as it starts there comes a lot of hissing and whizzing all around you. I heard it over my head and knew that Flop was doing his old stuff. He was shooting high, to scare the liver out of the guys.

A One-Sided Argument

He certainly did that. I was scared pink myself. I stepped a little more aside to make more room between me and Carrots. The two birds with the black bag both carried big rods stuck in belts about their hips, but when they heard that old chatter from Flop they guessed exactly right.

The bag fell between them and their hands went high. Both Carrots and me started for the pay roll, but Carrots got it. The reason was that a third bimbo came from behind the wagon, and he had his rod out and was trying to get a shot at me. I saw him in time and raised the sawed-off. I pulled the trigger and the gun made a whale of a noise.

The bird jumped back of the truck again, and by that time Carrots had the bag and Flop was calling us back.

He had quit shooting with the machine gun, and I glanced back and saw that he was watching in all directions through the hole in the top of the car, and that the black muzzle of that old gun was still sticking out over the back seat. Carrots had the big bag in one hand and seemed to find it pretty heavy.

I hollered out to Flop and darted across in front of the pay-roll truck to help Carrots with the bag. He grinned, and as I got hold of the extra handle he swung around and fired his sawed-off onto the left front wheel of the truck. The tire blew almost as loud as the gun. Just to make things right I blazed away through the radiator with my second barrel, and the pay-roll bus began to act like a sprinkling can filled with dirty tea. They never would chase us in that automobile!

A Perfect Get-Away

We got to our car before the guards did anything; then one of them cracked two shots after us. Right away Flop sprayed a few more splashes from his machine gun, and then Carrots and me were in behind him and Gip had shot into second and made the turn around the corner. He was up to forty miles an hour before he ever shifted to third speed, and we had worked so snappy that nobody was after us at all. But then came one of those tough breaks that nobody can figure. A fire chief, finding that the alarms were the bunk, had started out in his car to look for drunks or suspicious characters, and he swung into the street just ahead of us. Right away he started banging his siren, and you would have thought all of Hades was loose. I suppose the sap thought we were running away from a couple of false alarms. Carrots and me had dropped the big bag in the car and were putting in shells for those we had fired from the sawed-offs.

I swung around the side of the car just as Gip managed to hop a curb and swing past the chief's car. I let fly at the wheels with one barrel of my gun, but the darn gun kicked up so I nearly knocked my own brains out with it. Flop swore at me and gave me a dirty look, and then he just sprayed a couple of showers from Old Nancy, and I wish you could have seen that fire chief return to his own personal duty. In less than two minutes we were out onto the main street and doubling around like a dancing mouse full of moonshine.

There was not a chance in the world of anybody trailing us. Flop kept a close watch out back and Carrots and me stowed away the machine gun and the sawed-offs. Then we covered the bag with a robe and sat back. Both of us lit up cigarettes and Gip done the same thing.

Flop would not take one. "That ain't what I want," he snarled. "Step on this puddle jumper, Gip. I wanna git back to Snift's."

"Are yuh sure about any cars behind us?" Gip asked.

"Would I send you back if I wasn't?" Flop cracked, and there was blazing hell in his voice.

In about half an hour we pulled up at the little garage and the door opened for us. The mechanic called Greasy was there in his overalls, and I saw Snift himself in the little office where the telephone was. He came out grinning his gold teeth into view and stood beside us as we got out of the car.

"You made out all right?" he asked.

"Sure we did!" Flop cracked. "Let's make the rest of it snappy, Snift!"

They took the black bag out of the car and into the office. There they found the gunny sack that had carried the machine gun to the garage and they spread that out and rolled the pay bag into it so it looked like a bum bundle.

Right after that Snift dragged out a shot of dope for Flop, and the kick he got out of it almost made me want to take one, because it steadied him right down and I needed that myself.

"Lend a hand, guys," Snift grinned at us. "It'll make it all sure."

We went to the car, and already Greasy had the hood off and one side of the radiator loose. In less than twenty minutes he had switched the black top for a tan one, changed the radiator and switched every door on the car. It was fast work, and clever. I do not think anybody ever would have known that automobile now if they had just seen it out at Gander's Mills.

Greasy then took a sledge and battered the old doors and the radiator all to pieces and parked them under a pile of junk out back. "Just as soon as you can, Greasy," Snift told him when we had finished, "paint the whole puff box some other color—never mind dust, just do a quick job an' tell 'em, if they ask, you are doin' it fer a guy you don't know. Tell 'em that he left the car to be painted and you'll collect cash or keep the car. An' remember, it ain't been outa the garage in about a week."

Greasy nodded like he knew his stuff, and after seeing him work on that bus I was willing to believe that he did.

"All the guys are in," Snift told us. "I kept in touch with the joint by telephone. While you guys were ridin' around after the stickup they came straight in to the place. We'll all go back now, except Carrots, who can watch the take till I send the porter over after it. You guys certainly worked great."

Flop and me walked back to Snift's place together. On the way we passed a couple of policemen and they never made Flop at all. I do not know whether that was real or whether they knew better than to monkey around with any of Glench's pals. We went right in the front door of Snift's and through the office. Nobody paid any attention to us.

You can believe me that I felt glad it was all over. If I live to be a thousand years old I will never forget the noise of that machine gun or how that radiator spurted rusty water after I had tucked a shower of buckshot into it. Things like that stick very plain in your mind, because they happen at such times, I guess.

Waiting for the Black Bag

Flop was all steady and happy now. His hands were easy and his eyes had narrowed down, especially inside where the pupil is, and his cheeks had quit that terrible jerking. He would not even take a drink when we got back to the rooms, but I took one; I took four, in fact, and I needed them. Even if all the breaks were with us, that is quite a thing to go through, and I am willing to admit that it raised the deuce with my nerves. When I would close my eyes I could see the front end of that chief's red automobile sweeping into the street ahead of us. But I knew that the fire-alarm gag had been smart, because when we pulled the job there was nobody around the mill except that one workman and that dumb Greek in the restaurant. After a while Carrots got back, and he said he had waited till the porter came for the gunny sack.

"He won't git away for a while, though," Carrots told us. "Snift telephoned, when he sent him, to hold him there until Snift can get him covered on the return trip. I guess he'll git the dick an' two other birds to do that."

So we sat around and waited for the bag we had done so much to get. My mind was all stirred up and I could not calm it down. Now that I had seen for myself how smooth these guys could work, I began to wonder if they might not work on me!

That was the first time I had been suspicious, and I was not really suspicious of them now, but just the same the thought came to me.

I thought of Dandy and Twist and Slug and all the old mob, and even of how Danny himself had crossed both the old man and me, and maybe I lost faith in everybody. It was a cinch these birds could do as they pleased with me. If they wanted to bump me off right here in the rooms, there was nothing to stop them. Nobody ever would

(Continued on Page 154)

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THERE's only one sensible way to judge a fountain pen. Ask *how many years* of daily writing service you can expect from it. If you buy Swan Eternal, a hand-made pen, you can expect twenty or thirty years. You can expect it because Swan *has given it.* Yet the pen costs only $5, $6 or $7. If your dealer hasn't Swan, send his name to Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York; 209 S. State St., Chicago.

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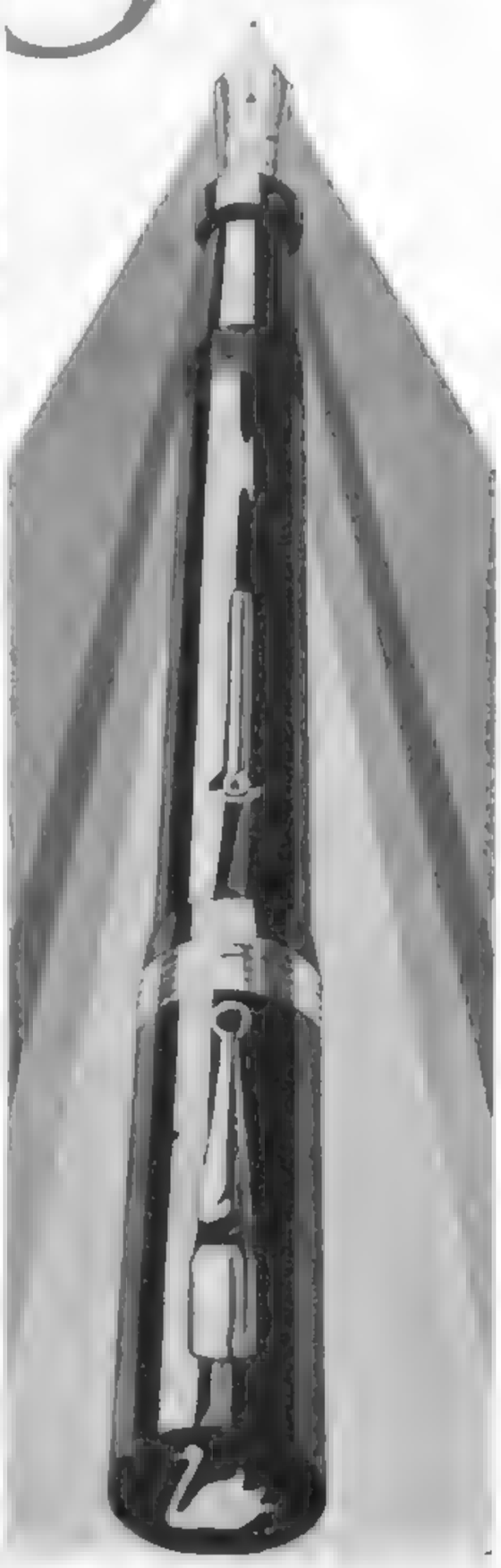

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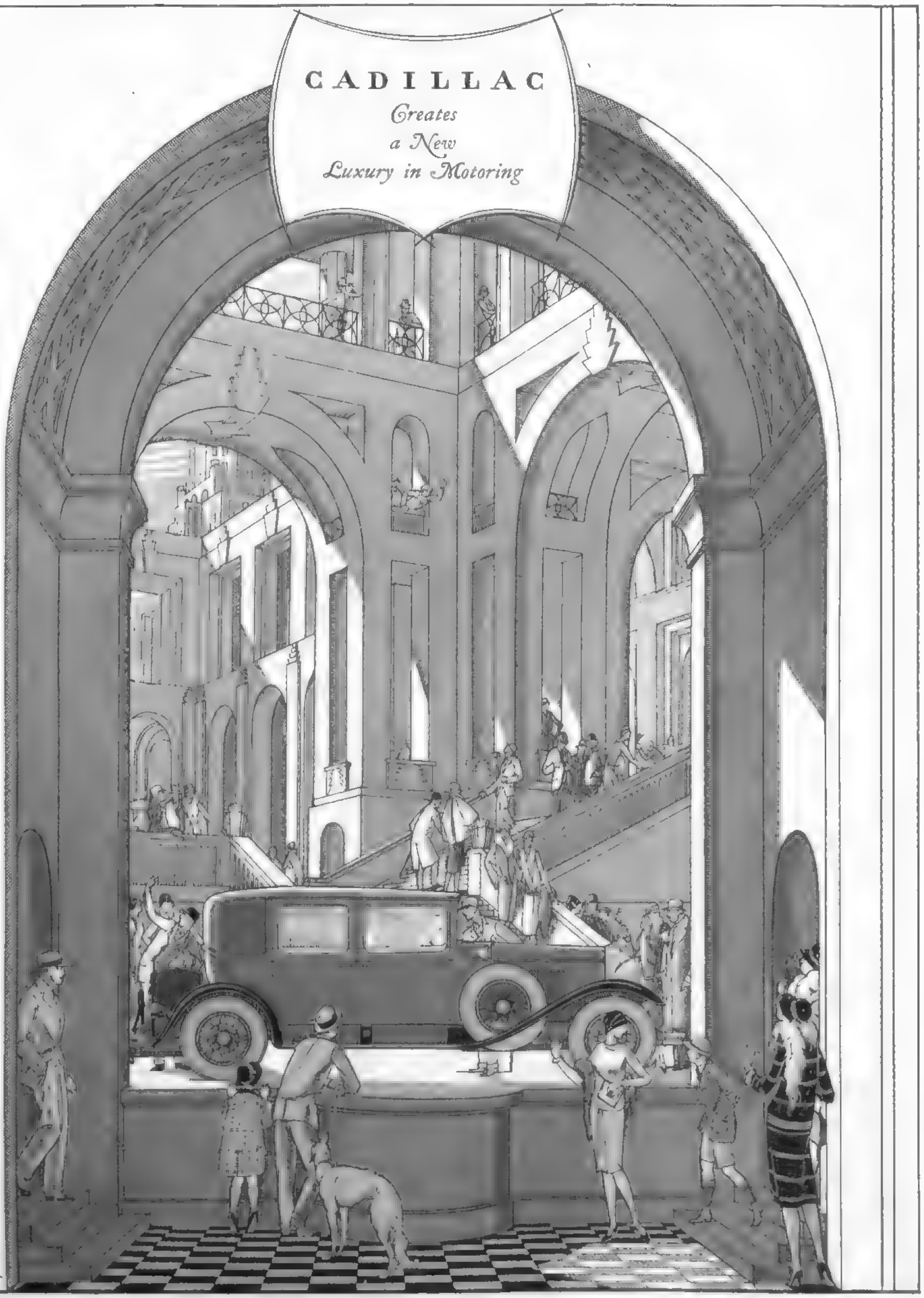

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S V W KOVERFLOR TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 151)

trace it down to them and nobody would even recognize me!

There never will be a time when I can forget the way the old man framed my gang, and it came to me, as I sat there in Snift's place, that I was in about the same position they were at that time. If Glench wanted to cover himself and his close pals by giving me the bump, he certainly had his own way about doing it. But there was not a thing I could do but play a waiting game and try to keep my eyes open. It seemed a sure thing that I would be the first one to go if trouble came. I mean, if the gang was traced down, they would shove me to the front, and then they might or they might not give me a break about getting parole or something afterward.

Looking back at it all now, I can see what a fool a man is to tackle that business of beating the law. I saw that even if these birds played on the level, I was still up against a tough thing. Suppose I got ten thousand out of this Gander thing—got it in cold cash. I would still have to trust these guys or else take it on the loop, and how far can a man travel on ten grand? I mean, it is the most expensive thing in the world, this keeping out of sight and not being able to earn money except by doing something that makes you hunted all the more.

I suppose it was all just nerves after the stickup. I told myself that was it and went and took another drink and lit a cigarette. Flop was walking around the room whistling and feeling great. I picked up a paper and tried to read. It was a morning paper, and for a few minutes I looked at sporting pictures drawn by some artist that certainly could draw fine. There was a ball player and a runner and fighter, and under the picture there was a lot of talk about nerve in sports and having the punch at just the right time.

Praise From Flop

I had to laugh. I wished some of those birds could hear a machine gun whaling away behind him and then shoot a sawed-off that kicked up in the air so hard you could hardly hold it! They would find out what nerve was if they saw that red automobile shooting out in front of them when they were making a get-away from a job that called for fifteen years sure if your foot slipped. Every time the door opened I would look up and hope it was Snift with the gunny sack. I trusted them, all right, but it was hard to wait till I got the feel of that ten grand in my own kick.

Flop was feeling so fine after his shot in the arm that he brought a drink over to where I was sitting. "You done fine," he cracked to me, and I was glad he felt that way and would say so. "The only thing that gimme a laugh about you was shootin' at that fire car. What chance did you have of scorin'? Thirty yards was your range, an' anyhow, you fired almost straight up in the air!"

"I guess I wanted to scare 'em, Flop."

"Scare hell! They was ready to faint when I cracked Sweet Marie over their skulls!" He laughed, though, and finished up by saying again: "But you done fine—a quick job an' a sure one. I most laughed out loud when them mugs dropped that bag an' let you an' Carrots walk right in on 'em."

"That one guy had a rod out, that's why I shot first. I ain't sure I didn't hit him," I said.

"I am." Flop grinned in friendly fashion. "I'm dead sure you didn't! You fired at his chest, I guess, an' when that thing you had kicked back, the shots scattered all over every roof in the neighborhood."

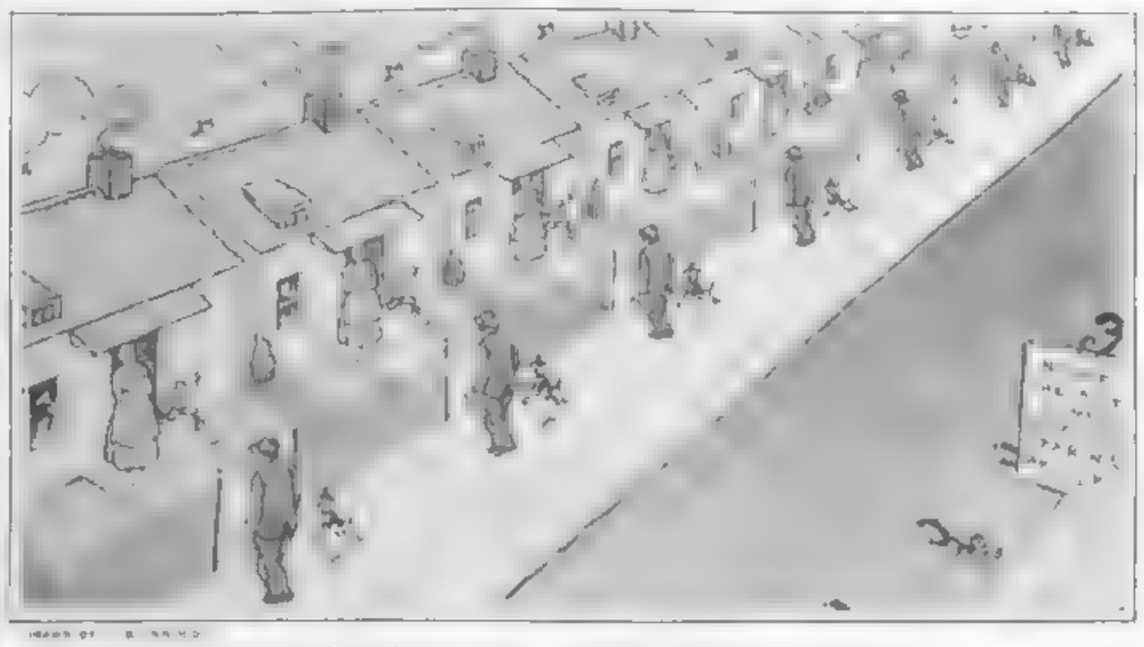
When the Sack Was Opened

"Well," I grinned, "it sent him back where he belonged, anyhow." Then I tossed off the drink Flop had brought me, and he started walking around again, saying that he wished that bag would get there so we could cut the take. I read some more and finally turned to the page that carried the news about my home town. There was always a lot of news flashed about the home town, and I always liked to read it. You would see about the mayor who had come down and helped to beat my old man and you would see about fires and jobs that gangs had pulled off. That old mayor kept getting himself elected so easy I had to laugh to think my old man had ever tried bucking the organization. I was always interested. But I nearly dropped out of the chair when I saw that Danny Critch had just caught a ten stretch for a holdup. His name was there, and enough about him so that I knew it was my old pal. Danny had tried a stickup and got himself knocked off. He got ten years for it, and was doing time that very minute! I guess, at that, he learned that there was a pretty big difference between Clancy and my old man! It did not look as though Danny got much for helping elect Nolan. But news like this was a jolt for me. Not because I was sorry for Danny. After a guy crosses you like he did me and the old man, you lose sympathy for him. But it was hitting pretty close to home, as the saying is.

I was just going to tell Flop about it, when the door opened and Snift came in. He had the gunny sack in his hand and swung it up on to the table. We all gathered around close and saw him take out his knife and cut away the strings he had tied it with at the garage.

When the sack was opened he lifted out the bag we had been so snappy about collecting for ourselves. Flop and him stood there, and I saw that even Snift's hands were shaking a little and his eyes were bright. The black bag was locked, and over the top there was a steel chain that looked pretty tough. Flop cussed the thing, but Snift grabbed up the knife he had used to cut the string on the sack and sawed the top right off the bag. Then he reached in, and with Flop and me trying hard to help him, he yanked out a bundle of newspapers that covered up about two dozen plain red bricks. That was all—just newspapers and bricks!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



When Standardization Reaches Ideal Proportions

Radiant Vitality comes with this new deep sleep

NOW start each morning with plenty of pep and energy! There's new enjoyment in work or play when you are thoroughly rested; you easily meet the many demands of today's fast-moving life.

Sleep is nature's greatest tonic for tired nerves and muscles. But it must be the right kind of sleep . . . . deep, dreamless and comfortable . . . . the sleep that comes when you are fully *relaxed.*

This is the way you sleep when your bedspring is a De Luxe. For the De Luxe spring fits your body—molds itself to meet each curve—brings soothing comfort to every tired nerve and muscle. You gratefully relax into the yielding depths of a De Luxe . . . . drop gently off into sound, refreshing sleep.

Sidesway is impossible with a De Luxe spring. It is perfectly noiseless, too; never creaks, squeaks or groans just when you're in the borderland between wakefulness and sleep. And it doesn't tip you towards the middle of the bed, either; two persons, no matter how different their weights, can sleep together in complete comfort without disturbing each other.

If you have never slept on a De Luxe spring a delightful experience awaits you. Arrange at once with your furniture or department store for a trial. But be sure the spring is a De Luxe, for the downright comfort and lifetime wear of a De-Luxe spring is found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

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"DeLuxe"
– the Bedspring Luxurious

The ROME *Company* INC.

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This DeLuxe label stamped on the side rail is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only the De Luxe spring has. Look for it and be sure!

CURVED SPINE

When you sleep on a bed that sags, the unnatural position of the spine prevents complete relaxation. Deep, refreshing sleep is impossible

STRAIGHT SPINE

Because a De Luxe spring fits the body, the spine stays straight. Nerves and muscles are fully relaxed . . . . deep sleep comes quickly

ROME QUALITY PRODUCTS FOR RELAXATION AND SLEEP

AS A MAN SPEAKETH

(Continued from Page 31)

Bond shook his head. "He's not kidding," he replied. "Lying, maybe. But he's not kidding. Bill's a serious little man. There ain't a joke anywhere in him."

"Say," Barkhouse protested, "you don't believe him, do you? He never wrote Sugar Maple. All you have to do is look at him to know that. That song has made a lot of money in the last six months for whoever did write it. I don't know how much. Ten or fifteen thousand dollars, or maybe fifty or a hundred thousand, for all I know. But look at his clothes. That pair of shoes he's got on is two or three years old. Say, he's kidding you!"

His forthright attitude necessarily aroused a certain amount of argument among us. Dell Wayman thought it possible that Linnet was contented to dress shabbily, preferred to save his money.

"He's sensible at that," he urged. "Most of us would save more if we were wise."

"Don't you believe it," Barkhouse insisted. "Look at the way he wears his clothes. If he had any more money to spend on 'em, he'd spend it."

"Well," Wayman urged, "maybe the money hasn't begun to come in yet."

"If he needed it, he could get an advance," Barkhouse argued. "And God knows he needs it! He could make a living right now on Tremont Street with a tin cup and a bunch of pencils. No, sir, he's a plain liar."

Barkhouse was so positive in his opinions that he could, with a little goading, be led to lose his temper in the matter. Yet he never directly challenged Linnet. There was something in the little man's mild assurance which made even Barkhouse hesitate; and Dell Wayman and Joe Cairns and others, who half liked Linnet and half believed him, were led by their own arguments into the rôle of partisans. The office seethed with the discussion.

Linnet may have felt this, for as the summer advanced the things he told us became more and more impressive, and the amplitude of the canvases upon which he laid his glowing colors increased day by day. He had at first been content to present himself to us as a man familiar with the world of the footlights and the Kliegs; but later, perhaps defensively, he began to speak of his private life and of his family affairs

He talked most often with Joe Cairns; and he spoke to Joe one day about his wife, and thereafter mentioned her more and more frequently. Joe in turn told the rest of us what Linnet said. This wife of his, it appeared, was the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family, some ten years younger than Linnet himself.

"Of course, she doesn't like my working on a newspaper," Linnet confessed. "She'd rather have me knock around with her, do the society stuff. Purdy used to say I was crazy not to. He said any man that could get out of this game ought to. But I don't know. I like it. I get a kick out of it and I like the men in here."

Mrs. Linnet, he confessed, was unfortunately somewhat of a snob. "I'd like to take some of you fellows home," he told Joe, "but she won't stand for it. She doesn't understand, that's all. Wasn't brought up right. She never even went to school. Just had a governess. Four or five nurses taking care of her all the time. You can't change a woman like that."

He added, in a smilingly apologetic way, that Mrs. Linnet went to the length of insisting that he keep his very address secret and confidential. "All the office has got," he assured Joe, "is a telephone number. I have to fix it so that they'll call me at a pay station in a drug store, down at Revere, and there's a fellow in the drug store who gets me." He intimated that he and Mrs. Linnet lived in one of the handsome residences at Phillips Beach.

"We haven't any children," he explained. "I'd like it if we had, but Mrs. Linnet won't hear of it. She and her mother are too busy with the society stuff. I've given up trying to fight them." He chuckled again. "They think I'm more or less disreputable, I guess," he confessed. "They get me into a Tuxedo when they can, and lug me around with them, but I've heard Mrs. Linnet tell people that I'm eccentric. A sort of wayward genius! She makes a lot out of the fact that I do a little song writing. Calls me a composer." He chuckled. "That always makes me laugh!"

Joe Cairns was impressed in spite of himself. Linnet had a way of making the most improbable assertions assume a certain probability. "I don't really believe him," Joe told Barkhouse one day. "But I don't think he's a liar, either! I don't know just what to make of him."

The fact that Joe and some of the rest of us persisted in this feeling that there might be a grain of truth in Linnet's rigmaroles was maddening to Barkhouse. But the baseball season and then the football furor in the fall occupied all his time, left him little opportunity to pursue that which had become in his mind almost a crusade. When the football season ended and there were only hockey games and boxing to engage the attention of the sporting department, Barkhouse had a little more leisure. Stewing one day over this annoying business of little Linnet, he said to Bond:

"Say, old man, you know what I'm going to do?"

Bond was busy with the dummies, making up the early Sunday edition. "Going out and get yourself another medal?" he asked abstractedly.

"I'm going to show up Linnet," Barkhouse declared

Bond, with vigorous pencil strokes, marked off on one of the dummies that portion of the page which would be given over to advertising. "Well, you've got a good day for it," he agreed.

"I'm going after him right," Barkhouse declared, speaking as much to himself as to Bond. "I'm going to do some detective work. I think I'll go down and interview this wife of his. I'll bet he hasn't even got a wife, or I'll bet she's an iron-jawed old chicken in a dirty apron! I'm going to get him right."

His tone quickened at the prospect. "That's what I'll do," he decided. "I'll get a snapshot of her if I can, and a picture of the house where he lives. We'll get him in deep some day and I'll spring it."

"Oh, leave him alone," Bond protested.

"He makes me mad," Barkhouse argued. "Yes, sir, I'm going to show up that little cootie. That's what I'm going to do!"

Bond called a boy to take the dummies downstairs. "Dope out about a column of baseball stuff, will you?" he directed. "We ought to have something in the Sunday paper. What's Landis up to lately?"

Barkhouse nodded and turned to his typewriter, but he did not immediately begin to write. His thoughts were still engaged with this project of exposing Bill Linnet to the derision of the world.

Barkhouse did not anticipate any difficulty in discovering where Linnet lived, but the matter gave him, in fact, no small amount of trouble. There was only the number of a telephone pay station under Linnet's name in the office directory; and when Barkhouse called the number, his most persistent questioning elicited no information. For fear too much persistence might alarm Linnet, he abandoned the attempt, and none too soon. Next morning he heard Bill ask Krause, the city editor:

"Did you call me yesterday afternoon?"

Krause looked up in quick surprise "No," he said. "No, I didn't want you."

"Somebody called from here," Linnet insisted.

Krause shook his head, as though to brush aside an annoying insect. "No, I didn't want you," he repeated. "I don't know anything about it."

His tone, as even Barkhouse from his desk across the room could hear, was curt and unsympathetic, and Barkhouse spoke of this to Bond. "What's the matter with Krause?" he asked. "Snapping at old Bill. Bill been springing a new one on him?"

"Charlie Hewett told me Bill's falling down lately," Bond explained. "He looks like he was all in. Sleepy all the time. Hewett asked him what the matter was, and he said he'd been out late three or four nights with that wife of his."

Barkhouse made a scornful sound. "Probably off on a drunk," he suggested.

"Don't think Linnet ever touches it," Bond replied. "But, anyway, that's what Charlie said."

Barkhouse nodded and returned to his task of the moment. That afternoon, however, he waited below stairs for Linnet to appear. His intention was to accompany the little man, or trail him unperceived, and discover where Linnet had his abode; and with this in mind he followed half a block behind Linnet, down Summer Street and into High, toward the ferry. He meant to keep out of sight, but it was necessary that he board the same ferryboat which Linnet took, and since this was true, toward the end of their course he shortened the distance between them.

It is not probable that Linnet had discovered the other. It was rather an accident which made him pause just inside the entrance to the ferryhouse and wait for a moment by the news stand there. Thus he and Barkhouse came face to face. Barkhouse, though he was unprepared for this encounter, was the first to speak.

"Hello, Linnet!" he said cheerfully.

"You go this way? I didn't know you went over on the ferry," Linnet remarked.

"I don't," Barkhouse explained. "I live up on the Hill. But I've got to go down to Revere to see a fellow there. A fellow down there has a stable of boxers, and I want to talk to him."

Linnet nodded. "You're going over on the ferry?" he asked, and Barkhouse said:

"Yes. Yes, we've got to hurry. It's going to pull out in a moment now."

Linnet turned to the news dealer and bought an evening paper. "I just stopped in to get a paper," he told Barkhouse. "I'm going over to the North Station, out that way. Good-by!"

Barkhouse was a quick thinker, but this emergency caught him unprepared, so that Linnet was able for that time to make his escape and to leave the young man behind. But it increased his certainty that Linnet was lying. In the office next day he related the experience to Bond.

"I tell you he's on to me," he said. "He knows I'm trying to find out something about him. Cagy customer, Bond, but I'll get him!"

Bond said dryly, "Anybody'd think you were getting paid for this."

Barkhouse grinned. "Wouldn't work so hard at it if it was a part of my job," he assured the other, and Bond said:

"I guess that's right too!"

What Barkhouse did in this situation was to enlist an assistant. One of the sporting men on another paper, a man named Tomlinson, lived in Revere; and Barkhouse made it his business to see him that day and to ask whether he knew Linnet. Tomlinson shook his head.

Barkhouse described Linnet with some precision.. "Maybe you've seen him on the ferry, going over," he suggested.

"Don't recall him," Tomlinson insisted. "No, I don't think I have."

Barkhouse nodded. "All the better, then," he said. "Here's what I want you to do." And he explained the case to Tomlinson in such a fashion as to enlist in the end the other's aid. "I'll point him out to you," he said, "in front of the office tonight, when he starts for home. You meet me downstairs, and we'll wait in the drug store across the street till he comes out."

This time the young man's measures were successful. Tomlinson telephoned three-quarters of an hour after Linnet left the office.

"That you, Barkhouse?" he asked, and when the other assented, he said: "Well, I got it."

"You did?" Barkhouse echoed. "Great stuff! What's the dope?"

"He never paid any attention to me," Tomlinson confessed. "I crossed on the ferry with him, and he got into the car right behind the smoker and I stayed in the smoker so I could see where he got off. When he got off, I did too. Kept along about half a block behind him, when he left the station."

"Where'd he go?" Barkhouse asked.

"Stopped at a meat market first," Tomlinson explained. "Then at a chain store, and then went along with some bundles in his arms. He lives in a three-decker up on the Hill." And he gave Barkhouse the address.

"Which floor?" Barkhouse asked.

"I didn't try to find out," Tomlinson explained. "That's up to you." And he added: "Let me know how it comes out."

"Sure will," Barkhouse agreed. "I'll do the same for you some day."

He hung up the receiver, delighted with the success of his plan, and he was impatient the succeeding twenty-four hours for an opportunity to carry his investigations to their end.

Barkhouse was a bold young man; he had, at the prospect of invading Linnet's home, no fears at all. Next day, by some extra effort, he managed to finish his work and leave the office a little after noon; and he crossed on the ferry and sought out the address Tomlinson had given him, and came to the place about half after two. There was, he reminded himself by a glance at his watch, time enough and to spare. Linnet would not be coming home for three hours or so.

Since Tomlinson reported that Linnet lived in a three-decker, Barkhouse had made some effort to lead Linnet into a more complete description of that home of his at Phillips Beach to which he had now and then referred. Linnet, perhaps a little on his guard as a result of his alarm of a day or two before, was wary; would not further commit himself. Barkhouse had had to forgo that satisfaction. But now, as he approached the locality, he smiled with a certain triumph; for Linnet's home, by his own report, was beautiful and spacious and in an attractive neighborhood, while Barkhouse found himself in a district built up with houses all of a single pattern, lacking every lovely attribute. The particular street to which he presently made his way was not even paved; it was merely a rutted, muddy road ending at a hundred yards or so off the main thoroughfare, with a bleak bare hillside beyond. And the three-story apartment house which bore the number Tomlinson had given him was exactly like its neighbors; square, unlovely, its new paint so thinly applied that the brush strokes were visible and the naked wood showed through.

Barkhouse had a camera with him, small enough to fit into his pocket, and he produced it now and took a picture of the house and put the camera away again. That would be a part of the record he meant to prepare, and he devised a caption to be written beneath the picture: "Palatial residence of Bill Linnet, on Murphy's Hill, Revere, back side." The thought amused him, and he was laughing when he stepped into the vestibule of the apartment house.

At one side of the vestibule there were three mail boxes, three speaking tubes, three buttons to be pressed, and in little frames below the buttons, cards with the names of those who dwelt here. Barkhouse scanned these cards. The uppermost bore

(Continued on Page 161)

Quiet as well as efficient!

The Iroquois Indian trademark is the sign of *quiet*, efficient, economical, reliable electric refrigeration. It stands for all the desirable qualities which make electric refrigeration such a household favorite today. And wherever you see the Iroquois Indian displayed in your city you can have these qualities demonstrated to you.

The *quiet* Iroquois Electric Refrigerator produces that "crisp, dry cold of a frosty night" which preserves your food and protects your health, and it constantly maintains the same low temperature. The mechanism is simplicity itself—so compact and trouble-proof—and in operation it is as *quiet* as the gentle whispering of the woodland pines.

Housekeeping is so much easier with the *quiet* Iroquois—no uncertainty of ice delivery, no unsanitary kitchen floor. And you can make delicious desserts so easily that you have more leisure time. You always have an abundance of ice-cubes for iced drinks, too. And in most localities the *cost of operation is less than the cost of ice.*

The particular model of the *quiet* Iroquois shown above is one of the most popular types because it is so roomy and withal so compact. Its *unusually large shelf space* (9½ square feet) *and food storage capacity* (5½ cubic feet) satisfy the needs of homes with four or five persons in the family, and yet its small size (61" high, 22½" deep, 26¼" wide) makes it suitable even for apartment use. And its *ice-cube capacity is greater than any other electric refrigerator of its size*—110 cubes, or more than 9 pounds of ice—with an extra tray for storing ice cubes.

There are eight other different types of the *quiet* Iroquois in all-metal porcelain enamel white or gray cabinets—any one of them a distinct addition to any kitchen. See these Iroquois Electric Refrigerators, and while they are being demonstrated note their *quietness* of operation. And remember this—the *quiet* Iroquois is backed by a $40,000,000 corporation. A product of The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company, associate of The Barber Asphalt Company, engaged in world-wide business for a half-century.

Visit the Iroquois dealer in your locality today—or write us for illustrated booklet showing the *quiet* Iroquois line. There is also a *quiet* Iroquois electric refrigerating unit for installation in your present ice box.

Chocolate Ice Cream
—one of the frozen delicacies which may be made in the *quiet* Iroquois.

Molded Fish
—one of the many delicious entrées anyone can make in the *quiet* Iroquois

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—one of the savory relishes you may add to your menu, if you have a *quiet* Iroquois

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Rotary-type compressor: Only three moving parts. Less power to operate. No noisy intake valves. No connecting rods, wrist pins, crank shaft, or stuffing box.

Header-type condenser: Every inch of tubing is prime condensing surface. Tubes also form guard for moving parts.

Automatic pressure control: Machine operates by an automatic pressure-controlled switch which is actuated by a pre-determined pressure in the cooling unit. Temperature in refrigerator controlled within 1 deg. F.

Absolutely safe refrigerant: Ethyl chloride—practically odorless, non-poisonous. Works under low head pressure—reduces danger of leaks.

No brine tank. Direct expansion coil in cooling unit. More food space, more sanitary, more responsive to temperature control.

No "freezing up": Freezing tube in cooling unit prevents moisture from interfering with operation of Iroquois machine.

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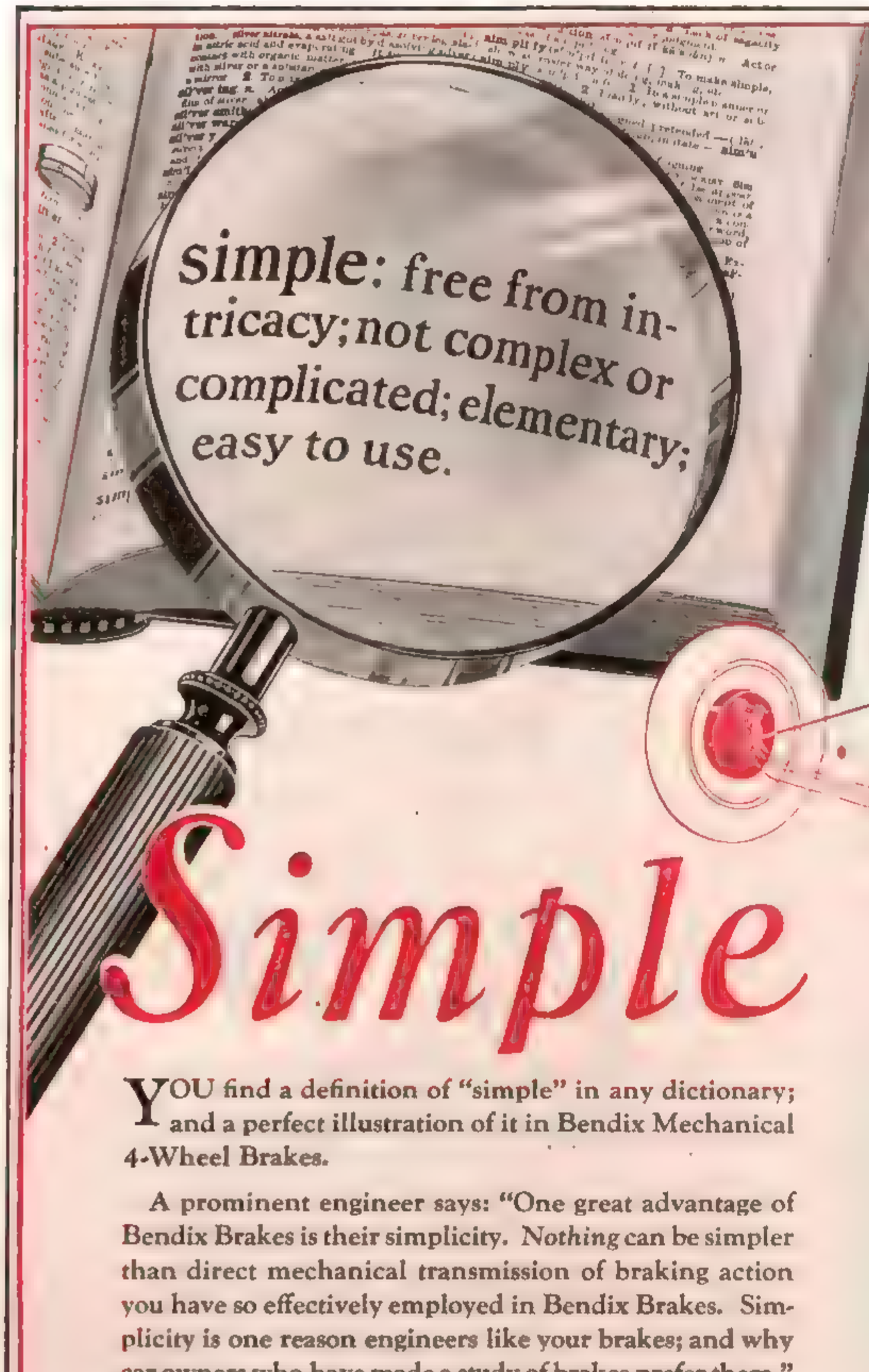

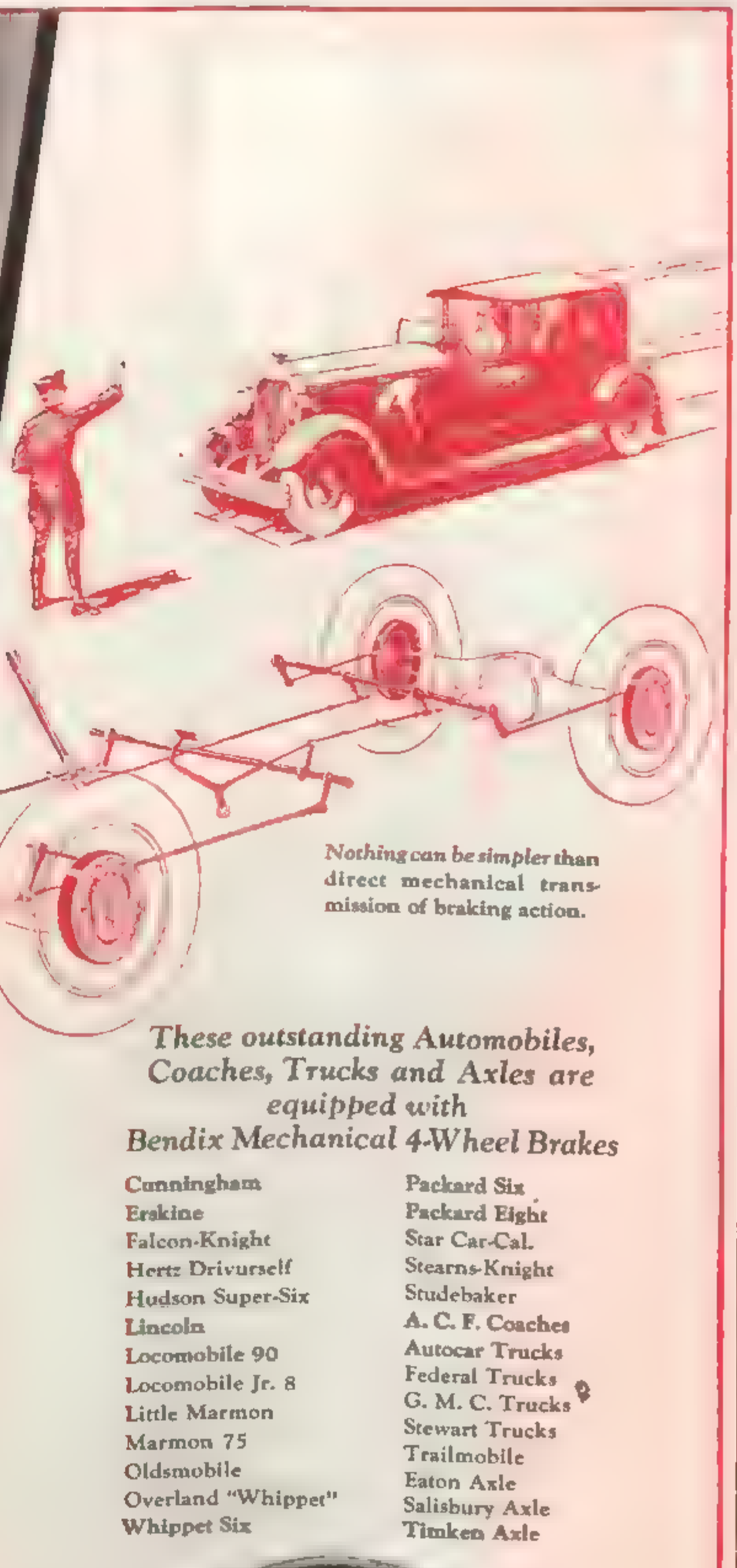

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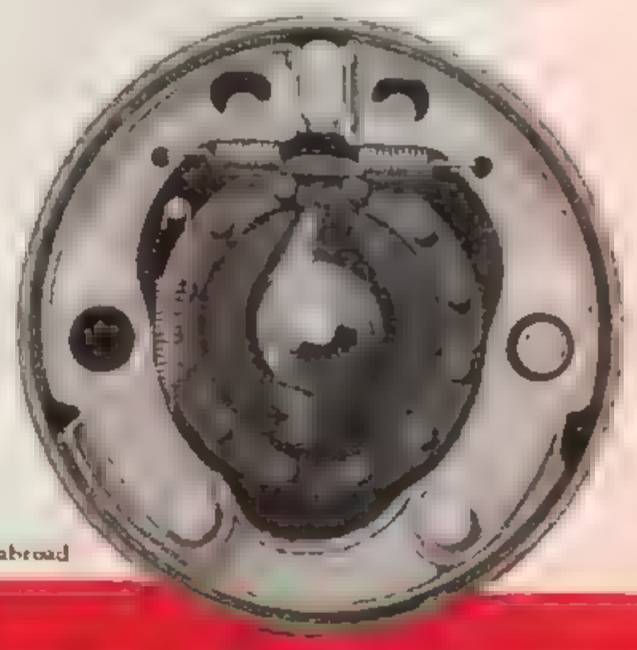

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BENDIX 4 BRAKES
MECHANICAL FOR SAFETY

(Continued from Page 156)

the name of the man he sought, and he pressed the bell and applied his ear to the speaking tube. But at the same time he saw that the inner door of the vestibule was a little ajar; and without waiting for a response to his ring, Barkhouse left the speaking tube and opened this door and started up the stairs.

There were two flights, each one making two turns in its course, and Barkhouse climbed swiftly. He expected that the door of Linnet's apartment would be opened, that Mrs. Linnet would be there in answer to his ring. But when he came to the topmost landing the door was closed; and Barkhouse hesitated for a moment, wondering whether anyone were at home. In the end, however, he knocked boldly on the panels.

And a woman called, "Come in, please!"

The voice came to Barkhouse muffled by distance and by the closed door, yet there was a quality in it which checked his hand upon the knob, and made the young man for a moment hesitate. It was not at all the voice he had expected. He had looked to find in Linnet's wife an unpleasant woman, probably large and domineering, or perhaps small and querulous. But this voice was at once gentle and cheerful, and it did not fit the mental picture he had formed. Nevertheless Barkhouse was a bold young man, and he opened the unlocked door.

He found himself at the head of a narrow hall, from either side of which doors opened. The hall was bare; nor, as Barkhouse stood for a moment on the threshold, did anyone appear to question him. But after a moment the voice called again:

"Who is it, please?"

"Is this where Mr. Linnet lives?" Barkhouse asked doubtfully.

"Yes."

"I'd like to speak to Mrs. Linnet."

There was a moment's hesitation; a little stir, and then the voice replied:

"I think you had better come in here, if you will. The second door on the left, please."

So Barkhouse—and by this time his hat was in his hand—went slowly along the hall. As he passed the open doors he turned his head, gave each room a swift and calculating glance. That on the right was a bedroom; it contained a brass bed and a small cot, a bureau and two chairs. There was matting on the floor, not tacked down, but laid in strips like rugs. The room on the left was a living room; there was a yellow oak table in the middle of it, and an easy-chair with worn upholstery, and other chairs and a rug or two. Barkhouse had no time for more than a glance. He continued on to the second door and stood at last upon its threshold.

This room, he saw then, was also a bedroom, and it was sunny and bright. But Barkhouse was not at first so much attentive to the room as to the persons in it. There were two of them—two women.

One of these women lay in bed, propped against pillows. She was an old woman, frail and small, and her cheeks were shadowed where deep pits lay, and there was pain in her eyes. A white lace cap covered her white hair; and as her eyes met those of Barkhouse, she adjusted this cap with a touch of fingers yellow and bony with age. Barkhouse thought the room smelled of lavender; and she was so small that he felt gigantic, and eased his shoulders lest they press out the jambs of the door.

The other woman was younger, but still—from the point of view of Barkhouse's twenty-eight years—an old woman. She sat in a rocking-chair immediately beside the bed, and she made no move to rise. A blanket was wrapped about her legs from the thighs down, and there were crutches leaned against the wall within reach of her hand.

She looked at Barkhouse, and he, after a glance at the older woman, met her eyes; and he stood for a moment without finding words at all. But his cheeks were burning and his feet itched to back away.

She said, with something like a smile, in gentle apology, "I may not rise to greet you. But I am Mrs. Linnet."

"My name's Barkhouse," he stammered; and he had not meant to use that name, for fear Linnet might have mentioned him at home. But the harm was done, for she was smiling.

"Oh," she told him, "Lucian has spoken of you. This is Lucian's mother, Mr. Barkhouse."

Barkhouse looked faintly puzzled. "Lucian?" he echoed. "You mean—Bill?"

She nodded. "His name is Lucian," she explained.

"L. W.," Barkhouse remembered, aloud.

"Lucian Wilfrid," old Mrs. Linnet said from the bed, somewhat austerely, and as though defying any mirthful comment. And she added, half to herself, "His father had the soul of an artist. Lucian is like his father in so many ways."

Barkhouse said stammeringly. "Oh, yes. Yes, I see. That's right too."

And he realized that he was a fool, or sounded like one, and put a bridle on his tongue. He was perspiring.

Linnet's wife asked in sudden apprehension, "Lucian is all right, isn't he? You haven't come with any—ill word?"

Barkhouse shook his head. "No, no," he exclaimed. "No, Bill's all right. We call him Bill," he added hurriedly. "No, he's all right." He went groping. "No, I just dropped in."

"He has been up at night a great deal lately," she explained, and smiled ruefully. "We try not to disturb him, but there are times. He was tired this morning. I've worried all day."

"He's all right," Barkhouse repeated desperately.

"You wished to see me," the younger woman remembered.

Barkhouse smiled, and his tone was full of friendliness. "Why, I was down this way on a story, and Bill's told me so much about you two that I dropped in." He looked at the crutches leaning there.

"That was very nice of you," she assured him. "We see few people. We live very quietly. Just sit and read together, all day long."

"Lucian told us you write about baseball games," said the old woman in the bed, watching Barkhouse acutely.

"Yes, that's right," he agreed. "Yes, I do sports. Baseball, and football, and things like that."

"I played tennis very well when I was a girl," said Linnet's mother, with a modest pride in her tones.

"I'll bet you did," Barkhouse agreed, and wiped his brow.

"I used to be fond of riding," said Linnet's wife. "Till I got thrown." Her eyes rested for a moment on her crippled legs. "Do you ride, Mr. Barkhouse?"

He shook his head, grinned. "Not unless I have to."

"Will you bring a chair from the other room?" she suggested.

"Why, I'll have to go along in a minute."

There was disappointment in her eyes. "We'd be glad to have you stay a little while. But of course you're very busy."

He could not hold his resolution; hesitated, said then "Why, I guess"—and looked at his watch—"I've got a few minutes."

And he brought a chair from the living room and set it near the foot of the bed. Linnet's wife smiled at him approvingly.

"I suppose I shouldn't tell you," she confessed. "Lucian is forever chiding me for telling things. But he is very much pleased with your work."

"Bill is?" Barkhouse was startled into inquiring.

She nodded. "He says he's planning to advance you, says you have a great future before you."

It seemed to Barkhouse that he was on slippery ground. "Well, that's fine," he said lamely.

"Lucian says you and Mr. Wayman are the best men he has on the staff," she continued.

"Dell's a good man," Barkhouse agreed.

She smiled at him. "We think Lucian is a good judge of men," she told him.

"Oh, sure," he assented. "Yes, Bill knows the game all right."

The old woman in bed echoed resentfully, "Bill!" And young Mrs. Linnet caught Barkhouse's eye.

"His mother likes to have him called Lucian," she explained. "But I like to hear you call him Bill. It shows the way you feel toward him—comradely. It shows you like him."

"Oh, sure!" Barkhouse agreed.

"Of course," she continued, "his mother and I think he's wonderful." She pressed the older woman's hand, and held it for a while in hers thereafter. "You mustn't be bored by our talking about him, will you? He would scold me if he knew, but, you see, he's all the world to us, so you can't blame us for being proud of him."

"Sure, that's right," Barkhouse agreed.

"We think it's rather wonderful," she assured the young man, "that he should be able to control the destinies of a great paper, and then come home and take such good care of two rather irritable and helpless old women."

"I guess he likes coming home," the young man urged.

"We have no servant," she explained. "Our—medical expenses have been rather heavy for some time past. But Lucian likes cooking. He does all the marketing on his way home, and we have such happy dinners together in the evening. Sometimes I'm able to help him with the dishes afterward, but he hates it when I do."

Barkhouse was somewhat recovering from his bewilderment; his curiosity was stimulated; he spoke provocatively.

"Pretty hard for you when he's away," he suggested.

She shook her head. "Oh, he gets breakfast for us," she assured him. "And he leaves a bite for our lunch, all ready. A little salad, or something. And I have an electric plate here to make our tea. I must give you some tea. Will you take the kettle to the kitchen and fill it? And I'll tell you where to get things." She added, "We're perfectly comfortable all day long; and then in the evening he tells us everything that has happened, and how his day has gone, so that it's almost as though we lived with him, every hour of the day."

He got up.

"I'll fill the kettle," he said eagerly. "I'd like a cup of tea."

"You'll see the tea leaves in a jar on the second shelf," she told him. "Would you mind rinsing out the pot? Cold water will do. And there is bread in the bread box and butter on the ice; and we sometimes have a little cinnamon on our bread and butter. Toast is difficult on the electric plate. Our toaster needs repairing. Can you find them, do you think?"

"Why, say," said Barkhouse heartily, "I'll make you think Bill doesn't know the first principles of housekeeping. Suppose I do the toast in the kitchen."

She smiled at him. "Toast is a test of skill," she warned him. "Can you slice bread?"

"Say," he assured her. "I did enough K. P. in the Army; I guess I can take care of you."

"You were in the Army, weren't you?" she remembered. "Lucian has told us. And about your Distinguished Service Cross."

"I'll get the tea," he protested, and escaped to the kitchen. Out of their sight, he worked mechanically, content to make some audible disturbance so that they might suppose him busy. But the bold young man was shaken and weak; and he took a great drink of water and stared for a moment out of the window across a cheerless expanse of waste land with the backs of another row of three-deckers visible beyond; and he whistled under his breath, thoughtfully. Now and then she called to him, instructions and directions, and in the end he devoted himself to the business in hand.

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"I expect you like toast thin?" he asked; and she replied:

"Please, yes. If you can slice it so?" There was a mirthful challenge in her tones.

"Watch me," he retorted; and though he spoiled a quarter of the loaf, he managed wafer slices in the end. At last returned to them with a laden tray in his hands, bearing it proudly. She had cleared the little table by her chair, and he set it there, and she applauded him. Old Mrs. Linnet was somewhat more inclined to carp.

"Too much butter," she insisted. "And the tea is strong."

But the younger woman defended him; and he sipped his tea with them, and Linnet's wife reverted to the matter of his decoration. "I think that is one of the reasons Lucian likes you," she explained, and added wistfully, "It was a regret to him that he could not enlist. He had us on his hands, you see. He often speaks of your decoration."

"Didn't amount to anything," Barkhouse protested.

She shook her head, smiling. "You would say so," she agreed. "But I know you treasure it. I expect you have it somewhere safely locked away."

"Well, yes."

"Your mother isn't alive, is she?" she suggested; and when his glance confessed the truth of this conjecture, she explained, "Because if she were, she'd be keeping it for you."

"Well, of course, I do value it," he conceded in the end, and she nodded.

"Of course, you do," she agreed. Her eyes grew wistful. "I think Lucian would have given anything to go to war. I think he'd rather ——" She hesitated, smiled at Barkhouse again. "Well, for example, I think he'd have given anything in the world to earn a Cross like yours."

He considered this a moment. "Nothing to it," he repeated uncomfortably.

"I expect that is the way heroes always talk," she suggested gently.

He shook his head and his cheeks were suddenly warm. "There were a lot deserved it that didn't get it," he explained. "Just the showy ones got decorated. You had to have presence of mind enough to pull your stunt where the captain or somebody could see." And he added abruptly, "I guess it's the same outside the Army as in. It isn't always the ones you see or hear about ——"

He was more and more at ease with them; his amazement had given way to a keen appreciation of the situation, and then to a growing fondness for these two staunch people, whose loves were centered all on poor Bill Linnet. And Barkhouse exerted himself to amuse and entertain them. When their tea was done he carried back the tray and washed the dishes and put them all away. "Now Bill won't know I've been here," he assured them. "You keep still about it, and I'll come again sometime. Don't think he'll be jealous if you have a secret visitor, do you?"

"Lucian will be here very soon," the younger woman reminded him. "It's near his time."

"Near time?" Barkhouse repeated, and looked quickly at his watch. The hours had sped, and a sudden panic seized him. "Why, say, that's right," he agreed. "Yes, sir, I'm late. I've got to hustle."

"Stay till he comes," she urged. "He will want to welcome you."

He shook his head. He was perspiring again now. "Sorry," he repeated, almost curtly. "No, I'll have to go."

She could not dissuade him, but she did somewhat delay the business of donning his coat, and it was some minutes before he was free to tear himself away. There was a desperate haste in Barkhouse; he felt like a marauder, dreading to be discovered here if Bill should return. And when he closed, at last, the door behind him, he stood for a moment and breathed deep with great relief before he started down the stairs.

Then he heard the door below; and even before he saw the other man, he knew Linnet had come home. They met on the second landing. Barkhouse waited there; and Linnet, climbing the stairs with weary feet, saw first the other's shoes and then his knees and so looked up to the young man's countenance. And Barkhouse saw the little man go pale and tremble piteously.

Barkhouse took a step downward and caught Linnet's hand and gripped it hard. "Go on, Bill," he whispered. "They're expecting you. It's all right, old man. Go on!"

Linnet stared at him; and his lips moved helplessly.

"It's all right," Barkhouse repeated. "Wait a minute till you're steady. So they won't know I met you. It's all right up there. I backed you up. Go on."

Linnet never did find words to answer him; and when Barkhouse had left the little man, he remembered this, and wondered about it. It seemed to him, vaguely, that Bill was more distressed than the situation in itself demanded; that even before Linnet saw him waiting on the stairs, the little man had worn a garment of despair.

But Barkhouse put the thought aside, decided it was his imagination. And he went back to the office, because he had nowhere else to go.

He sat down at his typewriter there and began to write, mechanically, some idle gossip about baseball, fit for winter consumption. There were only a few men about, but after a while Bond came back from his supper and discovered Barkhouse and spoke to him.

"Hello, kid," he said. Barkhouse nodded, and Bond asked:

"Well, what'd you get?"

Barkhouse hesitated, and then he lifted his head and met the other's eyes with a level stare. "Joke's on me," he said steadily. "I spent the whole afternoon on it. And every darned word of it's true."

"Rich wife and big house and all."

"Say, you'd be surprised," Barkhouse declared.

Bond whistled softly. "Wasn't such a liar, after all, eh?" he asked. Barkhouse nodded, and the other commented: "Well, it's lucky it's so."

"Why?" Barkhouse asked, in surprise.

"Oh, he went to sleep on the job today, pulled a bad one," Bond explained. "So the boss let him go."

Barkhouse sought ways and means, but unavailingly. Linnet, it appeared, was gone for good and all, and there was no appeal for him. But it occurred to the young man that he might in some fashion alleviate the blow, and in the end he carried out the inspiration that he had.

We heard that Linnet had gone to Syracuse to work, and some months later a man named Pent came from there to take a place on our staff. Pent was a young man, and scornful, and when old Cairns asked him about Linnet, he said:

"Know him? Sure I do! Biggest liar in New York state right now."

Cairns was by nature kindly. "I worked next to him for a year," he said defensively.

"You did?" Pent echoed, and he laughed. "Say," he demanded, "he ever tell you about getting the Distinguished Service Cross?"

"Why, no," said old Joe Cairns. "No, he never told me about that."

"Showed it to me one day," Pent declared. "I don't know where he got it. I checked up on him, and there wasn't any Cross given to a man named Linnet, and I told him so. He said he enlisted under the name of Barkhouse. Said the Cross was given him, after the war, under that name."

"Barkhouse?" Cairns repeated; shook his head then, and said cautiously: "Well now, is that so?"

Later, old Joe asked Barkhouse about the matter, privately. "I always liked Bill in a way," he confessed. "Hate to think he's such a liar."

Barkhouse shook his head. "He's not lying," he said stoutly. "It was given him, after the war." And he added, after a moment, with a grin, "I gave it. I guess I ought to know."

Cairns looked at him in a puzzled way. "Why?" he asked. "What made you do that, son?"

"Well, he'd done more to earn it than I ever did," replied the bold young man.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE TALISMAN OF CHARLEMAGNE

(Continued from Page 13)

Tallien. The Prince de Chimay, her son, was to discover, thus, documents which established the relationship to the Montijo ladies.

But as respect for conventions, prejudice and the most severe morals guided the prince in the education of his daughters, he silenced the call of the blood, and spoke to them in the following manner:

"Those Spanish ladies, whom we shall never meet anywhere but at the seashore, are related to us, but we shall behave as though they were not." They looked like and were perhaps adventuresses.

Father of two daughters, Emily, aged eighteen, and Valentine, who would soon be old enough to marry, too, Prince de Chimay felt that he could not be too prudent. The season passed without ever bringing together the Chimay and Montijo girls. And only two years later Madame de Montijo, the despised cousin, married her daughter to the Emperor of France!

The secret resentment, the antipathy, indeed, of my mother-in-law for the Empress Eugénie, must have dated from this distant era. She had seen the light of her youth and that of her sister hidden under a bushel by a father who exaggerated the importance of social conventions. She had seen the brilliant, erratic life of these persons known as adventuresses whom she must not approach, crowned by fate, ironic, immoral and indifferent to the reputations of young girls, with the glory of the throne of France! The other daughter of the Countess of Montijo became the Duchess of Alba. Emily de Chimay—the docile Emily—was content to marry one Count de la Grange, whose sole empire, sole duchy, was a racing stable.

Eight years later the Prince de Chimay, sent to Paris on a mission, took with him his unmarried daughter Valentine and presented her to the new empress at the Tuileries! He was then Minister of Belgium, and had been charged by his sovereign, King Leopold, to intercede for the properties of the exiled Orléans family. An Orléans princess, the daughter of Louis Philippe, was Queen of the Belgians. Alas, the too conventional son of Madame Tallien had to admit that it would have been better both for his daughter and his mission had he chosen to recognize as his cousins the Montijo ladies at Ostend years ago. What a wonderful chance to become intimate with her beautiful cousin Valentine had missed; such an intimacy as can flourish nowhere else between young girls but on a seashore, playing about on the sand, bathing in the sea together, dancing at the casino with the same young men.

When Valentine de Chimay was summoned to make her courtesy before the empress of the French people, it was already too late; the time for asserting the cousinship had passed.

(Continued on Page 165)

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(Continued from Page 162)

Many letters from the Empress Eugénie to my mother-in-law are in our possession. The two women, brought together by circumstances later, kept up a correspondence. But there was never a trace of familiarity. The use of the first name is avoided. No mention is made of their relation, notwithstanding that it was real and well known to both of them. Strict court etiquette is the order of the day. Eugénie begins her letters: "*Ma chère Princesse.*" Valentine, who kept the first drafts of hers, writes "*Madame*" and "*Votre Majesté.*" Their relations lasted a long time—until the second marriage of my mother-in-law—but they were always on the most formal basis. This lifelong coolness between them did not give way even in the face of sorrow.

Regilding the Escutcheon

Nevertheless, at this time—about 1860—the empress seems to have taken the younger daughter of the Prince de Chimay under her high protection. There was a rumor that it was she who was arranging the young girl's marriage to a Frenchman. And it was true. The Princess Valentine, whose mother was French, possessed a considerable dowry in France—a castle and its dependencies at Menars, near Blois. The empress, sharing the throne of a Bonaparte elected by the French people—that is, reigning by virtue of a plebiscite—was none the less a good Spaniard, bound by legitimist principles. She was supposed to favor the clerical party and the nobility of the old régime. Among these, one of the oldest French legitimist names was that of the future Duc de Bauffremont, Prince de Courtenay, de Listenay, and so on. Paul de Bauffremont was at this time a poor cavalry officer up to his ears in debt. Through the intervention of an ancient dowager of the Faubourg St.-Germain, the empress became interested in the plight of the young man. She was moved to pity and dreamed of arranging a *mariage d'argent* to end his difficulties. She knew him by name only, but the name was enough. The Bauffremonts had in their veins the noblest blood of France, for they were descendants of a royal lineage. Their escutcheon should be regilded! It pleased this empress by divine right of beauty to lend her patronage to the authentic representative of a great royalist family. She summoned the penniless and indebted officer to her court. Lo! He turned out to be far from handsome, with no qualities which could be said to charm. No matter! The empress promised to speak to the Prince de Chimay, who, on account of his mission, could not afford to oppose an alliance desired by the consort of Napoleon III, and presently Valentine became the Princess de Bauffremont. And thus she was destined to be very unhappy.

The empress had not been fortunate in her selection of a husband for the Belgian prince's daughter. In spite of frequent separations due to the war with Mexico, the two differed so widely in character and feeling that the lack of harmony between them only grew worse each time they met again. The discord was to culminate finally in the open rupture of a divorce. During the years when the Princess de Bauffremont was bearing her lot as well as she could, she was seen a great deal at the Tuileries, became one of the court's favorite guests at Fontainebleau, and at Compiègne, where she hunted to hounds with the emperor. She was included in every party. Thus, worldly success was to make up for loss of domestic happiness. The letters date from this time. They ceased when her divorce and second marriage made Valentine the Princess George Bibesco.

My conversations with my mother-in-law about the court of Napoleon III convinced me that she had cared very much more for the emperor than for the empress. Between the two women there persisted the deep, underlying hostility that dated from the old affront at Ostend, and that could only have been aggravated by the manner in which the empress used her protégé to fulfill the hopes of the Bauffremont family. Every time I asked about the empress my mother-in-law replied with malice, sometimes even with bitterness. Time could not efface the old enmity. One day a little while after my marriage, when we were moving from one country house to another and were obliged to decide after my father-in-law's death how the furniture should be divided, I begged my mother-in-law to let me have a certain long-coveted chaise longue. She willingly consented, and said, in giving it to me:

"You may have it. I don't wish to keep it in my room because it was presented to me a long time ago by the Empress Eugénie. She is a woman who inevitably brought me bad luck."

I accepted the despised gift with joy, and since then it has never left my room.

The empress, on her side, seemed aware of the fatal rôle she had played in the life of Princess Valentine. Count Primoli told me one day, when the marriage between King Alphonso XIII of Spain and the Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, goddaughter of Eugénie, had just been announced, that the old empress had been receiving congratulations on having arranged this brilliant match.

She, however, defended herself vigorously from this responsibility, saying: "I have nothing to do with that: I have nothing to do with that! I have arranged but two marriages in my life—that of the Princess of Bauffremont and that of the Princess of Monaco. Both turned out so badly that I never wish to attempt another."

The Fall of the Empire

These two marriages did indeed end in public disaster. When my mother-in-law remade her life by marrying Prince Bibesco, whom she loved, she left France and the beautiful Château de Menars was sold.

Her divorce and remarriage came just at the time of the fall of the empire. Prince George Bibesco resigned from the French Army after seeing the imperial eagles burned. With the death of Napoleon III, followed by the death of his son, the Prince Imperial, a whole world disappeared.

At the time I married it was thirty-three years since my mother-in-law had last seen the empress. My father-in-law, who had preserved her memory in the worship of the pressed rose, had died a short time before. So there was no possible way of my knowing her; no one to make the connection between me and the magical creature of my youth. But life holds blessed surprises, and there is a special benevolent deity for children who have worshiped the

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images of beautiful ladies more like fairies or flowers than like women.

I had the good fortune to meet Count Primoli in Venice, and later, during a visit in Rome, Lord Ribblesdale. Both were interested in my first book, published at the age of eighteen; they both became my friends. They were the intermediaries chosen by Providence to present me to the Empress Eugénie.

In March, 1915, Count Primoli was visiting his aunt. Again aided by unforeseen circumstances, I happened to be in London then, just when it was convenient for him to have me invited. The result was that while still in deep mourning for my mother-in-law, whose death occurred at the end of August, 1914, at the beginning of the Great War, I found myself rolling along the Aldershot road in the company of Lord Ribblesdale, toward Farnborough Hill, where the Empress Eugénie was expecting us.

Since life is a miraculous adventure for those who have believed in fairies, you may be sure I had no sooner crossed the threshold of Farnborough Hill than I felt the spell. I raised my eyes and saw the woman I had really come to see; not the eighty-nine-year-old empress, but the ravishing Queen of Graces of Winterhalter's picture. There she stood very straight before me, across the hall from the entrance portal, plainly visible in the light falling from a huge window. She was radiant in the midst of a court of beautiful young women, she the most beautiful of them all! And yet, because of the falling lines of her curls, of her eyelids, of her shoulders, a little melancholy; just as I had always loved her.

Now I knew what the black-and-white engraving of my schoolroom days had never been able to tell me. I saw the real color of her eyes, of her hair, and of her complexion. I saw that the knot of ribbon half hidden in the lace of her corsage was mauve! Now I saw the colors of life have their inevitable shades.

Count Primoli tore me from my enchanted musings by coming forward to take off my coat. The empress was waiting for us in the conservatory, where we were to take tea. He was to conduct us to her. How could I have ever explained to him that I had just seen her—the empress of my dreams—and that there was really none other to see?

Eugénie's Treaty Terms

In the conservatory to which Lord Ribblesdale and I were taken by Count Primoli, I thought once more that I must be the victim of a hallucination. My reason told me that I should see an old lady of eighty-nine, the ghost of the former empress. But this ghost confronting me was not hers. It was the shadow of my mother-in-law! I could not believe two people could look so much alike! There she sat in a rattan armchair, having not yet taken off her hat after her daily drive in the park. The hat was of black straw, the very shape I knew so well, draped in the very same way. On her shoulders a traveling cape of black wool, lined with a certain gray-and-white Scotch plaid worn only for mourning; wearing the same gloves, the same shoes, using the same cane with a handle like a crow's beak, I saw before me not the Empress Eugénie but the Princess Valentine come to life. This impression was so strong that I stood there for a long moment without speaking, and my friends must have thought me suffering from an attack of sudden shyness—natural enough, after all, in a young woman, unknown and from a foreign country, in the presence of a sovereign made famous by so much beauty, such unexpected glory and such an abyss of misfortune.

Happily, the shadow addressed itself to Lord Ribblesdale first, giving me time to collect myself to get control of my thoughts and my senses. When I heard her speak, the hallucination vanished. It was not the voice of my mother-in-law. The shadow spoke French with a strong Spanish accent.

When the comforting aroma of the tea had given me a little assurance I began to be interested in the conversation. The empress was talking to Lord Ribblesdale about Kitchener's recruits, whom she saw passing her windows every day on their way to Aldershot:

"The first time I saw those men pass they were a cause of great distress to me. An army of civilians! They looked like revolutionaries. It reminded me of the Commune."

Thus her mind kept reverting to her own time; the empress was still thinking of the fall of the empire. However, she was able to speak of the new war, which to her mind was simply the inevitable consequence of the war of 1870. In speaking of the Allies she always said: "We" are going to expel the Germans from France as soon as the English reënforcements arrive; "we" are going to dictate peace terms to Germany. Rumania—my country was still neutral at that time—should come to "our" aid at once. The United States would certainly join "us" in a very short while. It was, indeed, to her a war of revenge—the revenge for her war which had not been victorious.

Her eyes, dimmed by tears, by the sorrow of long years of exile, shone once more with hope under the shade of the garden hat. The empress would have her revenge. She discussed the probable conditions of peace in the manner of one thoroughly familiar with treaty making. Rumania should have Transylvania and Bukowina, wrongly held by Austria. But she should not have that part of Banat inhabited by the Ruthenians. On this point the empress stood firm. She repeated several times: "We shall not give you the Ruthenians!" As if it had been for me to ask and for her to give!

An Empress Without an Empire

Ah, yes, one could see that she still lived in her own time—the time when she was the wife of Napoleon III, arbiter over Europe. She was still siding with her opponents, interfering in affairs of state. A passionate devotee of politics, the empress must certainly have had a great deal of influence upon the political events of her time, since at the age of eighty-nine, without throne, husband or son to give her good reason, she still believed she had. As she talked of the war I watched, with some emotion, upon her face the changing reflections of the one passion of her life. When she said "We shall not give you the Ruthenians!" her eyes seemed to flash with a final fire. She entered upon certain other details concerning Rumanian politics, advising Rumania to demand from the Peace Congress absolute rights over the mouth of the Danube. The institution of a European Commission was a humiliation for Rumania, an offense against the sovereignty of the nation. She had told King Carol this; she authorized me to say the same thing to King Ferdinand and to his prime minister.

This empress without an empire, on the threshold of death, was still the protectress of the young kingdom on the Danube—Rumania, the country that the statesmanship of Napoleon III had helped to create.

"The throne of Germany shall fall!" she cried, with the assurance of faith. And turning to Count Primoli, who was listening to her prophetic words in silence, "Do you remember the absurd request that William II made of me? He wanted the talisman of Charlemagne. But he shall never have it!"

"The talisman of Charlemagne!" These mysterious words, pronounced with an accent of the deepest indignation, made a great impression on me. I desperately wanted to ask the meaning of them, but I did not dare. The ancient sybil out of whose mouth they had come, without speaking again, rose to her feet. After a two hours' audience she now dismissed us. In parting she said a few particularly

(Continued on Page 168)

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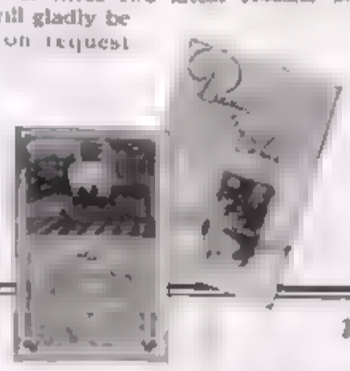

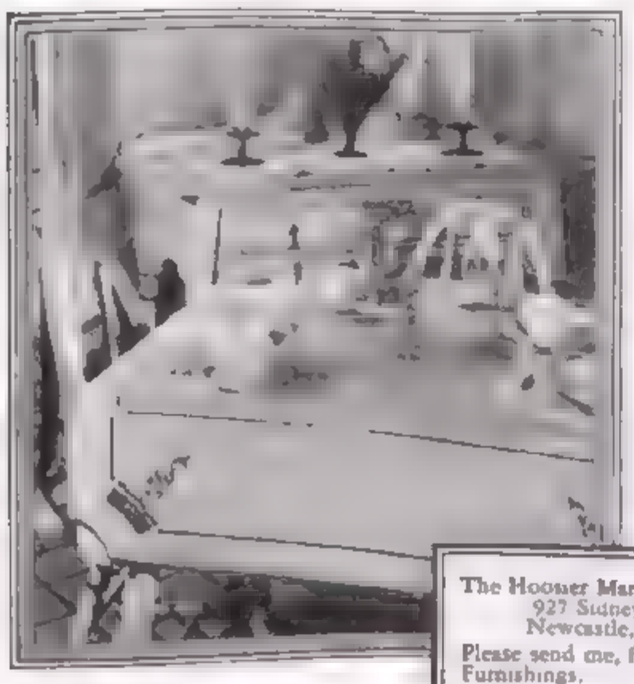

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(Continued from Page 166

gracious things about my father-in-law, faithful friend of both good and evil days. She did not mention the name of my mother-in-law. It was over. We were left to make our way out. The shadow had withdrawn.

As we went through the hall again I saw that the celebrated painting, the Empress Among Her Ladies, had been lighted by electricity.

The talisman of Charlemagne—I suddenly thought of it again on the day—November 11, 1918—when the German Empire fell. What had the ancient sybil of Farnborough Hill meant by these cryptic words? No one had been able to tell me. I had not seen Count Primoli since 1915. Lord Ribblesdale, who had taken me back to London that night, had also been deeply curious, but he knew no more than I did. The mystery remained unsolved, but I was still wondering about it when the news came to me in Rumania that William II had fled, that an armistice had been declared and that the French troops had made a triumphant entry into Metz and Strasburg.

The Duke of Alba's Hint

A French officer—one of my relations—who had been sent to Alsace told me when he returned how many of the poor people in the villages released from German occupation had hung out flags dating from before 1870, and even colored engravings representing the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. The fidelity of these poor people to France extended even to their former sovereigns, whose portraits they had undoubtedly hidden away during a whole generation in their haylofts and cupboards.

Was it the talisman of Charlemagne that brought about the miracle?

The shadow of Farnborough Hill could revel in victory and revenge but two years more. On the eleventh of July, 1920, the Empress Eugénie went back to Spain, the land of her birth, there to die. Of all her possessions, what had become of the talisman of Charlemagne? To whom had she left it? I was eager to see her nephew, Count Primoli, once more, to ask him what had become of the mysterious object. But he himself had just been seriously ill in Rome. I had no idea where or when I should see him again. Who else would know the secret? I cudgeled my brains to think.

In the spring of the year 1923 some friends asked me to dinner at the Cercle de l'Union in Paris, and placed me at a table next to the Duke of Alba, a great-nephew of the Empress Eugénie.

The duke was the grandson of that other daughter of the Countess Montijo, the Duchess of Alba. He knew of our relationship, and spoke of it, as the empress had not cared to do. We came quite naturally to talk of the person who had made so profound an impression on me upon the only occasion when it had been my good fortune to see her. The Duke of Alba had been host to the old empress during her last illness. That I knew. She had died in his palace. He and his brother, the Duke of Peneranda, were her joint heirs. I induced Alba to give me many details of the end of that so long and so extraordinary life.

He, too, had worshiped the empress. And he accused her of only one fault: She had the spirit of contradiction. According to Alba, she died of it. He believed she had an iron constitution and that she was destined to live more than a hundred years. The operation on her eyes had succeeded marvelously. She was convalescent; one might have almost said, cured. But threatened by kidney troubles, like most elderly persons, she had been forbidden by the doctor to eat asparagus. The Duke of Alba, obliged to leave Spain on account of his marriage in London, the date of which could not possibly be postponed, had given strict orders to the majordomo, to the cook, to all the maids, that no asparagus was to be served to the empress. As soon as she was alone in the palace of the Albas she found some way to disobey the doctor's orders. And so according to her grandnephew the empress had died because she had eaten of the forbidden plant.

This curious story, which threw much light on the character of his aunt, reminded the Duke of Alba of a whole series of episodes and memories, and suddenly the conversation approached the topic which most interested me.

After a few moments' silence my table companion suddenly asked, "Do you know the Archbishop of Rheims?"

I said, "No; but why do you ask?"

"Have you no friends that know him?"

"Yes, but why?"

"Well," he said, "I should like to know what has become of the talisman of Charlemagne."

Just what I longed to know myself! Everything that had to do with the empress was of interest to me on account of my childhood passion for her, but this most of all since I had seen her.

"In order to understand the story of the talisman, one must remember that my aunt was very Spanish, very pious, even superstitious," began the Duke of Alba, "and that she remained so all her life. At heart she never became French. When one is born a Spaniard, it is for life, you know." One must go back to the period of Napoleon I, to whom the talisman was given, at a time when Catholicism was weak in France—that is to say, the period directly after the Revolution. The Emperor Napoleon had just conquered Germany. On his way home he stopped at Aix-la-Chapelle, where Saint Charlemagne lies buried. His tomb is watched over by monks of the order. At the rumor of the arrival of the new Attila the holy brothers began to tremble beneath their hoods. They didn't know which saint to pray to for protection, and what they feared most of all was that their property would be confiscated. Ridiculous stories of the cruelty of the French, who believed neither in God nor the devil, and whose leader, Napoleon I, was a monster vomited out of hell, according to the sacred word of the Apocalypse, which had predicted his coming, were current in Europe at that time. At least that is how the English and German papers referred to him.

When the emperor actually reached their quiet convent the poor frightened monks had but one thought: To propitiate, by some gift worthy of his power, the emperor whom they ceased to call Antichrist only when the bells had to be rung for his arrival.

A Trinket for Josephine

All hope gone; trembling, fearful, they opened their doors to Napoleon I. They even opened the tomb that it was their duty to guard. A living conqueror is always curious to see a dead one. Thus Alexander violated the tomb of Cyrus, and another violated that of Alexander.

The superior of the convent, still searching for some gift to appease the wrath of the victor, decided that the talisman of Charlemagne, supposed to have the power of making its possessor rule over the entire world, would be a worthy tribute. So should the monks be delivered from the victor's wrath. The talisman was taken from the sarcophagus under the emperor's very eyes. It was a beautiful sapphire, mounted in pure gold, and containing in its setting a fragment of the true cross. It had served as the clasp for the imperial mantle covering the sacred remains of Saint Charlemagne. Napoleon, who had no personal use for a sapphire, and who had indeed no great belief in relics, on his return to Paris presented it to his wife, the Empress Josephine. It is well known that the charming Creole was somewhat featherbrained. She saw nothing particularly remarkable about the sapphire. To her it was only one more gem added to her collection. The mounting of the gem, dating

(Continued on Page 171)

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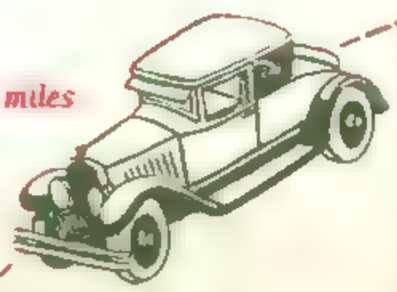

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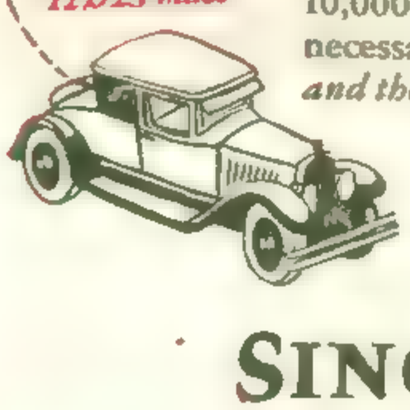

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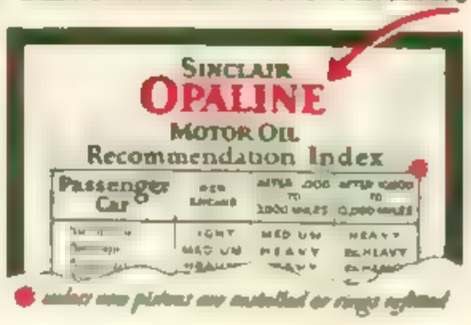

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 168

from the ninth century, also appeared somewhat out of fashion, so that, forgetting that it was a holy relic, she tossed it into her jewel box among the innumerable other ornaments of a pretty woman, empress of the French people.

The talisman was lost among the profane trinkets of the irresponsible and coquettish Josephine. When the terrible hour of divorce came it never occurred to her that she should give back the great sapphire. The idea of presenting it to her rival, Marie Louise, certainly never entered her foolish head either. So she kept it with all her other jewels until her death. When Josephine died the sacred gem passed into the possession of Queen Hortense, who was hardly more serious than her mother, although less vivacious.

From one frivolous hand to another the relic endowed with power to confer world empire passed until the day when Napoleon III, son of Queen Hortense, daughter of Josephine, inherited it and gave it to his wife, the Empress Eugénie.

Defying the Emperor

Then its history changed. This time it had come into the possession of an ardent Catholic, a Spanish noblewoman. No longer was it mixed up with profane jewels. This sapphire had been in contact with the ashes of a saint—Saint Charlemagne—canonized by the Roman Church; it contained a piece of the true cross; it was a holy object. The first care of the Empress Eugénie was to have a suitable reliquary made. Her goldsmith, Froment-Meurice, was summoned in hot haste to the Tuileries. The late impiety should cease. The sapphire now reposed in a reliquary of brownish silver, like all Spanish reliquaries, and never left the portable chapel of the empress.

This chapel was carried with her everywhere; it followed her in all her visits, in all her travels. She was not sure she did not fear the gem, but the fatal jewel snatched from the funeral mantle of Charlemagne by the terror-stricken monks was at last honored in a fitting manner.

Neglected by Josephine, disregarded by Hortense, the jewel had fallen into the hands of a pious empress. She intended to leave it to her son, the little Louis Napoleon, wishing him to keep it always in its reliquary of brownish silver. But, alas, the talisman, after twice bestowing the empire upon its possessor, seemed to have lost its power as soon as it was treated with due reverence; the Second Empire crumbled. Vanished, dispossessed, the emperor succumbed to his fate! The Prince Imperial, in the prime of life, fell mortally wounded by the poisoned arrows of a Zulu tribe. The empress, heartbroken, might well have lost faith in the talisman. But Eugénie was Spanish and piously superstitious. She continued to believe in the strength of a relic which had in its setting a fragment of the true cross. Years passed. The balance of power in Europe shifted. A monarch dreamed of an impossible hegemony: it was William II.

Who told him the story of the talisman of Charlemagne? No doubt the monks in the convent of Aix-la-Chapelle, whom he often visited. One day a letter came to Farnborough Hill through the hands of a royal intermediary. The German Emperor, grandson of William I, the victor of 1870, had dared, with a lack of tact approaching the most refined cruelty, to propose a bargain to the vanquished empress; he was prepared to buy the talisman! Let her name her price; it would not be questioned. The proud empress refused at once with anger. The German Emperor renewed his offer. Even as late as 1913, on the eve of the war, he sent the empress word that he wished to place it once more in the hands of the monks at Aix-la-Chapelle. His only desire was to restore the jewel to the tomb. It was no use. The empress defied him; she was adamant. There were still Bonapartes and there was still France. No, the talisman of Charlemagne would not pass the German border. It should not fall into the hands of William II, grandson of William I!

1914. The relic was still at Farnborough Hill. In the oratory where Don Cabrol, chaplain to the empress, said Mass every day for the success of the Allied arms, Charlemagne's sapphire glowed with an azure light. At the very beginning of the Great War the holy cathedral of Rheims had been partially destroyed by German cannon. The Duke of Alba as well as the King of Spain was among those very few Spaniards whose hearts were then with France. It was he who had the first inspiration about the talisman. While visiting the empress at Farnborough Hill during the war, he said to his great-aunt:

Ma tante, you should give the talisman of Charlemagne to the Archbishop of Rheims for the treasury of his martyred cathedral; it would be a gracious gesture.

But the empress repudiated this idea because she had not thought of it herself. The famous spirit of contradiction still held her in its grip. Would the French understand? Had she the right to deprive the remaining Bonapartes of their rights in the inheritance? What would Prince Victor, Princess Clementine, now the pretenders to the throne of Napoleon, think if she did?

The Duke of Alba had the courage to repeat his advice. *Ma tante*, you must give the talisman of Charlemagne to the cathedral of Rheims.

He was wrong to persist in it. For the empress now definitely adopted the opposite view. It was, as he had said to me in the beginning, her old spirit of contradiction which stopped her making the *beau geste*.

Her nephew then went off to find Don Cabrol, the chaplain and confessor. The priest judged it an excellent idea to give the talisman to Rheims. But the only thing to do was not to mention it again to the empress. She must come to it of her own accord later on, and not feel in any way guided or ordered. Her disposition was essentially one that could not bear compulsion.

A Trip to Rheims

The nephew wisely listened to the counsels of the confessor. He never again spoke of the disposal of the relic. Once sown, the seed must make its way secretly up through the soil. The spirit of contradiction must be put to sleep.

"And sure enough," concluded the Duke of Alba, "a year later Don Cabrol announced to me confidentially that the empress had bidden him write to the Archbishop of Rheims."

Had he accepted the relic for his cathedral, *la grande mutilée?* No one knew. Not a single newspaper had spoken of it at the time. Now the empress was dead; the Duke of Alba did not know whether the relic was at Rheims or not, nor what the archbishop intended to do about it. Thus far, one idea leading to another, by telepathy or by fairy-tale sympathy, a simple conversation at dinner had led me to the solution of the mystery which had puzzled me ever since 1915, ever since at Farnborough Hill I had heard the fierce voice of the shadow declare: "He wanted the talisman of Charlemagne, but he shall never have it!"

The story does not stop there. Sympathy, the most precious gift that the christening fairies can bestow, had allowed me to fulfill my childhood dreams, had whispered to me that the color of the empress' ribbons in Winterhalter's engraving was mauve, had let me see the shadow, had let me hear the voice of the empress. It was to permit me also to see and touch the talisman of Charlemagne.

I had said to the Duke of Alba that I did not know the Archbishop of Rheims. But I had also told him that friends of mine knew the archbishop, Cardinal Luçon, very well. I was then thinking of the Marquis and Marquise de Polignac, who live in Rheims a great part of the year, and who had put a house at the disposal of Cardinal Luçon shortly after the city's destruction had robbed him of his archbishopric. I told the Duke of Alba that I could easily find out through them and tell him what had become of the talisman.

But it happened that my friends, the Polignacs, were away, and that I left Paris that year without seeing them again. Six months passed without answer to the Duke of Alba's question—which answer I myself was burning to know. However, the invisible powers, not forgetting that I had once believed in fairies, once more led me by the most unforeseen and yet the most natural paths to the realization of my dreams.

Hardly more than a year after the dinner conversation at the Cercle de l'Union—that is to say, in the month of April, 1924—King Ferdinand of Rumania came on a visit to Paris. The Marquis and Marquise de Polignac were presented to him and invited him to visit Rheims, the cathedral, the cellars which had sheltered an entire army, the ruins and the reconstructed parts. I also was invited. When I discovered that Cardinal Luçon himself was to do the honors of the martyr cathedral I realized that the moment had come to tell the story of the talisman to the king; knowing that if the relic actually reposed in the archbishop's treasury he would not refuse to show it to an Allied sovereign visiting his city.

Finding the Talisman

The heroic prelate, survivor of four years' bombardment of Rheims by the cannon of William II, made no objection to the King of Rumania's request:

"The talisman of Charlemagne?" he said with a kind smile. "Why, of course! It is being kept in my house while the repairs to the treasury are being completed." The archbishop then invited us all to follow him to the archbishopric, where the jewel bequeathed by the Empress Eugénie temporarily lay.

This archbishopric is a modest dwelling—one of the few left standing after the bombardment. Cardinal Luçon, with charming informality, did the honors of his lodgings himself. He invited the king and his party to enter the tiny salon on the ground floor. This opened into a bedroom.

"I keep the relic locked in my small bed table," he confessed simply. "It is the only piece of furniture that locks," he added with a smile.

Through the open door we could see the cardinal take the key out of his pocket and open the drawer of the bed table. The next instant the talisman was before our eyes. It passed from hand to hand; a huge sapphire of periwinkle blue, the color of an April sky just as the first star pierces it. It was the size of a turtledove's egg, and as clear as an icicle. Through the setting of virgin gold—the greenish gold of old Roman jewelry—one could see two small splinters placed crosswise—*le bois de la vraie Croix*.

We were holding in our hands the actual talisman that had lain for centuries in the darkness of Saint Charlemagne's tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle, and passed from the cold breast of the dead emperor into the living hand of Napoleon. It had been touched by the frivolous fingers of the Creole Empress Josephine; had been held in the little hand of Queen Hortense; during the happy years of Napoleon III's reign the beautiful empress had knelt in prayer before the altar where its blue fire kept watch over her.

Now, by the will of her who knew that earthly empires fade and crumble, that all men's hopes and all women's tears are vain, that love, beauty and happiness fall like the leaves of the tree, the talisman had come to rest in the heart of the ruins of Rheims, in the hands of Cardinal Luçon, no longer possessed by a soldier conqueror, nor by an adored empress, but by an old priest, who was to make it the symbol of martyred France rising from her ashes.

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SPORT IN ITALY

(Continued from Page 29

prey from escaping by seizing it firmly as it flutters beneath the net and biting its skull vigorously.

Most aristocratic and most eagerly sought of all the Italian game birds, however, is the quail, or *quaglia*. In some ways the *quaglia* resembles an American tourist. He is a native of another country—Africa—where conditions seem eminently suited to him. With the advent of warm spring weather, nevertheless, the *quaglia* is afflicted with the itch to travel. When the wind and the temperature meet with his approval, he leaves his happy home in Africa and flies briskly to Italy, where he finds the sportsmen drawn up along the shore line in readiness to give it to him—in the vulgar argot of an older generation—where the chicken got the ax.

It has occurred to many Americans that the United States is the only place in the world where a boastful citizenry habitually misleads its audience concerning the amount of game to be found in any section of the country. It has been my good fortune to pursue various sorts of game in widely separated sections of the United States; and I have found, almost without exception, that one gets what he is supposed to get about once out of every fifty tries—which is an average that would drive any big-league baseball player out of baseball and into truck driving in two weeks' time. Consequently, during various trips to Italy, I have made frequent attempts to join with Italian sportsmen in pursuing the *pavoncello*, belting the blackbird and lambasting the lark. Unfortunately, the conditions have never been sufficiently correct and well-balanced to permit such excursions on my part. Either the weather has been bad, or the sun has been too bright, or the season has been too young or too far advanced, or a new law has been passed by the Fascist Government forbidding bachelors to go hunting without paying a special firearms tax or a special tax on artificial bird whistles, or something else is a little wrong, just as in America.

Things changed for the better during a more recent journey to Italy. The season for *quaglia* suddenly arrived late in March, simultaneously with a public pronunciamiento, originated by the railroads and encouraged by Mussolini, that special trains for hunters would start from Rome to the seashore shortly before daybreak each day, so that a suitable reception committee might receive the *quaglia* on their arrival from Africa.

A Hunter's Standard Equipment

There are several important bits of information that should be acquired as soon as possible by any foreigner who contemplates a *quaglia* hunt, or any other variety of hunt in Italy. The hunter must, of course, have the essentials of his avocation: A shotgun equipped with a strap so that it may be slung over the shoulder, leaving his hands free for net pulling, whistle operating and wine drinking; a large number of cartridges; an almost equally large number of bird whistles and calls; a commodious piece of cheese wrapped in a newspaper and placed in a pocket that will be thoroughly sat on before the day is over; and a knapsack in which to carry pieces of string, spare whistles, shoe paste, a generous piece of sausage, two or three sandwiches, a dog whip and an onion. He must also have a dog. It is possible that out of the 700,000 Italians who apply for shooting licenses each year, one or two may venture into the fields without a dog, but it has never been my fortune to see a dogless Italian sportsman.

There are three accepted forms of bird dogs in Italy: the *bracco*, the *baffo* and the garbage dog. The *bracco* is a large, mournful, independent-looking dog with a weak chin, lop ears and an excessively abbreviated tail. He originated in Germany, where he was obtained by crossing a pointer with a hound. This cross resulted in a dog capable of pointing and retrieving birds, running rabbits, chasing and pulling down deer, and devouring his weight in bread, macaroni and Chianti at a moment's notice

The *baffo* is nearly as large as the *bracco*, and is a lurid-looking animal with lambent and intimidating eyes and a set of mustaches and whiskers as luxuriant and awe-inspiring as any that can be raised by a lumberman after two months in the great north woods. His Italian name means mustache. In other parts of the world he is known as a pointing griffon, or *griffon d'arête*.

The garbage dog is a blend of various breeds. He not only looks like canine garbage but when wanted he can usually be located selecting morsels from the nearest garbage heap.

There is a tendency on the part of good Fascisti to encourage the breeding of garbage dogs on the ground that they are the most economic of all hunting dogs. A garbage dog costs nothing to produce and nothing to feed.

If Mussolini himself could pick flaws in this arrangement, he would be able to show a bridge player how to get more than a grand slam out of a hand.

Poems of the Chase

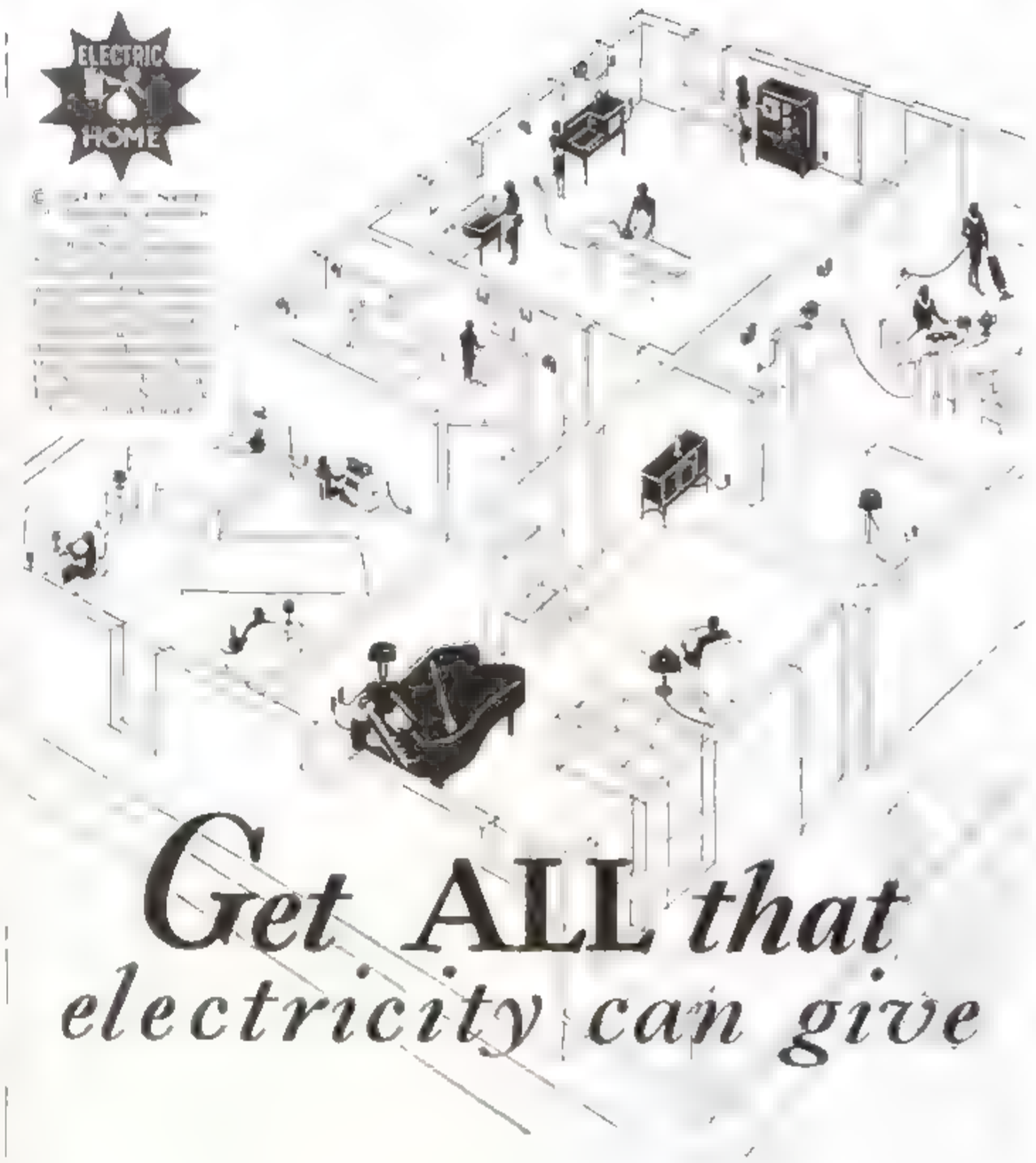
These matters are the barest essentials for Italian bird hunting. If one is to have any luck at all, it is necessary for him to familiarize himself with certain Italian customs and watchwords. It is a well-known fact, for example, that a series of frightful accidents will probably befall the sportsman who is so unfortunate as to have the words "Good luck!" addressed to him before or during a hunting trip. To help in warding off any such danger, every sportsman carries with him either a miniature hunchback made from wood, metal or coral, or a miniature hand of the same materials, with the first and little finger extended in the good-luck gesture, or a miniature cow's horn, which is one of the most potent good-luck emblems to be found in all Italy. If the sportsman is wealthy or extremely superstitious, he may carry all three of these charms, and caress them so diligently that he seldom finds time to shoot any birds.

There is only one phrase in Italian sporting circles that can be used to wish good luck to a sportsman friend. This phrase is "*In bocca al lupo*," which means "In the wolf's mouth." Say "*In bocca al lupo*" to an Italian sportsman and he beams happily on the speaker, occasionally threatening to kiss him. But say "Good luck!" and the flood of anguished profanity that pours from him would sour milk and blister paint. Just why a wolf's mouth should have anything to do with good luck is a dark mystery to all Italians and everyone else. It is doubtless of classic origin, as are the American phrases "the alligator's eyebrows" or "the zebra's pajamas" when used to imply perfection.

When sportsmen meet one another or set off together in their pursuit of the *quaglia*, they recite little poems to one another. It promotes good feeling and provides an aura through which the baneful influence of the evil eye cannot penetrate. All Italian sportsmen know them, and if one of them recites one line of a couplet the other will promptly recite the second line. The north wind is a bad *quaglia* wind, and sportsmen say to each other that when the wind is in the north, one will be lucky to get ten *quaglia* in a week's time:

Vento Tramontana,
Dieci quaglia in una settimana.

If the wind is in the west, moreover, the *quaglia* cannot fly to Italy from Africa without having his feathers ruffled. Being



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averse to having his feathers ruffled, he doesn't fly; there are no *quaglia:*

Vento ponente,
Quaglia niente!

The east wind, however, is something else again. The quail flies fluently in the east wind:

Vento levante,
Quaglia tante!

Much quail! And as for the south wind! That is the wind which is known to the younger set as the catsy wind; and when it blows, the sportsmen surround themselves with good fortune by waving their hands violently in the air and chanting to each other:

Vento scirocchetto,
Quaglia un bel pochetto!

Wind in the south, a beautiful muchness of quail!

It was three o'clock in the morning of a cloudless March day when two distinguished Italian sportsmen called for me, embraced me lovingly and went into ecstasies which narrowly missed convulsions—as is the custom of most Italians when conversing with English-speaking friends—over my extreme cleverness and brilliance in remarking "*In bocca al lupo.*" They repeated the phrase to each other with admiring laughter. One would say to the other, "*In bocca al lupo,*" laugh delightedly, nod his head busily and pat me encouragingly on the back. Then the other one would say it and shake with pleased merriment and caress my shoulder. Then we would all shake hands and bow politely in the Italian manner. Thus spiritually elevated, we went out into the chilly Roman dawn and climbed into a taxicab and set off for the station. In the taxicab—which was a small Italian taxicab with a caved-in look around the bowels and an asthmatic horn—were the three of us—and none of us, it might be remarked in passing, was what could be called an elf or a mere slip of a thing—a very large lady *bracco*, three gun cases, two knapsacks stuffed with cartridges, an umbrella and two wicker fish baskets containing lunch and the various odds and ends that all Italians like to take when they go hunting.

A-Hunting We Will Go

The taxicab started down the street while both Italian sportsmen hurled a flood of passionate Italian into the chauffeur's ear. Then the lady *bracco* got up and turned around twice and placed her paws heavily against the knees and stomachs of the three occupants and lurched in and out of their laps and thrust her cold nose into their faces; and the two sportsmen turned their attention from the chauffeur and spoke bitterly and noisily to the *bracco*.

Eventually the taxicab stopped before an apartment house, and one of the sportsmen got out and made a hideous outcry before it. The *bracco* barked and the chauffeur blew his horn, and several dogs inside the apartment house burst into song, after which the great front door of the apartment house flew open and spewed forth a very large cousin of the largest Italian sportsman. With him it also spewed forth another large and moist-eyed *bracco*, another gun case, another knapsack and another umbrella. So the four people and the *braccos* and the gun cases and the other bundles and what not were jammed into the taxicab and the party set off for the station.

It was a hard trip for the *braccos*, who had never known each other before, for whenever one of them would growl questioningly at the other, the three Italian sportsmen would fly at him with feet and tongue and shove him brusquely under the seat. Then the other *bracco* would growl his approval, and the imprecations and kicks and warning shouts would be deflected from the first one and concentrated on the second one. While this was going on, the first *bracco* would come out from under the seat and join clumsily in the general uproar, until the interior of the taxicab was entirely and stiflingly filled with *braccos*, huntsmen, gun cases and the suffocating gases from Italian cigarettes.

The interior of the railway station, despite the fact that hundreds of eager *quaglia* hunters had departed for the seashore by a train that left at one o'clock in the morning, was crowded with sportsmen in a wide assortment of sporting garb, ranging from their old army pants to brown corduroys smelling faintly of defunct fish. Each sportsman escorted a dog; and *braccos* and *baffos* and garbage dogs wound themselves around their masters' legs with riotous enthusiasm, and spoke sharply and gutturally to each other, and indulged in that form of protesting lamentation that is known to Italians as *rumores*, or rumors.

Additional sportsmen and their dogs poured into the station from every direction, and sportsmen assembled in little knots all over the station and bragged noisily and with many a wild Italian gesture concerning the great number of *quaglia* they had killed at such and such a time and in such and such a place, while the dogs strained at their leashes and caused innocent bystanders to trip over them, and yelped and howled and scratched their fleas and sniffed hopefully at their masters' guns.

The Quest for the Quaglia

When the train pulled out for the seashore at four o'clock in the morning, there was a dog under every seat, and the air in the third-class cars was full of enough Italian cigarette smoke to put a swarm of bees to sleep and enough gesticulating Italian hands to dazzle a heavyweight champion. On Italian trains dogs are permitted to ride in nothing but third-class compartments, probably because the railway officials know they would shake out their fleas on the cushions of first and second class compartments. Since there are no cushions in third-class compartments, the dogs shake their fleas on the sportsmen, which adds to the general excitement.

At every stop more sportsmen wrenched open the side doors of the cars, hoisted in their garbage dogs, and at once went to prevaricating noisily about the number of *quaglia* they had killed. All was gayety and light-hearted laughter, for the wind was *levante*, or east, and the *quaglia*, according to the sportsmen's couplets, would be *tante*, or plenty.

A cloud was close to being thrown over the excursion when a group of huntsmen on a station platform wrenched open a door on the opposite side of the car from which the doors were being most frequently opened. It happened that the large lady *bracco* belonging to my sportsman friend was leaning against the door in a semicomatose condition at the moment when it was wrenched open. She immediately fell out with tremendous enthusiasm and landed with a number of violent contortions on the eager faces of five more huntsmen who were waiting with their garbage dogs to board the train.

Naturally the five waiting huntsmen were excited to get a large, unbathed dog in the face, and the occupants of the car were aroused to fever heat over the misfortune that had befallen the dog of a companion. After a few moments of screaming and hand waving, however, comparative calm descended on the car, the dogs were kicked back under the seats or briskly whipped with the small Italian whip known as the *morfina* because, like morphine, it quiets the pain of a noisy dog.

The train rattled on across the *campagna*, with the pink dawn moving up behind the slopes of Tivoli, where the Emperor Hadrian once laid out a country estate that would make Long Island's show places look like dilapidated igloos, and over the ancient tops of the Alban Mountains. It jiggled past the crumbling tombs of the Appian Way and the sturdy ruins of the great aqueducts of the ancient Romans, and in the course of time it came to the little town of Fiumicino, near the mouth of the Tiber.

The sportsmen poured out of the train at Fiumicino like a replacement battalion moving out to attack a flock of field kitchens. In close array they surged through the dusty streets of Fiumicino and between the tawdry little stucco houses that shoulder each other coldly along the Fiumicino water front, and down onto the narrow beach that runs for miles in both directions. They plodded along the beach; and here and there a sportsman, seeing an unclaimed spot on the upper side of the beach, would drop out of the procession and sandwich himself between two other sportsmen who had been holding down their positions since the arrival of the one-o'clock sportsmen's special. In a little while, therefore, the upper edge of the beach was studded with sportsmen. There was one sportsman to every five yards of shore line, and they stretched off down the coast like an endless line of hitching posts, all waiting eagerly for the *quaglia* to fly over from Africa.

An hour passed without *quaglia*. A few sportsmen broke open their knapsacks and produced bottles of their pet wines. Another hour passed without *quaglia*, and other sportsmen began to take large pieces of cheese out of their pockets and scrape the sand and lint from it. A third hour passed without *quaglia*, and several of the sportsmen sank gently to the ground and slumbered until the chameleons came out and pattered briskly over their faces, whereupon they awoke with fearful exclamations and once more went to watching for *quaglia*. From this it may be seen that America and Italy have much in common: in other words, there are few places in the world where one finds the game as advertised.

At length there was action. A sportsman saw a bird—a single bird—descend in the front yard of a fairly large villa. The yard was about 300 feet by 200 feet. When questioned later he admitted that he didn't know whether he saw a *quaglia* or a lark or a blackbird, but that it was a bird. So he went springing into the yard, crouched low over his gun and preceded by a fierce-whiskered *baffo*, who galloped wildly ahead of him as if to say: "Where is he? Let me get one look at him and I'll frighten his gizzard out of him!"

Fore!

Seeing that he had marked down a game bird of some sort, the two sportsmen who had been standing on either side of him at once deserted their posts and hastened into the same yard with their dogs and began to hunt vigorously, crouched down in the most approved sporting fashion, with the gun ready at the hip.

The news immediately spread up the beach. Within twelve minutes the front yard of the Villa Beata was crowded with hunters, each one with his forefinger on the trigger, and with *braccos*, *baffos* and garbage dogs bumping busily into each other and indulging in occasional fights in the more remote corners of the yard. Nobody found or saw a bird in the Villa Beata's grounds, but it is safe to say that if a bird of any sort had shown himself, at least ten sportsmen would have spent the ensuing week picking No. 6 shot out of their skins, while at least fifteen dogs would probably have lost their lives.

There are a number of sports that are listed as moderately dangerous, but for the sportsman who wants genuine, cold-blooded danger, I unhesitatingly recommend *quaglia* shooting near the mouth of the Tiber. When the *quaglia* really start to fly, any bird, from a humming bird to a crow, looks like a *quaglia* to an excitable Italian sportsman. The Italian sportsman recks not a whit—not even the tenth part of a whit, or a *whitello*—that the bird lies directly between him and a score of other hunters, with their *braccos* and their *baffos* and their garbage dogs. He shoots for the bird, and all humans within range must depend on their coral hunchbacks and other good-luck tokens. It should be remarked in closing that any Italian huntsman who escapes from a *quaglia* hunt without being punctured is entitled to the degree of LL.D.—doctor of lluck with two *l*'s.

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CLEAN SAGE

(Continued from Page 15)

least—one kid among 'em! They say it was the kid that did the shootin' ——"

Now the constable sprung his part: "That's what I always keep tellin' 'em. The younger they are, the more dangerous! Get the posse together and plenty of good hot coffee before we start out."

Next morning Rand lay awake for several minutes before he remembered the racket in the night. The thought of the posse getting its coffee before starting out reminded him of a camp kit in his machine, but the Gunnison woman headed him off with more barley water, burned. However, it was still unfamiliarly early to his eyes as he drove out of town, not meeting a soul. "One of the finest places to drive out of, this Carthay Wells," he thought, as the Blue Mill rolled him eastward. He left the pavement at the edge of town for more desert tracks.

Within a mile beyond, a figure rose from a clump of cactus—a tall boyish-faced young man under a cap. "Thanks," he allowed, as the Blue Mill stopped to let him in, and took his position on the left, sitting very still.

"Going far?" Rand inquired.

"Descanso; about fifty miles east."

"Do you know anything about these roads ahead?"

"I've heard if you want to get anywhere it's best to go back where you came from."

"Had any breakfast?"

"Not so's my stomach is forgettin' herself."

Rand covered a smile. For the first time in days he felt himself separated from the doleful draggy weight he carried. Yet all the time he knew it wasn't good sense to make a pick-up like this. A lone stranger may not prove so alone, and his idea not so simple as just to get a ride.

"Stay overnight in Carthay Wells?" Rand inquired.

"No. Wrong-sized town to mix with."

"How d you mean?"

"I heard 'em talkin' as I passed through yesterday. Big enough town to be unfriendly; too little to leave you alone." A sentence properly set off in silent spaces.

Rand recalled his own impression while listening to the constable last night, and that reminded him with a start that a kid had done the shooting. The constable's line also recurred: "The younger they are, the more dangerous!"

"So you curled up out here in the bushes?"

The other fumbled with his cap and let it go at that.

The sun heightened. Rand stole a look from time to time at the one beside him; a youth probably around twenty-two, his own age, cool, gray-eyed, spare, blond hair at the temples. But the cap—it didn't go with those fine range boots the young man wore; it didn't seem to belong to the face or stringy hard hands. The only restless move he made was in changing that cap around. At length, from a profile angle, Rand saw the other yawn slightly. The teeth were flawlessly fine, but that wasn't all; they came together in a perfect bite. One could imagine them flattening pieces of copper wire.

"Smoke?" Rand asked.

"Once in a great while," with a jerk of the shoulders and the single added word "Thanks." In all likelihood he wouldn't have asked, Rand reflected. Evidently he had slept out—no food; not even a smoke. Vittie was the name, Len Vittie, Descanso.

The heat began to peek under the absurdly low custom-made turret top, radiating through their skulls by the feel of it, no air-cooled passage between. The emptiest waste loomed ahead; not a house, not a bird in the sky.

"All you need to know is that Mexico is to the right and the highway somewhere to the left," Rand remarked.

"Depends which way you're headin'."

"What's that—aren't we heading straight east?"

"We were; but lately seems to me we've been slippin' south."

Rand laughed queerly. "Slipping's the word."

He felt the eyes of the other regarding him closely for a second, and somewhat later let the car roll to a stop. "We've got some ground coffee in a can and a pot to boil it in."

"Doesn't sound possible."

Rand didn't try to check his smile this time. Twenty minutes later they were pouring the steamy black from the tin. "It isn't what you'd call house broke, this coffee," he said.

Vittie sipped serenely. "I'm lookin' out for my shins. Kicks sidewise, but my kind to ride."

They decided to work back toward the highway. An hour and a half later, not reaching the pavement, Rand's puzzled look increased. Vittie's hand finally touched his on the wheel, and he was pointing down to the desert sand at the right, where there was a gleam of shiny tin.

"That's ours," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"That's our coffee can. That's where we had breakfast."

They both stepped out and presently bent over the scattered remains of a fire; even the coffee grounds dried hard. "Here's where you sat on your heels, mister," Vittie added.

Rand, still slow to believe, fitted his heels into the tracks. It was incredible to be made a fool of like this by an American desert. The sun was now straight up.

"Our tracks for the last two hours, if we could see 'em all at once," Vittie thoughtfully remarked, "would probably look like a curled apple peel. What we'd better do is to sit it out till the sun lowers enough to show us which way's west."

They moved around in the thin bar of shade of the car, surveying the two big blanket-covered canteens, part of the Blue Mill's equipment. Each was two-thirds full, the wool jackets dried out. Rand spilled water from one to the other, wetting the jackets for the cooling process of evaporation. He allowed he'd like a drink, if the water wasn't so sickishly warm.

"You're sure reckless, for a man out here. Why, that would sound worse'n blood droppin', to an old desert man."

Rand heard that in a deep way, but his surface faculties were drumming in disquiet. The heat was hammering his head; the additional heat of the car was intolerable. He wanted to get away from the hot metallic smell, but the best Vittie had to suggest was that they stay still and broil, studying the course of the sun. Rand tried it, but was powerless to compose himself. Pointing toward a group of hazy hills that lay in a hot thin wash of gold, he somewhat testily observed, "Don't you see, all we've got to do is to turn our backs to them and keep going to go straight north to the highway?"

"What makes you think them are Mexican hills?"

"Why, they're the same hills we saw earlier, before the sun fooled us."

"Mebbe they are, but I haven't got 'em placed just quite as positive as you have."

"It isn't possible to be lost in a little stretch of country like this."

"They say you don't need a piece much bigger'n a bathroom."

"We can't sit here ——" a bit desperately.

"All right, if we can't."

Rand bore the tension in silence for a few seconds longer, then said, "Keeping our backs to those hills, we can't circle, we're bound to come to the highway."

"Or the border fence."

They started the car, Rand drawn with the thought of how simple everything would be, once on the concrete, with the Blue Mill down to work. An absurd idea was upon him to show this cool tight rambler what sort of performance the roadster was up to.

"Why, we could make Descanso in an hour," he said, glancing back through the glass, following the other's eyes to the hills.

A sickening scrape underneath, the Blue Mill heaving over a rock that hadn't touched a wheel. They hopped out to find the crank case ripped open and the clean green-black flood of oil pouring out to the sand. "Sure a dirty bit of driving ——" Rand stopped—the one thing he was supposed to do well.

"It was pretty well covered with bushes, that rock," Vittie allowed; "like a knife sticking up."

They started to walk, following the same system, the need now more imperative. "You see, my hand and eye aren't up to what they might be," Rand explained.

"How's that?" Vittie politely asked, tugging at the visor of the disconcerting cap.

"Friend of mine killed out on the Nillery road a few days ago. Doing over a hundred when he blew a tire and lost control—flung out like a dummy. Looked like a cloth man ——" One had to raise one's voice, out here in the hammering of the heat.

Vittie turned to him with a slow gaze, a trace pityingly. "Must be great to go that fast," he began, and Rand suddenly realized he was under suspicion of lying.

The tall boy's steps halted after a time, and he looked back. Rand's eyes followed. Then they stared at each other. The gutted roadster had slipped out of sight; the horizon back toward the so-called Mexican hills as empty as the rest of the desert's ring-pass-not.

"Either this country is cracked, or I am," Rand said, his own voice sounding softly insane.

"The trouble was, I fell to listenin' about that desert auto race," from his companion.

"But there are our hills—to the right!"

"Look over there too."

Another range showed to the left. They had only to settle their eyes in any direction for a moment, in fact, to find a group of hazy hills. Rand sat down; the sun withered his attempts to move, speak or think; his eyeballs burned as if he had held an acetylene torch without goggles; but worse than all, his first suspicions began to formulate in something like actuality. "If he's waiting to do me up, he's damned deliberate," and again the sentence heard from the barber-shop door last night: "The younger they are, the more dangerous!"

For a time they tramped aimlessly, varying that to shrink together in the shade of a cactus tree. Rand's nerves wanted to pull off a panic at the touch of real thirst he began to know as the afternoon lengthened out, but his companion was continually jockeying himself through.

"No, I wouldn't care for a drink," he repeated in earnest tones. "Mostly a man's thirst is in his neck. I don't believe in belchin' in a lot of water. Looks as if we were gettin' somewhere too. Yes, sir! Maybe we won't have to wait much longer to get the line on what we're doing. Sure enough, mister, there's the fence!"

The big tightly strung barb-wire affair of the border line showed ahead among rocks and scrub.

"Can't lose us now," Vittie added with hard-held coolness. "This fence runs straight east to Descanso—less'n fifty miles. We're sure to strike water and food and a telephone."

The far-off nicker of a pony sounded ahead. Both halted, instinctively crouched. After a moment they moved forward cautiously, keeping along the fence, until footprints showed close by, but just over on the Mexican side; signs also of where a man had sat sometime, his back against a sloping rock; a meat tin, not entirely emptied on the sand, the contents hardly dried out.

"Gone long?" Rand whispered.

"Not longer than a dish stays wet."

Suspicion toward his companion deepened and darkened in Rand's brain; not so aimless, perhaps, all this wandering under the sun. Yet right now Vittie chose to play out a warning. "Maybe we'd better not dangle round too open. He may not have gone far. Tough hombre—it's just possible."

A crackle in the bushes pulled their attention, and a face looked out between the rocks to the right—not human, but the long white face of a horse. Vittie's hand jerked up queerly. "Well, if it ain't herself—the Schoolmom!" A white mare came stalking out from among the rocks on the Mexican side, Vittie's low amazed tones continuing: "An' what you doin' way out here, an' where's your right new saddle rig?"

Her pace increased, ears cocked straight forward toward the voice. A pleased sigh now from the tall boy. "My mare, Schoolmom, what I been lookin' for—only she's not wearin' her own rig."

"You're getting good," Rand icily thought, but said nothing.

Vittie's arms literally opened through the wire and the gray mare walked into them; not effusive at all, but pleasant. That wasn't all. Vittie couldn't stay on the American side, nor on earth itself, that moment. Over the fence with a light spring; he sort of upslid to the bare back, laughing in glad complete absorption. In spite of the black bitterness, Rand knew, he couldn't miss this transformation of a dangling-armed youth into a horseman. Vittie all shined up from coming into his own—a picture of game, laughing strength, no limit.

Crash of a shot from the rocks at their right; the slug making a big half-moon in the flinty stone at the mare's foot. At the same instant of her jump, Vittie sprang down, his hands outstretched to press Rand to the ground. "Somebody's ugly. We can't get too flat," he muttered.

Rand crouched low as he was told, a smile of scorn showing on his lips, a sickening cold area enlarging within him, less from fear of a bullet than the sense of loss of something he had come out to find.

"Lower, mister. Better stretch out."

Another crash, and this time a shot that took effect. Rand's hand slipped like water out of Vittie's grasp; he felt himself going dead on the left side, hip down; then, in the nausea that billowed over him, words, as he looked up at the other sickishly. "Funny—I—felt—the—shot—before—I—heard—it!" The blood had shrunk from his lips. "Tell your friends"—still the scornful look—"tell your friends ——" but Vittie's laugh sounded very close that moment, quantities of perfectly matched and mated teeth showing.

"You don't think—you don't think they're friends of mine, mister?"

Eyes filling with darkness, all Rand knew was that the fellow he had wanted to tie to was coming down a long dim stairway to get him—no end to time and space and stairs.

Slowly he roused to find himself in the shadow of a big rock, that same interminable day still on in full blast. It was like a ship, this shadow he lay in, and all outside molten, flowing heat; yellow heat, blinding heat. Oh, yes, the desert. He blinked—sure fiery out there in the sunlight. His eyes held it in a wilted helplessness. A strong man was needed to step out into that light; queer he had never known before how strong a man has to be just to stand in the sun. Then a whimsical "Hello" sounded a little back and above

(Continued on Page 181)

Make Somebody Happy

Cinderella's Sweetest Day

There is a little, lonely Cinderella lurking in the heart of every one of us who is gladdened by acts of kindness that change the drab, grey world of everyday into a land of love and happiness.

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October 8 is Sweetest Day—the day when we should stop, look and listen—the day to check up—to see if we are sacrificing the finer feelings of the human heart to the rush of modern living. It is the day to show our family and friends that we still care. They will not know this unless we show them.

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The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 176)

his head, and there was Vittie sitting against the rock: "What say now, mister?" A canteen was steadied above him, a delicious trickle started, not a drop wasted. "You been asleep for two hours."

"What was it hit me?"

"Steel slug smashed into your hip, above the thyroid."

Rand feebly inquired, "I'm really shot then?"

"Yes, the kid did it—aimed to get you right." Vittie's voice was held down from any carrying power. "Would have gotten me, too, but they stopped him."

"The kid—they?"

"The other three." Vittie bent lower. "Looks as if we'd broken into some bandit outfit—three ol' timers and a kid they call Willie, carrying a lot of kale."

"Moving pictures?"

"'Fraid not, mister. We rammed right into their hidin' place, and they're not darin' to let us go."

"But this isn't where we were when—when ——"

"No, we're Mex side, back a ways from the fence. They had me carry you here. The Hole, they call it—cache of food and water—barrels of it."

From the distance the growling tone of a man now reached them. "We'd better quiet down," Vittie whispered.

Rand stared up at the cool smooth smile—something to hold to—as he slipped. Slipping into a stupor again, but just now he remembered. Bitterness took him worse than pain. Still on the drift—Lang Frayne, Freda Faldean and this chap. His lips curled with scorn as the sentence formed in his brain, though not yet the words. "How did your horse happen to be here with these people, if you don't belong?"

"Hush yourself if you feel like it, mister; nursie's right here," Vittie told him.

When Rand awoke again, the desert lay in a cushion of dusk, evening coming on. Vittie was sitting just back of his head, and another was present, a city youth, by the look of him, though a short double-barreled shotgun of heavy gauge was across his knees.

"Wouldn't be so bad if there was any newspapers to read," this young one complained, something wrong with the voice, curiously undeveloped figure and face. Downtown clothes, square-cut straw hat, black shoes, low-cut and pointed for dancing. The silk shirt of many colors showed soil, but the necktie was carefully built up. If this was the killer kid of the bandit outfit, where did Vittie come in? Rand began to listen for his life, but couldn't get head or tail.

"But are you sure it was necessary to do up them two express agents, Willie?" Vittie inquired.

The face was slightly wall-eyed, the whole countenance from chin to forehead showing a just-perceptible flattened look, nose and mouth corners hooked. "The minute the car door dropped I knew we had to croak 'em. We'd never have made a getaway if it hadn't been for me."

Now Rand grasped that Vittie appeared to be egging the specimen on to talk.

"But I don't see how you dare to tell us about it, Willie," he smoothly urged.

"You guys ain't got no future."

"Oh, I see, that makes it safe." The tall boy turned solemnly again to Rand. "Get that, Fessenger? Don't matter none, since we ain't goin' to live."

Rand nodded, but couldn't follow the play. "Fessenger," his mind repeated. He had exchanged names at the very beginning, and here was Fessenden with a new tilt. Red dusk was settling round the fish-faced youth.

"The old guys are gettin' me sore," he manfully complained. "'Fraid of everything—'fraid of stayin' still; 'fraid of makin' a move. S'pose they'll hang round the Hole here till the water runs out. But they'd better not push me too far."

"How's that, Willie?"

"Right now, as it is, it ain't goin' to turn out healthy for Hadley. That's the bent one. He took a swing at me and corked a muscle in my arm this morning."

"You mean the one who was for leavin' us alive, when we stumbled onto your camp this morning?"

"Naw, that's Whipple—still talkin' about Buffalo Bill." Willie snorted ungracefully. "He's been sick ever since I did the shootin' in the express car. Did a lot of vomiting on horseback that night, just after we left the train. Seems about ten weeks, with no newspapers to read. Only last night."

Incredible to Rand also—last night in the Gunnison House room, but right now his was the original single-track mind. Unless this whole talk was a frame, it was certainly looking to him as if Vittie was a stranger to this youth, if not to the rest. The surge of hope that this was true made Rand forget all else, and his question popped at last: "But how did your horse happen to be with these people?"

"What's that?" Willie suddenly wanted to know.

"My friend's ravin'," Vittie quietly remarked. "Lucky you didn't aim an inch or two higher this morning."

"I would have; only old Whipple yelled at me. Now he wishes I had shot higher, but he ain't got the guts to do it himself, or see it done." Willie seemed to sense a new freedom as the darkness softly closed in. "'Fraid to bump you off, 'fraid not to; 'fraid of living and 'fraid of dead. Why, it's all chance, I told him. Everything's chance. Why not take 'em? It was a chance that got us this ninety thousand, wasn't it? And if you're cornered and done for, you can always blow your head off, can't you? Why not take what you want? Why not get what you want first?"

Peerless kidding tones of Vittie wove their way in: "I don't feel as if I'm quite followin' you, Willie."

The other seemed caught, fascinated in an image his own mind held. "You don't even have to blow your head off. You can go into a tight room and turn on the gas. All you have to do is to hold still for a while—first few minutes, the hardest—sort of frightens everything in you at first, like holding your breath, but you get past that and the rest's a dream."

"I hear you say it, Willie, but how do I know the rest is a dream?"

"I'm not talkin' about something I ain't tried out."

"'Tried to kill yourself? But you're still here."

"They broke into the bathroom, but not till after I got in past being 'fraid. When you reach there once, you know you can always get there again."

Night had closed down. Rand saw the stars straight up, dusk in a plushlike maroon was rising in the west, filled with endless folds of soft red. These folds deepened to purple, and against that the stars kept standing out, standing out. "Go in past being afraid," Rand repeated, and suddenly, by some queer magic, it was as if another and not Willie were talking. "The end the bottom and the bottom the end." Freda Faldean whose dazzle—oh, yes, the dazzle he was running away from.

Meanwhile Willie had taken a sudden notion to palship. Rand had missed part, but this sentence now reached him. "I see you're gettin' me," he was saying, bending toward the tall boy. "You talk my language. This here swell"—Rand himself was now carelessly indicated—"he don't count, because he's goin' to die."

A low growl of voices sounded at a distance and Willie shivered with unmistakable detestation. "If they're comin', I go. See you later, but I'll get that bent son ——" The voice trailed off. He had risen, and now stretched. The narrow forked tail of his coat flapped weakly as he brushed his hands across his sides.

Heavy steps, heavy voices, two figures slouching in. Whipple, the older and larger, lit his pipe. The match showed gray twitchy eyelids, a forlorn uncentered look, but nothing particularly wicked about it. On the contrary, the one called Sack Gunnison was filthy-eyed; a sot, too, brain continually turned to thoughts of drink.

"What's worse about havin' no likker along is havin' the price to buy it—floods of it." What did this man have to do with Mrs. Frightface of the deserted hotel?

The third of the party—Hadley, "the bent one"—was said to be out on watch at the fence. The two now sat down close in the dark. It became evident to Rand that considerable talk between them and Vittie must have already taken place while he slept.

"—— just a couple of young fellows walking east this morning, bearin' forward on the idea of reachin' Descanso by this time tonight," the tall boy's wistful tone carried on.

"Takin' the fence route to Descanso an' not even a package of apsom salts between them," Whipple ruminated.

"They thought for a little that God sent 'em a nice white mare to ride," Gunnison chuckled.

"I shore can't see—I just can't, Sack—how we can let 'em get on to Descanso," Whipple went on. "Our whole position would be threatened, as the feller says, and how many kags of water could we carry out into the blisterin' hell on horseback? Answer me that?"

"I ain't answerin' that, 'cause we ain't goin' to be driv out of the Hole by lettin' two fresh kids circle back and tell 'em at Carthay Wells."

So it droned on, Vittie patiently demurring, until Rand couldn't possibly hold to it that the tall boy belonged to this crowd. If he was a perfect actor these two and Willie couldn't be also. There weren't that many in the world; yet he was still afraid to believe.

Gunnison moodily observed, "I hate to admit—I do most honest hate to say it out loud—but Willie was right. He should of shot higher this morning, and shot twice."

The private horror of old man Whipple now stood out. "My Gawd, Sack, after what we saw in the mail train!" He held up his great hands pitifully in the dark; the knuckles all loose and stretched by heavy tool handles.

"Aw, let up on the mail train! That kid's ridin' you!"

Rand now felt a draft, as a door opening at his back, and Willie sauntered in—Willie the submarine, built for densities, heavy pressures. Old Whipple's eyes looked whitish even in the dark, as they filled with the kid. The lad's closeness actually started his saliva.

"You stay here and watch, Willie," he said, wiping his beard, "and don't you do nothing but watch, either—till Sack or I say so."

Willie might have done that, if he hadn't been told to. He came and went about his nightish affairs.

Rand dozed, glad to be freed from the steady bumping pain, the big stars making a western jump each time he woke up. Roused at last.

"Say, you ——" from Willie.

Rand stirred, but a snarl was flung his way. "I'm not talkin' to you."

"I'm listenin' for the pet thought," Vittie sleepily said.

"What's the use of splittin' four ways when we can split down the middle? I've been thinkin' it over—me and you talk the same language."

"But my friend here with the cracked hip?"

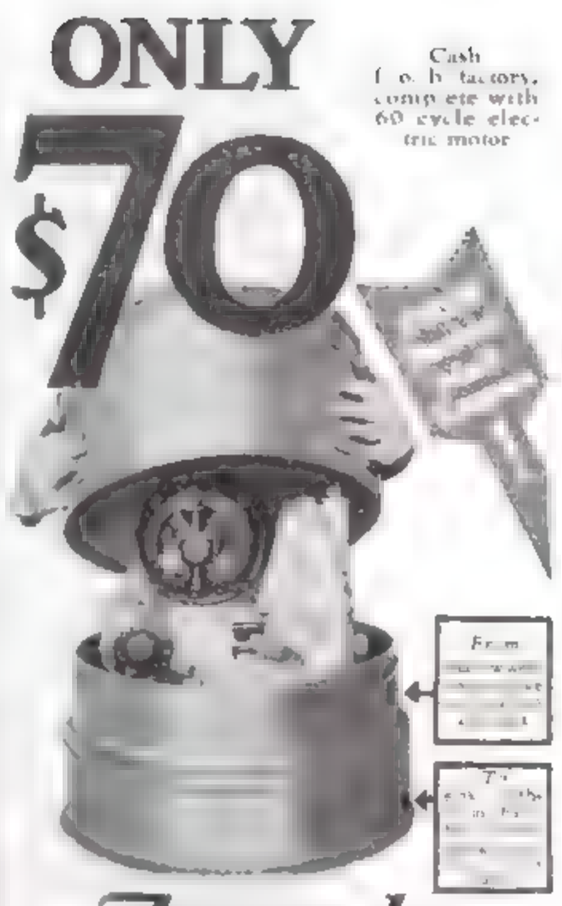
"He ain't goin' to live, I tell you."

"But what about the other three, Willie?"

Muffled tones, sounding skin, slightly farther away. "Put 'em to sleep—ninety thousand and the horses."

Rand's head was cracking with tension now. There was silence, then a further snatch of talk drifted in: "I've been doin' more than just thinkin' it over. I've got one of 'em already." A low oath drummed in the air; then: "Hadley, the bent one who corked me this mornin'. 'Tain't safe to

(Continued on Page 183)



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(Continued from Page 181)

do that with me; 'tain't healthy. You and me can get the two others."

"You bumped off Hadley out at the fence?"

"Yeh."

"What did you ——"

"Never made a sound. Me and you can get the two others in the Hole. Faces up, snorin' their heads off right now. You're coming, ain't you? We talk the same language, don't we? Ninety thousand and the horses."

Rand heard the retreating steps, then silence. He was sinking to the bottom now like a saturated sponge. Deep, much too deep. Had Vittie come clean into the bandit camp only to fall into this rotten net? Looking for something that didn't slip, and here he had landed in a hollow of crazy men destroying each other; Vittie, not a bandit, becoming one. An end at the bottom—how far did one have to sink?

One of the ponies down in the hollow nickered. It must be long past midnight. He had dozed again. Vittie not back. Chill was oozing out of the earth, entering his body like death. A cold, heavy, helpless mass he was, anyway, that only knew how to suffer.

Voices—not the voice he was listening for, but the rusty-hinge tones of Gunnison rousing Whipple a little beyond at the Hole. So those two weren't murdered yet.

"Hey, wake up; one of us has to go out to the fence to relieve Hadley."

The latter already murdered, according to Willie's word, and the first two didn't know. They were coming toward him now. Gunnison was first to bend over, shutting off the moonlight. "Say, what we got here—only one? Where's the brat?"

Rand roused himself to answer "Gone."

The slouching body jerked lower, as if to dodge a shot from the brush. "What's all this? And your partner—where's he at?"

"I don't know. My partner went too."

Time was now taken out to formulate an elaborate curse. Both men, having crawled close to Rand, lay flattened to the ground, as if still expecting ambush.

"So he quit you cold?" Gunnison whispered, referring to Vittie's absence.

"I don't know. Are you—are you sure they didn't take any money?"

"Hey, what?" Whipple demanded.

"That they didn't take any money with them?"

"Just as sure as you ain't sleepin' on it." Yet that instant the old man's whitish face turned to Gunnison, who cautiously gained his feet and moved off in the moonlight at a crouching walk. A moment of sweating suspense to Rand before the voice returned: "Everything O. K. here." A queer sigh must have escaped him, for the broad faded face of Whipple looked down searchingly. "Just why is it, young man, you're so concerned on a minor point like that?"

"I heard Willie talking about it."

"Fair enough—fair enough; and what did Willie say?"

"I'm not very sure. I've been dreaming a lot. Have you looked to the horses?"

"And what is it you're alludin' of now?"

"To see if the horses are all there."

Gunnison, just in with his one report, was started out on a second by another look from Whipple—this time to where the picket line was stretched. Minutes passed before his returning figure was discerned close to the ground.

"One of 'em gone," he panted. "The old white mare."

Schoolmom. Had Vittie double-crossed the kid and cleaned out? Past finding out.

"But mebbe she's just strayed," from Whipple. "That nickerin' fool kin tie or untie a slipknot."

Rand sank deeper and deeper. Slipping was the word. Easy to laugh, easy to talk, easy to slip off in the night. His head wearily turned. A low bar of dim gray lay across the east, a third of the horizon marked with faint gray haze.

One last question now found words: "Have you—are you sure Hadley is still alive?"

"Close your jaw," Gunnison broke in. "Busier'n a cripple, that head of yourn ——"

"Mebbe it's true, Sack," the old man moaned. "We've slept too long and Hadley should have come in long afore this."

"Buck up, will you? Hadley's mebbe asleep."

"Sleepin's the word, Sack. You've said it for once and all—sleepin' his long sleep out by the fence. Willie's ekal to it—ekal to just that, I'm tellin' you."

"For Gawd's sake leave off that crawlin' talk; somebody's comin'."

The two figures suddenly sprawled again. Rand had also heard a sound. His eyes followed in the direction the two others were staring, but fell away helplessly in the deceptive hazes of moonlight and dawn. Now in the face of old Whipple at his side he became aware of an agonized whitish smile and lips that muttered, "Think of Willie's murders, Sack. No use lettin' 'em take us. We've got to fight for it."

For once Gunnison let that pass. "That you, Willie?" he called aloud.

A leisurely loafing "he-he" sounded and a voice from the direction of the fence—not Hadley's. "Nice little place you boys got out here—he-he! No, it ain't Willie just, and it ain't what I call good housekeepin' to post a dead man out there to watch by the fence. . . . No hurry, men," he added, evidently to others with him. "We'll wait till it gets a little more light, before closin' in!"

Familiar tones of Carthay Wells. Through the dawn, Rand got a last look at old Whipple's hearse-gray face, the mouth open loosely, but no words. He and Gunnison had started to crawl back toward the picket line, but there wasn't a further move or word from the still invisible posse leader, until the two old ones reached the horses—sounds of a falling lash as they gained the saddle.

"Hi, there they go! Let 'em have it, boys!" as if a pair of bunnies had just left cover

Firing opened from all sides. No wonder the constable had controlled himself, since his posse had already closed in—men and boys—fully twenty now—leisurely pumping their shots into the hollow. Propped on his elbow, eardrums rocked by the guns, Rand saw it all turn out as planned, and sickened at the sight—a game, a hunt; Carthay Wells having a good time. In the lingering obscurity of night and dawn, streaks of fire still showed from the gun barrels as the posse circled—circled and pumped—business of extermination with righteous look—until out of the silence Constable He-he's voice:

"An' I always did have the idea Sack Gunnison would bear watchin', and not for bootleggin' either. Yes, sir," he turned from the saddle with a look of relish at sunup; "we went about it just as if the eyes of the whole Southwest was on us this morning; which they be." Sagging smile, childish snapping eyes. "Guess we'll have some story to tell the reporters from Phoenix when we get back to the Wells. . . . And so this is the bad one, eh—the younger they are, the more dangerous—an' we got him alive!"

Rand slowly realized this last was directed upon him—Willie having been snatched out of the mess; Vittie gone on the white mare. In the icy emptiness of it all, he studied from a distance, as they tied the bodies of the two old ones on pack animals, the great loose knuckles of one hand dangling. Meanwhile an insane sort of rapture had taken over the posse at finding the treasure of the bandits—stacks of yellowbacks fresh from the Government's own master printers. A truck had been sent for to carry Rand, when Constable He-he, already in the saddle, turned with a jerk at a distant hail from the brush.

"Who's there? Come forward, pronto!"

The voice trailed back: "S'pose it's safe for a young lad to show himself?"

"Just like drawin' up a chair at the table," unfailing humor of Carthay Wells, but the eyes still snapped with vigilance.

"Excuse me for askin', but it hasn't been just safe out here, sheriff. I've been dodgin' shots like a twitchin' owl."

Dawn suddenly extending—an amazing glory of pink and perfume—for Rand's eyes, Len Vittie seen through fresh folds of daylight, now leisurely lifting himself to the white mare and coming forward.

"Givin' yourself up, eh!" from He-he. "That's real nice of you, bub."

"Just a minute, sheriff. You're meanin' Willie. It's Willie you've come for, and I've got him out yonder—all safe puckered up in his little frock coat. You see, sheriff, I had to take him out in the brush last night; his talk was gettin' so ornery. It was injurin' my friend's spine just to listen to it."

Not only pink in that flaming desert dawn—there was gold in it. Willie now brought in amazingly trussed in his shirt and flappy coat. "Whoever he is, he sure tied up this kid for keeps," said one of the posse.

"Lots of practice in calf ropin' makes that feasible," Vittie answered. Rand formed of a myriad ears, every one listening for that voice. He was lifted at last to a plumber's truck—the rest of the party having moved on—and the bumps and lurches presently put him out from sheer pain; but a long-missing smile hung to his lips.

Bars at the window—he awakened to find himself indoors, peering out through the bars. Finally he got it straight—this was the jug at Carthay Wells. The big frame building across the yard was the Gunnison House, and at one of those same upper windows he had sat the night before last.

"How now, Fessenger?" from the tall boy starting up from a doze near by.

Rand's hand went out to the voice, and didn't hurry back.

"As I'm beginnin' to get it," Vittie elucidated, "we're held for murder and a lot else, havin' to do with the bandits."

"Might have been worse," came weakly back, eyes persistently fixed on the eyes of the other under the cap.

"Which is a new idea. Thanks. I've took steps while you dozed to let on we didn't commit nothin', but what I say don't seem to excite 'em none. Can you beat it? Nobody in this town—not ten miles away—havin' been over to the rodeo in Senhorsen?" He started up and made for the door, but just then from farther back in the shadows of the jug a voice raised complainingly: "Ask 'em to throw in some newspapers, will you?" the sounding skin again, and with that, it all rushed back upon Rand—the posse pumping shot into the hollow.

Twice Vittie knocked, before the answer came from the barber shop in front: "What is it you boys want in there now? Some more cigareets, I reckon."

"No, constable, I've just got to ask you to send over to Senhorsen for somebody to identify Len Vittie—that's me."

Rand caught the spirit. "Tell 'em I slept in the Gunnison House the night of the robbery!" he called. "The woman there got me supper and breakfast."

Outside they were having a good time over that. "What I call a purty nice one," He-he allowed in person. "Just you boys sit down some more and think a while and mebbe you can tell us another."

"And tell 'em about our losin' the car out in the desert."

Vittie did so, and He-he's sentence drifted in: "Was it a street car you misplaced out yonder? Settle down now. We'll have to ask you boys to compose yourselves."

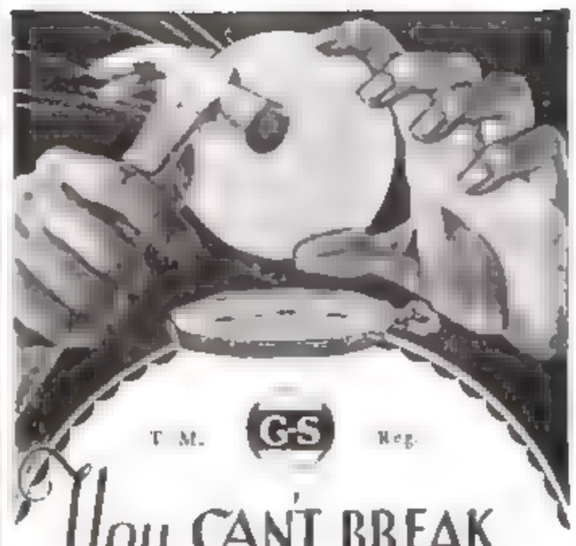
Vittie took a further chance: "But it shore can't be askin' too much for you to send a man to the Gunnison House?"

"One's gone already," said a voice, but not the constable's.

"Ask 'em for some of today's papers," called the muffled tones from the shadows.

Several moments, and the bolt was thrust back—the woman of Gunnison's at the

(Continued on Page 185)



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(Continued from Page 183)

door, more frightened and breathless than ever. She was led in, the better to peer into Rand's face, and words fell one by one from her clayey lips:

"Never saw him before, or no one like him!"

Rand studied her in amazement. He turned to the constable, met the acidy smile pouring on him from that moving framework back of the stringy beard, eyes so childishly young. Vittie at his side, cap off, face showing more intent and dangerous—or attractive.

"She knows me!" Rand called out. "She's just rattled from Gunnison being brought in dead. She knows I was there—in the room where a brand-new saddle lay under cover in the closet. The whole room smelled of new leather. Don't let her go and move that saddle—go with her!"

The door was pressed shut. Vittie was coming toward him without haste; sat down close. Mighty still and composed, his voice:

"What was that you said about a brand-new saddle, Fessenger?"

But just now a curious snuffle was heard from back in the shadows, and the softest moaning sound. Vittie's back straightened, his eyes jerked to the far corner of the jug. "What's Willie up to?" he muttered, and went to see.

Then words began to reach Rand from the tall boy: "He's—he's all running out. He's laid himself open at the wrists—with the salmon can." Now Vittie had run to the barber-shop door and began his thumping. "You'll have to hump yourself to ketch him in time!"

Yet seconds passed; Carthay Wells opened tardily indeed, and with extreme caution, fearing a frame. Two with raised rifles stood at the door, while two others entered and carried the softly moaning one forth. Locked in again after some minutes, Rand wearily asked, "Do you s'pose he got in past the flurry and fear that time?"

"I ain't sayin', Fessenger. I'm all cold and unfeelin' right now, till I get the rest about the saddle lying up in that building across the yard. You ain't worse, are you; you ain't festerin' with fever? Was it handmade, with Nestro stirrups, silver mounted?"

"With little stars and crescents on the seat."

They talked long and low, and after that waited together, watching the door. "He sure wanted to read it all in the papers," Vittie once said. The last yellow of day had gone from the jug when voices reached them again from outside—one of the short-breathed villagers: "Where's the constabeel?"

"Just gone out. What's eatin' you?" from the one on duty in the barber shop.

"We did find a new saddle in the closet in the Gunnison house."

"You don't say!"

"Handmade, silver-mounted. Old woman says she don't know a thing about it."

"Hell she don't!"

"And she says one of the prisoners did sleep there the night of the robbery. She didn't dast give down nothing till now; until she was plumb sure of her old man's bein' dead."

Silence more deeply penetrated the jug then, until from Vittie at last: "Oh, you, Fessenger!"

"Yes?"

"I've sure been-doin' you dirt, mister!"

"How's that?"

"Misbelievin' so much that you said all day yesterday—about that desert road race and all."

"Didn't you believe it all?"

This seemed to stifle the tall boy for a minute. "Why, at first I was oncouth enough to take you for one of them bandits!"

"Me—I did you too."

Vittie took a long breath. "That makes it easier."

"But, Vittie, you acted as if you believed what I said," Rand told him, eyes lost in the ceiling dark.

"How's that?"

"You could have loped off on your mare yesterday—I mean this morning, before daybreak—after tying Willie up. Even after the posse closed in you might have."

"Never once occurred to me."

"You—you stuck."

They were embarrassed then, words were inadequate, like two youths in the mazes and intensities of high-school paldom.

"Little old Fessenger ——" the tall boy once began.

"I'm sure glad you're going to get your saddle back," from Rand at last; "but how did your mare happen to be with them at the Hole?"

That moment, if not before, Vittie's story seemed matured for outlet. "—— just a young cowboy workin' with Kipper Lackey's rough string at Descanso, and the boys keep tellin' me all this spring I should ought to ride over on Schoolmom and get my name in the papers by joinin' in at the rodeo in Senhorsen. Them real rodeo hosses at Senhorsen is weak; that is the fact, Fessenger, an' I finds myself the ace of the rodeo with a brand-new saddle and sombre'o for a winnin' an' a lot of congratulations from the boys, which it is ahore ridiculous to speak of like this. Some says it's worth eight hundred, that saddle, a Mexican havin' spent his life makin' it, he bein' an ol' master. Anyway, it's creakin' it's song of newness round Schoolmom's complainin' waists that third night in Senhorsen; and I'm achin' to get her alone out in the sage to look it over long and long, when, instead of packin' off for home and Descanso, I stops to listen to a feller who says there's a big card game goin' on. 'You don't have to play none,' this feller says: 'just watch all night, if you want to; everything free and a girl to talk to; an' a feller who took off brone honors at this show would be extra welcome.'

"I'm shore feelin' hard-packed tiger that night—all tired out holdin' onto myself—and we enters a doorway and a woman laughs and you smell cigars, and steaks fryin,' and that winy sweet. Anyway, the last I remember I'm a bit touchy and ontractable on the subject of not bein' allowed to spend my own money, even if I am champion; and a girl friend is beggin' to hold it to prevent me from beginnin' to disburse.

"Now's where you begin to get on my trail, Fessenger. Next mornin', long before breakfast, I find there's been a raid on the livery stable—Schoolmom gone with 'em, an' my new saddle. You see that was the night before the train robbery, and that was when the bandits picks out their saddle stock to take 'em to the Hole."

"But what became of the sombrero?" Rand asked.

"It bein' the only way I see to invent some money that mornin', I sells it, and the feller throws in this little whiffet here." Vittie reached for the cap. "The justice of the peace nails the writin' on the town gas pump, sayin' the idea is sure to have Senhorsen know that my saddle is stole, and I lights out into the brush a heap too ashamed to take the stage right home to Descanso."

Carthay Wells took a lot of convincing that the bandits were all accounted for without Vittie and Rand, but evidence reached town in the finding of the Blue Mill, also identification for Vittie from Senhorsen and Descanso. Even though released and satisfactorily healed up, Rand didn't stir from Carthay Wells, nor did Len Vittie appear to be in a hurry to resume life in the watered desert range fifty miles east. He did take a day's leave, however, riding over to Senhorsen on Schoolmom and returning a different man; cap gone, new sombre'o in place. Rand looked and looked. "Why, it never would have happened—any of it," he muttered—"if you'd hailed me for a ride in that ——"

"The first and only good thing I've heard about that cap," the tall one said.

A little distance from the center of Carthay Wells was a corral where Schoolmom was kept, the Blue Mill biding its time, with a new oil pan, in the foal shed. Rand took his first walk on a cane down that way, and as he limped he saw a woman coming. Something familiar, yet different; and a hard-checked smile took his face as she flounced by him, tossing a look. Ribbons on her hat, powder on her face—a new breath of life entirely for Mrs. Frightface, with Sack Gunnison safely in the grave. Still limping forward, he saw the tall boy opening the gate of the corral. Schoolmom strolled into his arms; not effusively at all, but as if she could wait another day just as well.

"Sure needs a paint job," Rand said, with a glance under cover at the car.

"Meanin' you, Schoolmom," Vittie murmured, lopping her head onto his other shoulder and reaching for the new saddle—little silver dots and crescents on the cantle—insets of an old master—saddle of a lifetime.

Now a village boy was hurrying up. "A woman from L. A. to see you," he reported to Rand.

"Did you get her name?"

"Miss Feldown, or somethin'."

"That's drinking water, isn't it?" Rand inquired, pointing to a hydrant.

"Sure is."

"We could fill that pair of big canteens the Blue Mill carries ——"

"Just what's your little project, Fessenger?"

"I can't drive. I can't slip the clutch with this left leg yet, but I could sit on that saddle. Put me up, Len, and you go back to my room and grab the key to Blue Mill, and follow on. Don't stop anywhere in town. Don't look around either. . . . Can't you tell Schoolmom I'm your friend and mean no harm? How do you accelerate?"

A while later the Blue Mill rustled up behind him on the starchy sand. Vittie showed gaunt. "You're leaving that—you could leave that, Fessenger?"

"Don't look back, I tell you!"

"Why, she's the thunderin' queen, mister; the feminile ace of all eyes ——"

"Don't look back or you'll break down! It's only Freda, out on nothin' else to do. Speak to Schoolmom here. She idles like a fairy; but we're hard sent for men, needed out in the clean sage."

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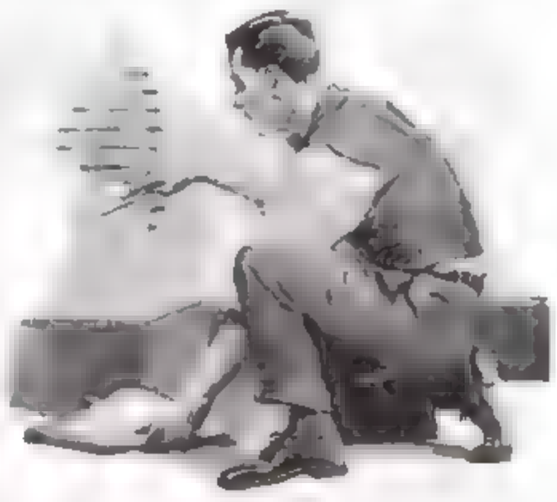

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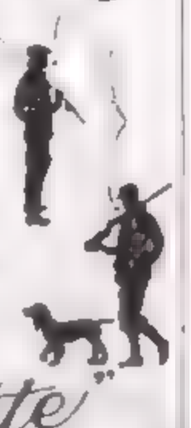

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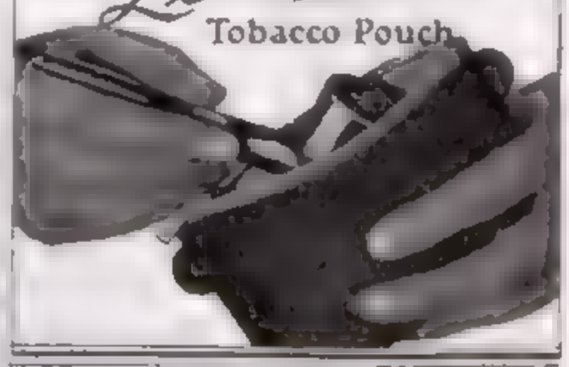

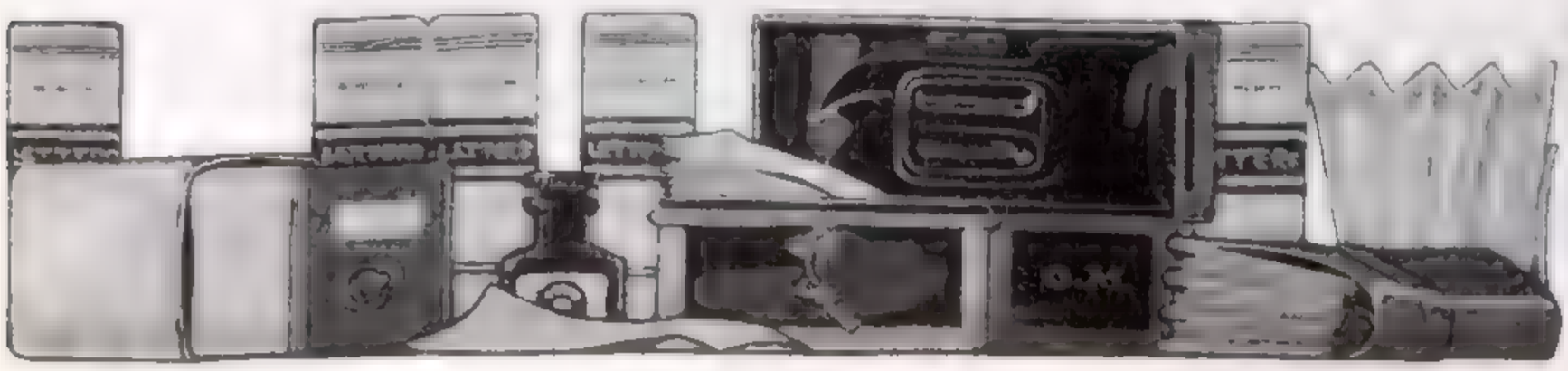

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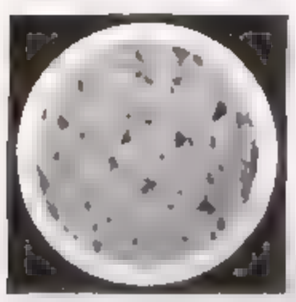

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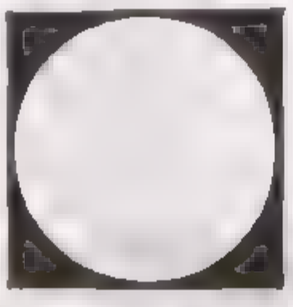

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OUR DUTCH COUSINS

(Continued from Page 35)

Rhine, the other at its source; one on the highest land in Europe, the other on the lowest; their people not of the same race, as that term is commonly used. But for years, in many very important respects, they have marched to the same tune; and they offer a twin puzzle in national economics that a casually inquiring American can hardly claim to have solved. Both are very small countries and densely populated, when we allow for the great portion of Swiss land that is only scenery. Both are meagerly endowed with industrially useful minerals. Neither is able to feed itself and must export manufactures to highly competitive markets in order to pay for imported bread. But both maintain a wage scale and a living standard that are notably high for Europe, and superior to those of more powerful and better advantaged neighbors.

To explain how they do it, probably we can only say there is something in the character of the people. For another coincidence, both spent the four years and more of World War pretty literally between the devil and the deep sea, with plenty of more or less polite bullying from both sides. Both maintained neutrality and independence, but at a cost that put their thrifty national budgets all out of balance and left a heavy load of debt and taxes. Again, both came through with their money at par. There may be some significance in the historical parallel that both, long ago, fought desperately against great odds for national independence—or, in the modern parallel, that both are world-renowned for cheese, grass and cattle being the mainstay of agriculture in both countries.

For the Dutch case, Holland's land area is only 12,500 square miles—not much more than one-quarter the state of New York. One-sixth of this meager allotment is waste, even from the thrifty Dutch point of view. Eastward, between Amsterdam and the German border, are tracts that look about as hopeless as the sand barrens where Gary, Indiana, now stands used to look. There is practically useless land elsewhere. The natives say Drenthe is sand, but not good sand. Of good sand they can and do make profitable use. Much of the remainder is not what we would call arable, being in permanent grass. Little more than one-quarter of the total is plow land.

Keeping Out the Water

But the population is already 7,500,000 and still growing steadily, as it has been doing for many years. In Europe, only Belgium is more densely peopled, and at the present rate of growth Holland will soon head the list. There are hardly any industries that we would recognize as big. All those people, however, get not only a living but a notably good one by European standards. An official paper gives the wages of carpenters, bricklayers and stonemasons as 36 to 38 American cents an hour; street-car conductors $14 a week; helpers at printing plants $10.40 a week. These are high wages for Europe—decidedly higher than in Belgium. The same paper shows that wages at present run 5 to 10 per cent above 1919, which was a year of very high prices and living costs everywhere.

Leaving Amsterdam for Haarlem, by motor or train, you run through an extensive and comparatively new district of workingmen's habitations that the better-housing committee in any city might, so far as appearances go, take for a model. They are attractive buildings, on fine wide streets with flowers here and there. Undoubtedly there is poverty and squalor aplenty; but by any fair European comparison, Holland is a prosperous land—thanks entirely to the Dutch and not to any particular gift of Nature or to any outside aid.

What Nature gave was mostly a bare sporting chance to win through by indomitable pluck and ingenuity. But for the dikes, an ordinary high tide in the North Sea would overrun 38 per cent of the scanty land area, and that the most productive part. But for dikes, the rivers would flood another fertile area. Hence the Dutch boast: "God made the sea; we made the shore." It took several centuries, first and last, and the struggle to keep above water is still of first consideration in Dutch economics. One of their old saws has it: "He who cannot keep out the water does not deserve the land." On that principle the nation was slowly built up.

We might begin with the Dutch farm out of which I got the greatest satisfaction. It lies in the Beemster polder, which is due north of Amsterdam and extends nearly to the Zuyder Zee. Long ago, natives had begun to build dikes along the sand dunes to hold back the sea; but merely keeping out the ocean did little good, for Holland is a rainy country, and land lying below sea level, with nowhere for drainage to empty, soon became a marsh or lake.

The Uphill Drainage Problem

But in the fifteenth century some nameless inspired citizens succeeded in constructing windmills of sufficient power and dependability to pump the water out of such a lake or marsh and keep it dry. Then from time to time local districts undertook to reclaim a water-covered area by building a dike around it, pumping it dry by wind power and constructing a series of canals that drained the land uphill, windmills hoisting the water from ditches of the lowest level into higher ones until they finally got it into one high enough to flow into the sea. Often canals on four levels were required, with four banks of windmills, for even the Dutch windmill, of heroic size, is not a very efficient engine. To this day making water run uphill is Holland's chief concern.

The land so reclaimed is called a polder. The conversion of Beemster from a lake to a polder was begun in 1612. After the encircling dike was finished, it took forty-nine windmills a year to get the water out, and to keep it out by pumping from lower to higher levels until it ran into the Zuyder Zee. But 17,000 acres of rich land was thus made available for cultivation. This land lies, on an average, thirteen feet below the level of near-by Zuyder Zee. Much rain falls on it and uphill drainage is an ever-present problem.

Schermer polder, originating in the same way and at nearly the same time, adjoins Beemster, and some other polder adjoins or neighbors that. All Western Holland is just one blamed polder after another. They were made at different times by different people—often neighboring ones are at different levels and there is an astonishing web of water rights—which means, in Holland, not the right to have water but the right to get rid of it by pumping it finally into some canal high enough to carry it to the sea.

Sometimes there are lawsuits. In one such suit, not a great while ago, a charter granted in 1530 by Emperor Charles V—the man who summoned Luther to Worms—was introduced in evidence and helped to win the case.

One of the most important offices of the Dutch Government now is the Waterstaat, which undertakes general supervision of this constant problem of getting rid of water. On old stone locks and bridges you will find a line with the initials A. P., which means Amsterdam Level—or Peil—a standard gauge for the country by which all water levels are regulated. On modern works the initials will be N. A. P., or New Amsterdam Peil; also nowadays the pumping is done more and more by steam. Much as tourists will regret it, the famous Dutch windmill is steadily going the way of the wooden shoe and the mammoth pants.

(Continued on Page 188)

We Called It Sir Galahad

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OCCASIONALLY, even in this materialistic Twentieth Century, we happen upon something that suggests that some one has ventured into new fields in search of an ideal—and found it. Witness: the new pattern in Reed & Barton Silver Plate—Sir Galahad!

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(Continued from Page 186)

The way the land was made and is maintained gives a unique landscape. Motoring to Beemster from the south, west or north, your road will mostly be an admirably solid affair of stone blocks, but without the top dressing that we pampered Americans expect and therefore bumpier than it looks. Whatever direction the road takes, there will be a canal on either side. If it runs through a village where all the household slops are cheerfully dumped into the nearly stagnant water, the state of the canals will scandalize both your eyes and your nose; but your Dutch friend will assure you, and prove it by statistics, that Holland is one of the healthiest countries in the world. Apparently there is something in the remark attributed to a Dutch housewife that the water is so bad all microbes immediately perish in it.

Low Country Husbandry

Out in the country the small canals along the road look more reassuring and do not smell. Every few rods, in June, a mother duck will be exercising her fledglings in them; for everything in Holland has to produce, and the small canals, besides their prime function of conveying water, nourish numberless ducks. Everywhere, I should say, whether it is a stone highway or a dirt byroad, a well-tended row of trees will run between road and canal on either side. Through the trees you see perfectly flat, green fields—the greenest in the world. There are no fences or hedges, but a ditch divides one field of five or ten acres from the next. A checkerboard of ditches and canals reaches as far as you can see.

Prime-looking black-and-white cows graze on the fields. We call them Holsteins, but Dutch farmers deprecate calling their cattle by a foreign name. In several days in the Low Country I saw only one red cow. And sheep—also of handsome aspect. One need not be afraid to offer a prize for the discovery of an ill-conditioned farm animal in the Low Country. Every now and then a field is all flecked with white, as though somebody had strewn marble blocks over it. But if you look again you see that it's geese—perhaps a hundred or so of them. After even an hour's ride, you will no longer think it remarkable that this misty land has produced some of the world's greatest landscape painters. Nothing more charming than this flat, green, watery, tree-dotted country that looks so prosperous and peaceful is to be seen from an automobile.

Our farmer's house stands in a clump of trees beside the stone road. Except for minor details of size, all farmhouses in this region are alike. I have never seen one that was not built of brick, square on the ground—pretty nearly a cube, in fact—surmounted by a very high, very steep roof that slants up to a peak on all four sides alike.

Many tourists mistake that very high steep roof for a mere freak of architectural fancy. But like the Dutch windmill, there is a strictly utilitarian reason for it—the same reason—namely, water. In this below-sea country, water can be found anywhere by digging a few feet; but with our modern sensitiveness about microbes it is not considered fit for human consumption. The steep roof catches rain for drinking water. And since one must have a steep roof for drinking water, why not get some other use out of it? So the space beneath the roof is the farm haymow.

That is convenient, for the cattle are housed in winter practically under the same roof with the family. In this particular farmhouse the cow barns form a one-story addition on two sides of the dwelling. The farmer showed us through them. They are model barns, with cement floors, and were quite speckless when we saw them; but they had not been used in three months. The cattle are brought indoors only from November to April, being milked in the field the rest of the year. The farmer says his barns are practically this clean even in winter, and I notice that the big compost heap, a couple of rods behind the house, has the symmetrical appearance of masonry, with no litter around it.

The prize bull is housed in a separate shed. A boy leads him out on parade for our admiration. "Gentle as a lamb," the farmer says, when we edge away. He looks docile; so do the plump black-and-white cows. But on that and subsequent afternoons I must have seen some hundred cows being milked alongside the road, and in every case the milkman or milkmaid tied the animal's legs together at the knee with a stout rope. Perhaps Dutch farmers will take a chance on being gored by a bull, but not on having a pail of good milk kicked over. They have a mythical character whom they greatly admire and frequently refer to. His name is Jantje Secuur, which may be translated as Johnny Safe.

This farmer of Beemster stands six feet two and weighs 200 at least—tall, broad and solid, but not fat. There is no telling how the slanderous imputation of fatness got attached to Dutchmen. I do not remember a fat man on the realistic canvases of Rembrandt and Frans Hals, although I sorrowfully recall a lady who should have been blushing for the outrage to hygienics, if not to modesty. Dutchmen are not fat. It is Germany that runs to the globular masculine style. This Dutchman is middle-aged, smooth-shaven, and in his suit of rumpled ready-made clothes and faded straw hat might have belonged on any prosperous farm in Pennsylvania or Iowa—except for the wooden shoes. From them and from the fact that he spoke nothing but Dutch in a land where about every third person seems to have at least a smattering of English or German, I inferred a conservative character. His looks indicated it; and just from looking at him you would expect his farm to be a prosperous one, wherever it was situated. He had that air of solid, quiet competence.

This farm, my interpreter told me, is one of the most prosperous in the region; also one of the largest, running near to 100 acres, all in grass. The farmer was born on it; so was his father. It looks as flat as a billiard table, and greener; ditches divide it into a number of fields—some of the ditches navigable, as a punt tied to the bank testifies. The larger ones run nearly bank full. In Western Holland very little grain is raised, and this part is a cow country, with sheep, geese and ducks for by-products.

A Parlor Full of Medals

The farmer invited us into his very comfortable house, with its modern Dutch furnishings. There was a telephone in the parlor and natural gas for lighting and the lighter cooking. They call it marsh gas, and find it at a depth of only 100 feet all through this district. The farmer simply digs a well and puts a big conical sheet-iron trap over it to catch the gas. From the trap it is piped into the house. But he has to dig a new well every four years, when gas no longer rises in the old one. His wife and pink-cheeked daughter wear leather shoes, and laugh when we tell them that at least the spiral of sticky fly paper hanging from the gas fixture in the kitchen makes it look like an American farmhouse.

We readily guessed why the big farmer invited us indoors, for in the parlor were four cases full of medals that his cows had been winning at fairs for the past twenty years or more. One case that he regarded with particular affection contained forty-two medals won by a single cow. Some of the milk yields butter, made in a dairy near the house. Most of it goes to the coöperative cheese factory a mile and a half away. It is a two-story brick building that an American would be apt to mistake for a rural schoolhouse, standing at four corners, with the inevitable little canal and row of trees on two sides.

The day's cheese making, or the first process of it, was all over by ten o'clock; but the operator showed us how the milk delivered by each member every morning is tested for butterfat, the member being credited accordingly. When the new cheese comes out of the vats it goes into earthen jars that mold it into balls the size of a child's head. The jars then go into a press with wooden stamps that bear down on the jar lids for two hours, to squeeze the whey out. The yellow cheese balls are then put in salt for two days, after which they spend two weeks curing in the storeroom upstairs. Then they go to market. This particular factory has twenty-seven members, delivering about 1800 gallons of milk a day. But all this part of Holland is dotted with cheese factories, mostly coöperative.

Formerly the town of Edam, over by the Zuyder Zee, was the chief cheese market of the region and that trade name still applies to all the round cheese. But of late years Alkmaar, northwest of Edam, and so near the ocean that the range of sand dunes along the coast is in plain view from the road, has been the most important market place. There the cheese is sold every Friday morning, but one should be on hand before ten o'clock. In fact, one should go up on Thursday evening and see the cheese come in.

The Cheese Market at Alkmaar

It is but little more than an hour by rail from Amsterdam; a good Dutch town of 20,000, and aside from cheese, much better worth seeing than Volendam and Marken, to which tourists flock. It looks pacific and secure enough now, but any guidebook will tell you that its successful resistance to besieging Spaniards, some 350 years ago, was one of many heroic episodes in the long fight for national independence. On the Thursday evening when I was there I easily read a newspaper out-of-doors at a quarter-past nine—by way of reminder that Alkmaar is quite a distance north.

Ponderous canal boats were tied up along the broad stone-paved market place, unloading cheese. Peeking into the hold, you see that the boat is equipped with shelves on which the yellow balls are piled. A man in the hold takes two at a time, one in each hand, and tosses them to a man on shore, who catches them with an ambidexterity that a baseball star might envy. The balls feel rubbery and will stand a good deal of knocking about. On shore, they are laid two deep in long, broad rows and covered with sailcloth. Some carts, and even three or four trucks, were bringing in cheese, also; but the canal boat gets the bulk of the traffic. Formerly in the Middle West it was a sign of municipal hospitality to erect hitching posts along both sides of Main Street for farmers to tie their horses to. In Dutch towns, I notice, they set iron rings in the pavement along the canals for boats to tie to.

When I visited the market place next morning its acre or more was quite covered, two deep, with cheese laid out under white cloth. It looked like enough cheese to feed the world, but a native assured me this was not one of the big markets. By nine o'clock buyers were swarming over the place. When I asked where they came from, my informant made a gesture that included all the horizon. Pretty literally, they come from everywhere—men in baggy trousers and rumpled sack coats that reminded me of South Water Street, Chicago, when that also was a renowned market. Each was armed with a butter tester in a leather sheath. Throwing back the sailcloth, the buyer picks up a cheese, squeezes it and stabs it with his tester. But he doesn't taste the contents of his tester—only crumbles it between thumb and forefinger.

When buyer and seller strike a bargain, an ancient organization of porters and weighmen comes into play. The porters wear white trousers, white shirts and beribboned straw hats of different colors—red, orange, yellow, blue—the color denoting the guild to which they belong. A leather harness over their shoulders hitches to the handles of long wooden cradles, one

(Continued on Page 191)

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(Continued from Page 188)

man in front and one behind. The pair load the bought cheeses into a cradle and carry it to a weighing house, of which there are several. There they set the cradle on one scale of a pair of enormous balances, and the weigher, also in a gaudy straw hat, heaves big iron weights into the opposite scale until the great beam overhead stands level. He then marks the weight of the load on one of the cheeses in what looked to me like ordinary red paint.

The porters hitch themselves to the cradle and tote the load to the canal boat, cart or truck that is to carry it away. It is a point of professional honor with the porters when laden to move always at a stiff-legged trot, intoning a plea to bystanders to get out of the way. Apparently length of service in the guild entitles a man to the responsible post of weigher, for all of them were patriarchs; but I should suppose that juggling those ponderous iron weights on and off the scale would be no child's exercise.

Although the apparatus looks so clumsy, the business is handled with dispatch. By half-past ten cheese will be pouring into boats and land vehicles. By eleven o'clock the market square will be nearly cleared of its layers of rubbery yellow balls. If the cheese is to be exported, it receives a bright red coat that preserves it in transit.

They Know Their Cheeses

A great deal is exported to America, which is high testimony to its intrinsic merits, for Americans invariably do all they can to ruin Edam cheese by scooping it out with a sharp spoon. After a day or two of this maltreatment, the whole cheese is bone dry and the flavor is injured. Set it down that Edam cheese should never be scooped with a spoon, but always cut in thin slices.

Holland exports yearly about 80,000 tons of cheese, valued around $30,000,000. Exports of butter come to almost as much, and of milk, either fresh, condensed or powdered, to more than $20,000,000. There are other by-products of the dairy, and it is said that 575,000 Hollanders directly depend for a living on the docile cow.

It was Dutch farmers themselves, working through their coöperative associations without waiting for the government, who put the first firm props under the dairy business. Every cheese that goes to market anywhere in Holland now bears a most ingenious paper stamp, containing letters and figures and other symbols along with a legend that means Netherland Cheese Control. By this label every cheese can be traced back to the maker.

There are, of course, various grades, such as Gouda full cream, Edam 40+, which is nearly full cream; Gouda 30+, Edam 20+, and so on, the numerals indicating the cream contents. For a long while the cheese trade, especially the export trade, was plagued by rogues who sold half-cream cheese for full cream and in other ways lowered or adulterated the product. Now the stamp on the cheese is a guaranty of quality, and Dutchmen agree that the cheese control is a mainstay of the industry. A butter control, also initiated by the farmers themselves, plays a like rôle in the marketing of that commodity. As with cheese, every package of butter bears its label. An English observer says that Help u Zelf might well be the national motto of Holland. There is what looks like unimpeachable testimony to the astonishing fact that some Dutch coöperative associations have refused government money.

Motoring an hour and a half, or even less, from Alkmaar brings you into an entirely different sort of agriculture; also to the largest unit of reclaimed land in Holland—so large that it supports the majestic title Haarlemmer Meere Polder, though only a native should try to say it in one mouthful. It may be repeated that the reclamation of the Low Country went on piecemeal during some centuries. Generally a local improvement district, or conservancy, carried it through. But the big job of draining Haarlem Lake and keeping it dry proved too much for local means. The road district, as we might term it, went broke; and the date on which the States General of Holland came to the rescue with a grant of 2,500,000 gulden was, until within the memory of living men, kept as an annual day of prayer in the town of Alsmeer.

That town, built on a bog, looks and feels to the foot even more amphibious than its neighbors a little way north. In parts of Amsterdam itself, I am reliably informed, the ground shakes when a heavy truck passes, although I was never able to experience such a Dutch earthquake there. Wet Alsmeer is the center of a very intensive flower cultivation. The town, in fact, is mostly a network of small canals inclosing flower gardens. Usually the water is only a foot or so below the land and you hardly know which element you are dealing with. The mucky soil is evidently very favorable for flowers, and this small town alone sends from 100,000 to 150,000 potted plants to Amsterdam every week.

On south all the way to Leiden you ride between flower gardens—tulips predominating south of Haarlem. It is well known that, having brought tulips from Asia, the Dutch enjoyed a fine frenzy over them around 1630, even paying 4000 florins for a single bulb. In a more sedate manner, they are still greatly devoted to flowers, which are on sale, cut or in pots, nearly everywhere. In many country towns you will notice a canal boat tied up at the street side with its load of blooms. But flowers have to pay their way. This flower region exports nearly $10,000,000 of bulbs and seeds yearly to the United States. Many a ton of imported Kansas wheat is paid for out of the flower beds.

The flower land is mainly held in small pieces and that helps to keep down the average size of a landholding in Holland. Nearly three-quarters of all the farms in the country are less than twenty-five acres. About 15 per cent of them are from twenty-five to fifty acres, and only 2 per cent are more than 125 acres. But two dozen people in the country own more than 500 acres, and only 216 holdings are more than 250 acres. Aside from flower land, it is a country of small farms; and a country where every hour or so by motor or train brings you into a district whose predominant industry is different from the one you left behind.

An Odorous Province

Less than that time from Leiden takes you to the village of Boskoop, where and whereabouts 8000 people make a living cultivating nursery stock, mainly for export. These Boskoop nurserymen send representatives yearly to the United States, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland to look over the trade situation and book orders. It is remarkable that plants which will flourish in all those diverse lands and climates should be cultivated successfully on this handbreadth of water-intersected Dutch soil. From Boskoop it is only a step over to Gouda, which is the center of another cheese district, producing the flat type—in size and shape much like a layer cake. And for a complete change of scene, still on Dutch soil, you may run across Nord Brabant to the southernmost province of Limburg, which reminds me of the principal reason why nations go to war.

The Middle West village in which I grew up was then peopled so largely by native American stock that any foreigner was conspicuous. But two German families sent their children to the public school, and when we wished to offer these youngsters a racial insult, we used to sing, or bawl, a ditty beginning:

Cheese, cheese, Limburger cheese,
Open the window and give us a breeze.

Generally speaking, we liked the German children very well and played with them on terms of perfect equality. But every now and then some mysterious primordial urge prompted us to hurl opprobrium and defiance at their alien nationality—which says as little for our manners as the fact that we supposed Limburger cheese to be a German product says for our instruction in geography. Another way of insulting them was to call them Dutch, which we genially believed to be a term of derision for Germans, something like calling a negro a nigger. But of ourselves, racially speaking, we young Hottentots thought extremely well.

The odorous province of Limburg is one of the prettiest bits of country in Europe or in the world; almost as hilly as our Berkshires, growing grain in strips or quadrilateral patches, two or three acres in extent, with many fruit trees, and winding roads over the hills—a scene completely different from the flat watery land that you left but a short time before. A charming country; and I am told one may eat Limburger cheese for breakfast, but do not vouch for the statement.

Holland's George Washington

The Dutch have now developed the coal mines of Limburg until 80 per cent of their requirements are met from that source. Maastricht, the capital of the province, goes back to Roman times and has the oldest church in Holland, dating from the sixth century. The tomb of the founder, discovered only fifty-odd years ago, may be seen in a crypt. But much more interesting is the town's chapter in the bitter eighty-year war against Spain for national independence. The chapter is dismally like that of many other Dutch towns. For the principal episode, having stood off a Spanish army under the Duke of Parma for four months, Maastricht fell and the victors slaughtered 8000 inhabitants, which was all they could lay hands on.

Almost every place in Holland has some memorial of that epic fight by a little country against what was then the greatest military power in Europe. But an American who as a youth thrilled over Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic—and is still proud that a fellow countryman wrote the classic history of the struggle—will prefer the one at Delft where William the Silent, whom the Spaniards had failed to overcome in the field or by diplomacy, was put out of the way by assassination not far from the fine church which contains a monument to him. Aside from that, Delft, still carrying on the potteries that made it famous long ago, is extremely well worth seeing.

It is odd that an object so foreign to Holland as an orange should supply the title heads to its chapters from the middle of the sixteenth century down to the present day. The House of Orange, of course, arose in Southern France, where oranges may grow. The fancy of an emperor transplanted it to the Netherlands. William the Silent, of that house, who organized the resistance to Spain, has the same place in Dutch affections that Washington has in ours, with the additional dramatic appeal of his assassination. Another Prince of Orange—who, having married the heir of the Stuarts, figures in English history as King William III—led the Dutch in their desperate struggle against Louis XIV when France, in its turn, was the greatest military power of Europe. In both those wars the Dutch cut the dikes. In some less conspicuous national crises, Princes of Orange have served the country well; and apparently, except for some extreme socialists, Holland is quite satisfied with its monarchical form of government under the House of Orange.

Everybody knows that one man's meat is another man's poison; and it is rather unfortunate that, so often, one country's heroes have to be another country's villains. Not a great many years ago an elderly but generally intelligent Englishman remarked that, after all, George Washington was a far greater traitor than Benedict Arnold. William III not only fought hard and well against the aggressive tyranny of Louis XIV but ruthlessly put down a military rising in

(Continued on Page 193)

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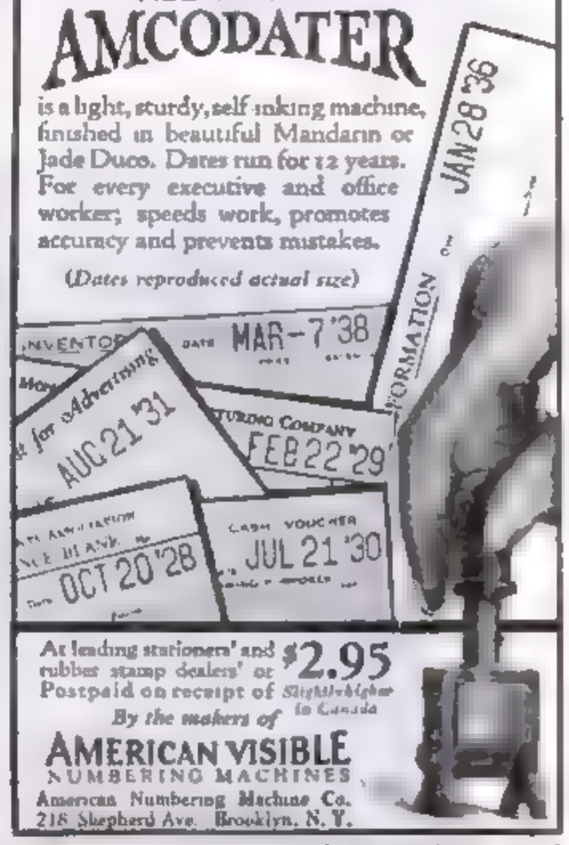

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Make Big Money Selling Christmas Cards Now

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Exquisite Cards—more beautiful than ever before—the very finest 1927 collection, value $10—sent free to introduce Hertel's exclusive line of Greeting Cards.

Men and women are now selling to friends and neighbors during spare time, many earning $50 to $100 weekly and more. No experience necessary. They sell on sight.

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Name ..... Age .....

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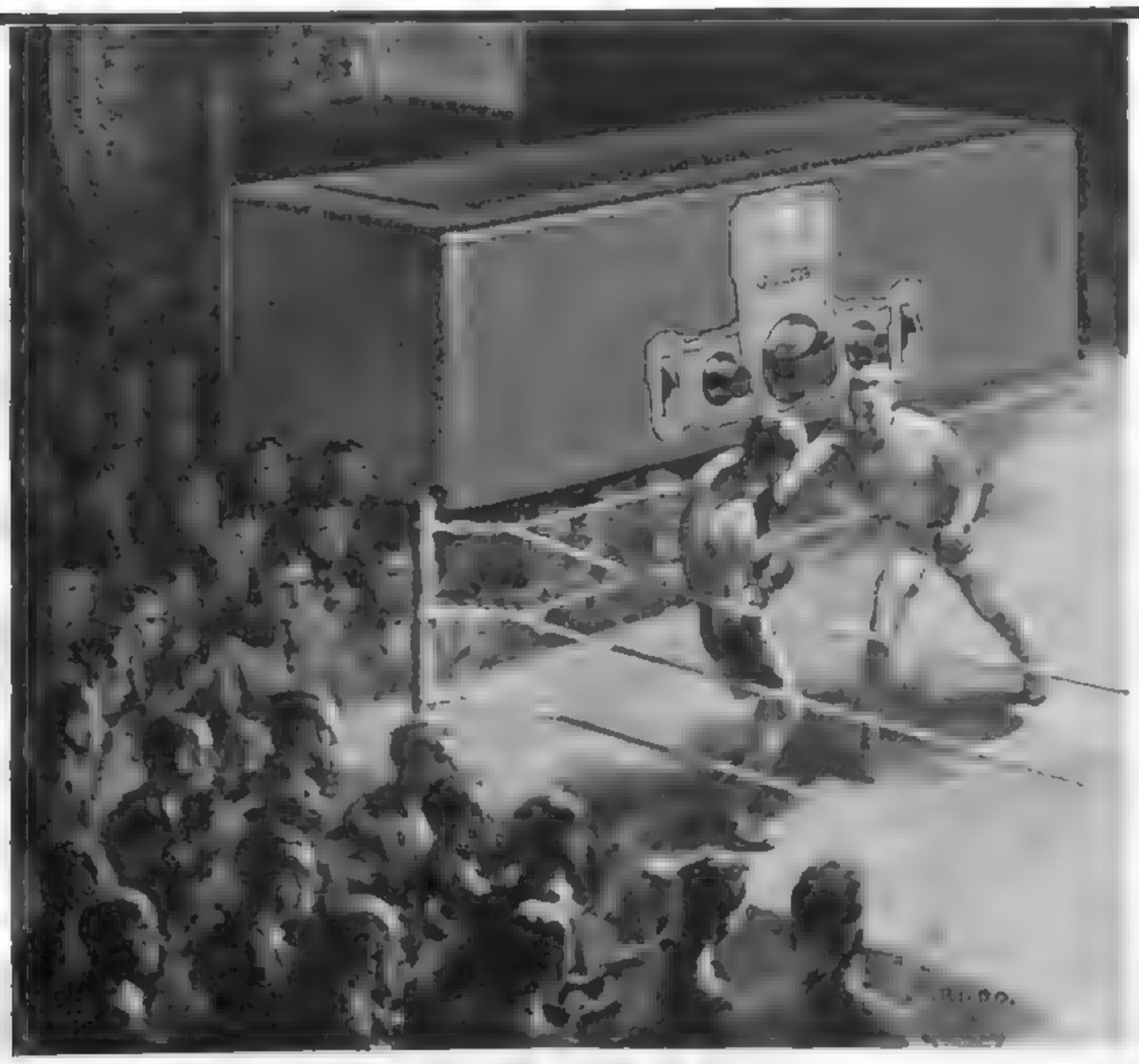
City ..... State .....

—when the crown stands or falls...

"—You're *there* with a Crosley..."



The BANDBOX

A 6 Tube Receiver *of* unmatchable quality at $55

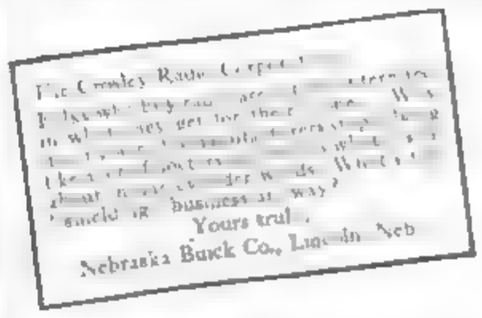
Many features of this set have been found heretofore only in the most expensive radio. Since Crosley is licensed to manufacture under nearly all important radio patents, this combination, with Crosley leadership and experience, naturally produced an amazing radio, the remarkable value of which can be judged by the following features incorporated and by seeing it and hearing it at your dealer's.

1. Completely shielded coils, condensers and wiring. 2. Acuminators for sharper tuning. 3. Completely balanced genuine neutrodyne. 4. Volume control. 5. Single tuning knob. 6. Illuminated dial. 7. Single cable outside connections. 8. Designed for easy installation in consoles. 9. Beautiful frosted brown crystalline finished cabinet.

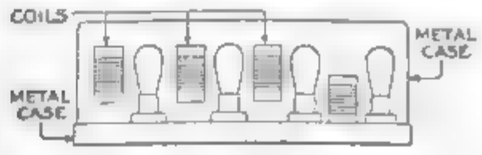
AC model using new R.C.A. AC tubes and working directly from electric light socket through Crosley Power Converter is $65. Power Converter $60 extra.

Hear this wonderful new contribution to the enjoyment of radio. If you cannot find one of the 16,000 Crosley dealers near you, write Dept. 31 for his name and literature.

Crosley is licensed to manufacture under licenses of the Radio Corporation of America and associate companies, also The Hazeltine Corporation and Latour Corporation.



Shielding is necessary in a modern radio receiver. The more sensitive the set is, the more you need it. Some sets are merely housed in a metal case. This



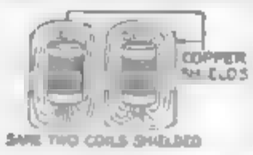
helps to keep strong local signals from breaking through, but it is even more important to keep them where they belong after you get them the proper way from the antenna.

A set has tubes, condensers and coils. Here is a coil. The lines around it are the magnetic field. You know the earth's magnetic field will work a compass down in a mine, or up in a plane (it certainly worked for Lindbergh) and the coil's around unshielded coils get all mixed up and the set howls and squeals and has to be choked off by turning down the filaments in the tubes.

Now if the coils are housed in copper shields the fields can't mess each other up, and the tubes can do a real job of amplifying. The coils in Crosley sets have these copper shields, and there isn't anything better.

Then there are the condensers, and if it wasn't for the shield around them, the fields would act like those in the coils, and the results would be just as bad, or worse.

It isn't enough to shield the coils and the condensers, because even the wiring of the set has fields around it. This too is shielded, as it is in all really high grade sets.



Of course, it's all in knowing how to do it, but that's why Crosley sets can be as good as the best without costing half as much.

CONDENSERS PROPERLY HOUSED

APPROVED CONSOLES

Sets are [illegible] for use in Crosley Consoles. Manufactured by the Crosley "Bandbox" Furniture. Made in both Console and Table styles from the very finest woods throughout.

H. T. ROBERTS CO.
[illegible] Madison Ave.
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The Home of Mr. Industry

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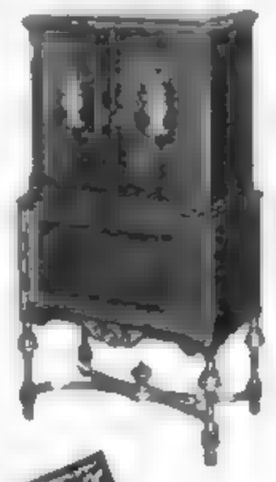
$65

$85



IMPROVED MUSICONES

Musicones improve the reception of any radio set. They are perfect [illegible] in beauty and tone [illegible] Crosley Radio. A valuable mode [illegible] 11-inch Ultra-Musicone, $9.75

CROSLEY RADIO

The Crosley Radio Corporation, Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains

(Continued from Page 191)

Ireland. Hence, though orange is the color of political affection in Holland, I can remember when to exhibit a ribbon of it on the West Side of Chicago on St. Patrick's Day was to invite a broken head. Holland is, of course, a constitutional monarchy, with real power in an elected assembly; and politics is about the same sorry mess that politics is everywhere.

Limburg coal is practically Holland's only mineral resource, and that is not enough to meet domestic needs; yet last year the Dutch exported nearly 60,000 tons of pig iron to the United States, which is the world's best storehouse of minerals. With no ore and insufficient coal, Holland had always left the production of heavy iron and steel goods to more fortunately situated countries; but her factories worked up much imported steel into finished commodities, such as nails and wire rope, besides all the finer forms that go into every sort of machinery. During the World War exports of steel were rigidly restricted on every hand; England, Germany and France wanted theirs for cannon. Dutch industry was much embarrassed. When the war ended, a representative company of Dutch business men undertook to see what might be done to prevent a recurrence of that condition.

To tell it as briefly as possible, they formed a corporation which is commonly known by the most distinctive word in its ponderous Dutch title—namely, Hoogovens, meaning high furnaces. This company built two modern blast furnaces on the North Sea Canal, prudently calling in American engineers to design them. It bought control of two German coal mines to insure a supply of that material in addition to what it could draw from Limburg. For limestone it bought a quarry in Belgium. For iron ore it made long-term contracts with mines in Sweden, Normandy, Spain and Algiers.

The first iron was poured in January, 1924. But there are many steps between raw pig iron and steel in the finished or semi-finished condition that Dutch factories use. Holland wanted Hoogoven's pigs only as a sort of insurance. Nearly the whole output is exported. To find buyers in highly competitive markets for pig iron made on Dutch soil out of ore brought from Sweden and Africa, limestone from Belgium and coal from Germany—particularly when Holland's relatively high wage scale is taken into account—seems a formidable undertaking. But so far markets have been found. Last year more than 50 per cent of the total production was sold in the United States. There is an old English or American saying which suggests the difficulty of beating the Dutch.

The Land of Happy Babies

By such feats Dutch industry finds a living for so many people on so small a plot of ground. For a good many years the population has been growing by excess of births over deaths at the rate of about 100,000 a year. In 1918, when World War pressure was hardest, births exceeded deaths only 52,000 and next year only 72,000; but in 1920 the figure jumped to 107,000 and it has held at 100,000 or more ever since. At the beginning of this century Holland supported only 5,104,137 souls. The number has since increased nearly 50 per cent, and rises yearly. Belgium, with 1000 fewer square miles of territory, has about 500,000 more inhabitants at present; but the Belgian population has been nearly stationary of late years.

Naturally, this steady increase in population is regarded with grave concern. There is a birth-control movement, but apparently with little public support, for it failed to get its bill introduced in the last session of the States General. And so far room has been found for the increasing swarm. Unemployment, taking the country over, is slight. There has been no lowering of wages or of the standard of living. Emigration offsets the excess of births over deaths to only a small extent. As many as we will admit come to the United States yearly, but that outlet is negligible. Canada, on the other hand, bids for Dutch immigrants.

While on this question of population, I must mention a Dutch product that ought to be, at least, as highly celebrated as the cheese. That is babies. Observant American women, whose testimony is more weighty than mine, agree with me that nowhere else are the babies so invariably round, rosy and visibly overflowing with health and contentment. What a lot of them, too, in town and country! Again, it may be the cheese.

Some hopeful statesmen talk of relief from crowding through emigration to the colonies on an important scale. But people who know the colonies best seem not to agree with them. This small European nation rules a colonial empire half as big as all Europe, with Russia left out, and containing some 40,000,000 souls—a sizable reminder of the days when the Netherlands disputed supremacy at sea with England, and often bested her. No doubt Java, Sumatra, Borneo and the smaller islands of the East Indian Archipelago are very well governed, and of considerable economic importance to Holland; but only about 50,000 Dutchmen live in that great stretch of Dutch-ruled water and sea, extending along the equator for one-ninth the circumference of the globe. There seems small likelihood that a much greater number ever will.

Water Traffic Congestion

One means of relief is already in hand. The government has undertaken to drain the Zuyder Zee, or the greater part of it, building a huge dam across the northern end and pumping out the water until a lake—eventually of fresh water—covering about 360,000 acres remains. Into this lake the rivers that now run into Zuyder Zee will empty, and it will receive the drainage of the new polders. In this way some 500,000 acres of fertile soil will be added to Holland's land area. But an American, used to our brisk methods in dealing with large projects, is rather dashed to learn that by the official estimate seventy years will be required for the work. If the population continues to increase at the present rate, there will be 7,000,000 additional inhabitants to claim the 500,000 additional acres.

The country not only cannot feed itself but total imports exceed total exports by 40 per cent—last year's figures, when the trade balance was less unfavorable than in some other years. That deficit in the movement of goods out of the country, as compared with the inward movement, must in considerable part be made good by the earnings of Dutch ships and of Dutch capital working abroad. Since the Middle Ages, Hollanders have, of course, been famous ocean carriers and bankers. The waterways at Rotterdam, where the Maas carries the Rhine barges, sometimes give an impression of traffic congestion that would make an American feel at home if the vehicles were on wheels. Almost anywhere in the Low Country, as the big canals are generally higher than the surrounding land and nearly bank full, you may get the pleasing illusion of a large boat sailing majestically across a pasture.

At the North Sea Canal our car had to wait for the ferry, which was hardly more than a raft that the operators pulled across by means of a wire rope. But before the ferry started over for us a big East Indiaman, inbound from Java, got so near that the ferrymen dropped the cable into the canal to let her sail by, after which they recovered the cable by a windlass and hauled us over. That offers a suggestion of the diverse means by which water traffic is handled. Now and then you will still see a big canal boat hauled by a harnessed man on the towpath, and you will observe that his job is no sinecure.

Once I saw two youths in harness, pulling the boat. You will see boats propelled

Thompson's Chocolate

"DOUBLE MALTED"

MALTED MILK *at home*

Seven million children are playing soda-fountain! They are shaking up Chocolate Malted Milks for the whole family—in real style. They put two spoonfuls of Thompson's into a shaker, or an ordinary mason jar, add a glass of milk and shake! Like magic, out comes a rich, creamy, bubbly Chocolate Malted Milk.

No one needs coaxing to drink milk! Three glasses of milk a day is fun this new way.

Why Thompson's Is So Popular

Thompson's is so fine that it will dissolve in cold milk instantly, without lumping. That is because of the famous "DOUBLE MALTED" process. The vitamins are not destroyed and the activity of the enzymes, the malt tonic property, is retained. Quickly digested, Thompson's helps digest other foods. That is why you pick up health and energy when you drink it for breakfast or during the day. And at night, light, and yet nourishing, it is a snug nightcap inducing restful sleep.

Ask Children

They will tell you, how many of their friends enjoy it—and then ask for Thompson's Chocolate Malted Milk at any druggist or grocer. Every 60-cent pound package makes thirty drinks. You can also get it in five-pound packages with a large seventy-five cent aluminum shaker free. If you want a tryout Malted Milk party in your home some time next week, mail the coupon.

At the Soda Fountain

Your soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk so as to serve you with an extra quality malted milk drink. Look for the Thompson's serving jar at the soda fountain.

Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED"

Sweet Chocolate Flavor

Malted Milk

30 real "professional" Chocolate Malted Milks for 60¢

Thompson's Malted Food Co.
Dept. 310 Waukesha, Wis.

Gentlemen:—

☐ Please send me your solid aluminum Individual Shaker large enough for one serving and a 3-day sample package of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk for which I enclose 25c. OR

☐ Please send me your 3-day sample package (without shaker) for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Street City

IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

Since you can't keep shoes from scuffing, why not keep scuffs from showing?

There is so little to do. Nothing is needed except the magic touch of the dauber from the Dyanshine bottle. No scuff can resist it. It conquers the blemishes—restoring the smooth, even color of the shoes.

Faded spots disappear. Dull, lifeless leather takes on new vitality and new lustre.

The preserving oil in this magic polish builds up the resistance of shoes—prevents hardening and cracking.

No abuse of wear can escape the transformation that its color restorer works in the appearance of your shoes.

Only the proud lustre that shoes know when new can surpass the quality of the shine that follows.

You'll find Dyanshine at your dealer's in tans, browns, black and white, and a neutral polish for any shade or color of leather. If he cannot supply you, send fifty cents to us for a bottle of more than fifty shines. Tell us the color of your shoes. We'll send the polish postpaid. Barton Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Dyanshine has a threefold action on your shoes. It preserves the leather, restores the color and produces a soft transparent lustre. Most entirely without the use of nitro benzene, nitro benzol, or any injurious chemical reactant whatever. It is safe for you and safe for your shoes.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

To conceal scuffs. Trim the scuffed edges (if frayed) with scissors. Then go over the scuffed spots one time or two with the dauber. This brings the color back uniform with the rest of the shoe. Proceed then to polish the shoe—rubbing with a soft cloth or buffer to bring the lustre.

To restore color. Clean the shoes thoroughly by using Dyanshine as a cleaner. Do this by applying liberally and wiping off with a clean cloth. Then apply Dyanshine for shining, giving an extra touch or two to faded spots. Clear, rich color comes back like magic.

To prevent cracking. The preserving oil in Dyanshine never shows—you never see it. Yet it protects the leather against hardening and cracking. Shoes shined once or twice a week remain soft, full of life and vitality, free from cracking and stiffness.

by long poles, while the human propeller monotonously tramps back and forth, leaning his weight on the pole. Where the waterway is wide enough, you will see canal boats operated by big sails. And you will see span-new low side-wheel steamers pulling four or five strictly modern barges tandem. Very likely, whether the boat is propelled by a pole, sail or steam, the family washing will hang in the rigging and a woman and some children will be at home on board.

Holland, I suppose, is the only civilized country where railroads play second fiddle in the movement of goods. A great deal of the local water-borne traffic is not a matter of record, but I find an estimate that rivers and canals carry three times as much goods as the railroads.

Water, which served so well in that respect in the past, is still seriously counted upon as a means of national defense. The War Office, I am told, has a detailed and feasible plan by which dikes could be opened and a strip about seventy-eight miles long by seven and a half miles wide flooded in a very short time. True, the water for the most part would be shallow; but the strategy of the scheme contemplates that an invading army, starting to wade across, would fall into the numberless intersecting canals and drown—to the great satisfaction of the Dutch general staff.

A patriotic anecdote has it that on one of Queen Wilhelmina's visits to Potsdam the Kaiser treated her to a parade of his bodyguard and asked her to observe that the men were nearly all six feet tall. "In order to get into Holland," said the Queen, "they would have to be two feet taller." But Dutchmen, while repeating the story with relish, are doubtless glad the guards didn't try it.

The Dutch Income Tax

In the water traffic, as in the flower beds, the cheese factories and numberless other rather small activities, a great many livings are found. It is, of course, a country of what we would call small incomes. I am told that the national income tax is closely collected, with negligible evasions, and as this tax begins with incomes of only $320 a year, it embraces a very great part of the gainfully employed population. Indeed, for the year ending April 30, 1925—the latest for which a full report is available—more than one-fifth of the total population was embraced in the income-tax returns. Total reported income for that year was but little short of $1,000,000,000.

There were 614,616 taxpayers in Group One, which embraces incomes from $320 to $560. They were 37.83 per cent of the total number of taxpayers and their aggregate income was 17.33 per cent of the total.

In Group Two, ranging from $560 to $800, there were 463,961 taxpayers, or 28.56 per cent of the total number; while Group Three, including incomes from $800 to $2000, showed 454,153 returns, accounting for 27.95 per cent of the total number of taxpayers and 33.47 per cent of the total income.

Thus these three groups, in which the highest income is $2000, embrace 94.34 per cent of the total number of taxpayers, and their aggregate incomes amount to 71.11 per cent of the total reported income.

Leaving $2000 a year, we mount into what might be called the millionaire class. In Group Four, including incomes from $2000 to $4000 a year, there were only 64,824 returns, and the aggregate income of the group was 11.22 per cent of the total income. Group Five, embracing incomes from $4000 to $8000 a year, included but 18,297 persons, with aggregate income amounting to 6.6 per cent of the total; and only 8729 citizens fell in Group Six, with incomes of $8000 up, their aggregate income being 11.07 per cent of the total income.

Besides the national income tax, there is a provincial tax, a city tax and a general property tax, so that a foreigner, unless he has abundant time, will do well to rest content with the broad statement by a well-informed resident that a Dutchman with an income of $3000 to $5000 a year will pay one-quarter of it in taxes, while a young man earning $600 to $800 a year will give up one month's salary out of the twelve to the tax-gatherers.

The Price of Neutrality

This is in good part a war legacy. To maintain neutrality, Holland mobilized army and navy. In 1917 the food control alone—a price-regulating scheme for the benefit of consumers—cost the treasury $140,000,000. No relief is in sight at present.

Yet by any fair standard of European comparison, Holland is a notably prosperous country. Important and costly improvements go on; new and fine buildings in Amsterdam; and a whole new, fine section of the city has been built up since the war on filled-in land. A suburb of Rotterdam reminded me of the land-making operations that flourished in Florida two years ago, only the sand, instead of being easily pumped from a near-by shallow sea, was brought from the dunes along the coast. For sand dunes also are made an asset in that country.

Holland long ranked with England as a free-trade or low-tariff country, importing food like England and like her carrying on a big trans-shipping trade. But now, like all her neighbors, she is much vexed by tariff. For example, the Dutch built up a very important business in the manufacture of electric lamps and other appliances. Part of the output went to France. Now France has cracked up the tariff to keep it out and that disturbs the whole Dutch industry. Again, some glassworks in the south are showing a bad state of unemployment. Manufacturers say the Germans are dumping on them—selling goods in Holland decidedly below the German price. They clamor for tariff protection. But if Holland puts up the duty on glass, somebody will put up the duty on something else.

It is beyond dispute that but for taxes and tariffs, Western Europe, with the World War less than nine years behind it, would be decidedly more prosperous than ever before. Perhaps on a fair comparison large parts of it are more prosperous anyhow. Such is the recuperative power of thismuch abused capitalist-machine régime.

OPTIMISM AND THE TRUCK PATCH

(Continued from Page 19)

including gasoline. If the negro's long period of idleness—upward of eight months, scattered from Christmas to Christmas—were halfway devoted to livestock and vegetables for household consumption, his cotton would represent a cash surplus, and at the end of the leanest season Isom need never be smothered with debt.

Every progressive farmer feels the weight of this millstone and talks himself blue in the face trying to persuade Isom that he must feed his progeny out of the ground. Year after year overburdened landlords repeat the same experiment of providing truck patches for their tenants, rent free, with free seed, and hiring experts to instruct them in the care of livestock. Brood sows are distributed, eggs supplied for hatching, high-class cattle provided. But it's too easy for Isom to get a quick meal on credit from the store. Under this perpetual drain our river country bleeds to death. The whole condition seems so grotesque that frugal

(Continued on Page 197)

Merchants! Is this, after all, the *greatest thing* in retailing?

WHAT do your customers say about your store? Are home and sewing circle conversations friendly or unfriendly?

Merchants may be concerned about group stores, mail order and other competition, but isn't this matter of friendly customer relations of vastly more importance?

And how are modern merchants planning to better satisfy their customers? Not through spectacular methods, that is sure. Isn't it rather through an even stricter adherence to tried and proved policies of fair and open-handed dealing?

These policies are the greatest thing in retailing success today. For more than anything else, they tend to build public goodwill and confidence.

* * *

Such stores display only merchandise which instantly inspires confidence and whose merit is quickly demonstrated

In refrigerators particularly, merchants say, these qualities are necessary. For while the true value of most merchandise is easily proved, the one *vital* part—the part whose efficiency varies most widely in ordinary refrigerators—the insulation—is *totally hidden from view*.

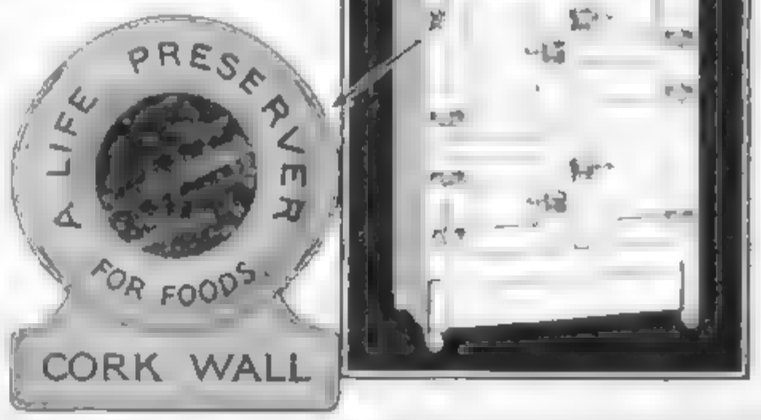
Largely because the Alaska Refrigerator embodies an ingenious feature which lifts its insulation above *all* suspicion, it fits in perfectly with the strong, substantial policies of these better merchants.

And see how Alaska craftsmen have removed even the last shade of doubt. They have provided a small glass window in the front of every genuine Alaska, through which customers can actually *see* the extra thick, clean, high grade cork which is tightly and solidly fitted between its sturdy walls.

Nothing is left to imagination or guesswork. Customers have no fear that faulty insulation may threaten the health of their families. Instead, they know exactly what they are getting. They buy Alaskas with complete and unhesitating confidence.

* * *

Whether or not you are immediately in need of a refrigerator, get acquainted with the merchant who displays Alaskas. He is a good man to know, for he is building his business on the solid foundation of public goodwill and confidence. The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.



There is a full frame of complete food safety in Alaska's uniformly frigid, circulating dry air. Alaskas also offer immaculate interior and exterior finishes of smooth porcelain or enamel; easily cleaned round corners, rugged construction and hardware, beauty unsurpassed.

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Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

Due to scientific designing, the Alaska adapts itself perfectly to either ice or mechanical refrigeration.

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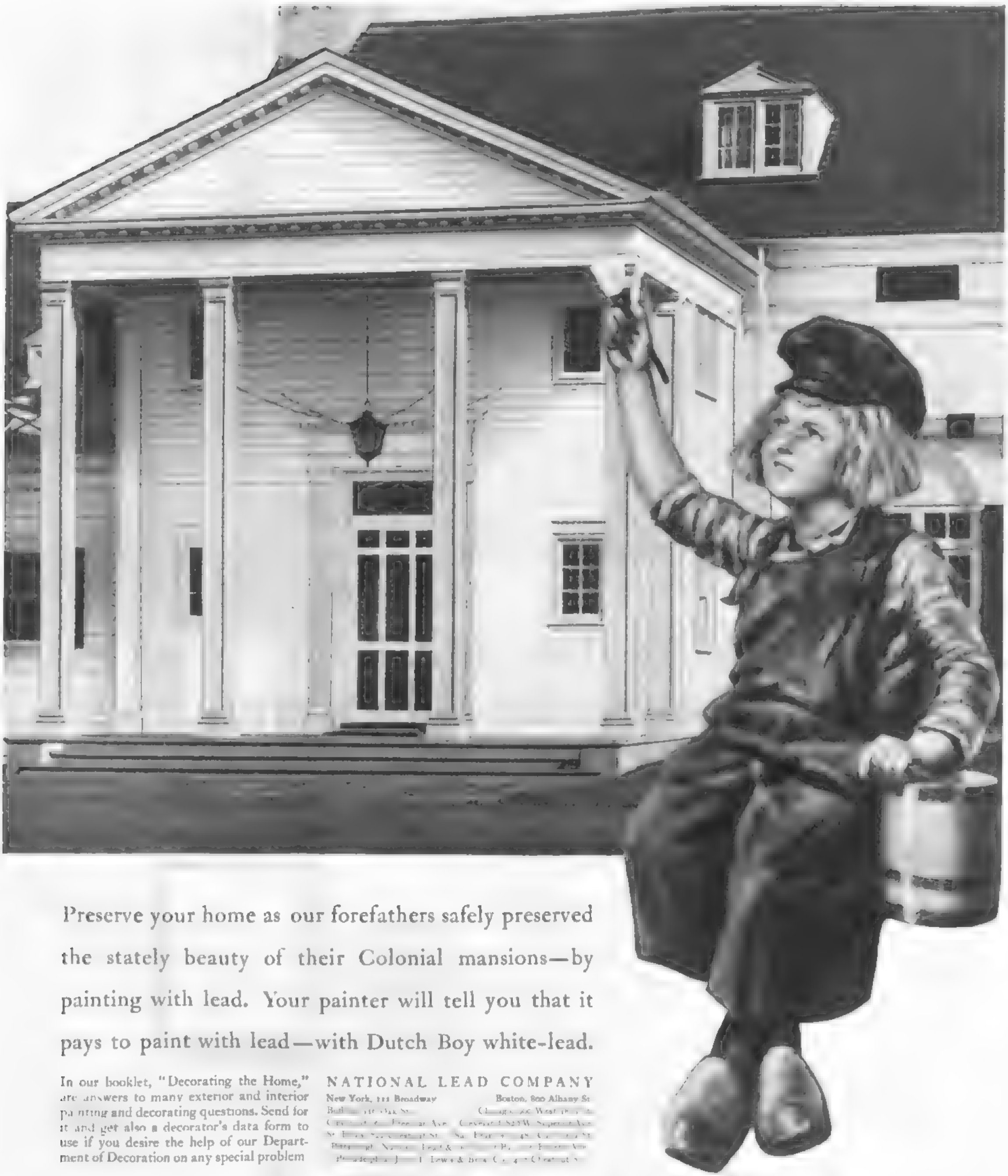

Preserve your home as our forefathers safely preserved the stately beauty of their Colonial mansions—by painting with lead. Your painter will tell you that it pays to paint with lead—with Dutch Boy white-lead.

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NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway Boston, 800 Albany St

"PAINT WITH LEAD"

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

(Continued from Page 194)

farmers of Vermont or East Tennessee cannot understand. They ask, "Why? Why?"

The causes are simple. But first let us narrow the inquiry to a smaller area, the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta between Vicksburg and Memphis. That's a new country and the psychology of its people differs from that of any other agricultural class on earth.

To begin with, originally they had little of the farming spirit—more of the pioneer, the explorer of unknown jungles. The marvelous fecundity of this area attracted men of adventurous instinct, to whom its dangers were an added lure. Knights-errant are never conservative, not the penny-paring kind. Conservatives stick to concrete roads, while visionaries blaze the path to new empires. The dauntless settlers of our Delta were visionaries who foresaw the future of that land. Later, as cotton planters, they gambled lavishly with Nature for big stakes, rather than practice the slow and patient economies of a farm.

Grubstaked by the Bank

The finest of long-staple cotton, impossible for poor hill lands, could be grown upon these isolated lands. But the planter must fight with fevers, drain the land and combat the annual deluge in order to make cotton. Cotton—cotton was the capital prize in his lottery. Nothing mattered except cotton. Why should he scrimp and stint when one crop at high prices meant a fortune? With precisely the same spirit as the forty-niners in California, the cotton prospector gathered his grubstake and went after what he wanted. Did the gold prospector try to save ten cents on eggs by setting his own hens when the next stroke of his pickax might uncover yellow millions? Not much. He let everything slide, and dug for gold. So did the cotton miner.

In the course of time, long before the Civil War, business became more stabilized for cotton, just as it did for the gold miner. The cotton seeker now possessed a well-ordered plantation, while the bonanza king developed his ore on sound commercial principles. Though the old, old spirit lingered in them both, the planter, with no railroads and no turnpikes, must supply his necessities at home. Perhaps he had 500 mouths to feed from his smokehouse, his dairy, his barnyard and fields. Sheep gave them mutton, gave them wool for clothing and for hats. Home-bred cattle supplied the beef, and leather for their shoes. Simple abundance overflowed the land. Planters had broken away from the all-cotton fetish when the upheaval of '61 left them stranded, with no labor, no work stock, only the empty land.

Returning from Appomattox, the Delta farmer possessed a single asset—his acre that would produce a bale of cotton if he could procure the means to cultivate it. A naked world clamored for cotton at one dollar a pound and gladly financed any man that might produce the staple. So the planter goes to the merchant or bank and mortgages his potential crop for money to operate. He can borrow on cotton and cotton only. If he were to plant 5000 acres of corn, cowpeas or tomatoes—anything except cotton—nobody would lend him a five-cent piece.

So here he is again, tied to the same post of fifty years ago—cotton. He could return to cotton, but could not also return to the dairy, the smokehouse, the hennery and truck patch, because Isom is now a free man. No longer can the planter say, "Isom, I want you to tend a cow and have your own milk. Isom, plant these tomatoes and butter beans." Isom will do nothing of the sort. He refuses to monkey with livestock or garden sass; the planter must furnish him from the commissary, otherwise Isom cannot make a crop of cotton.

Misfortunes of war set back our Delta planter to exactly where his grandfather started—a cotton miner now grubstaked by the merchant or the bank. On his right hand stands the creditor with a mortgage, at his left Isom looms up. Dangling as he is between hell and high water, the planter must hitch his wagon to a cotton star.

Nevertheless, his optimism has not weakened. Remember that neither sissies nor weaklings settled our Delta; only the sturdiest and most virile of Anglo-Saxons. Descendants of such fathers keep a stiff upper lip, undismayed by catastrophe. A bad year does not bluff them any more than a poker addict feels downcast over the loss of a pot. Why worry? He's an optimist, with unshakable confidence in the cards now being dealt.

Critics say that debt rests upon a Delta man more lightly than drizzle on a duck's back. Sure! So does every other form of trouble. What's the sense of looking mournful when he'll win the next pot, make a killing and pay everybody? Tomorrow's fortune is the Delta creed.

Optimism being contagious, his negro tenants catch it from the white planter. Why should Isom squeeze nickels? Why nag himself with pigs and 'tater patch when tomorrow's thousands are so sure?

In the primitive beginnings of our Delta the country was regarded as unfit for homes of white men. Few planters took wife and children to "the swamp." Black tenants and bachelor managers cultivated the soil, their houses being flimsy shacks of discomfort and whisky and six-shooters. After a generation of conquest the bear and mosquito would never recognize their former haunts, with marshes drained, forests cleared, artesian water, consolidated schoolhouses, a gridiron of railroads and hard-surfaced highways. Under what they considered levee protection, the Delta became a densely populated section, with telephones and automobiles converting its isolation into a modern community. Then, on April 21, 1927, the levee broke at Mounds Landing.

Along the green slopes of our levees today lie thousands of sacks, tumbled in grotesque heaps, like corpses of the slain. Whitening beneath the sun, they remind us of frenzied efforts that failed to keep out the river. There's the crevasse, a great gap in the embankment, with jagged ends through which Father Mississippi hurled his victorious legions—more than twice the terrifying power that makes Niagara a wonder of the world.

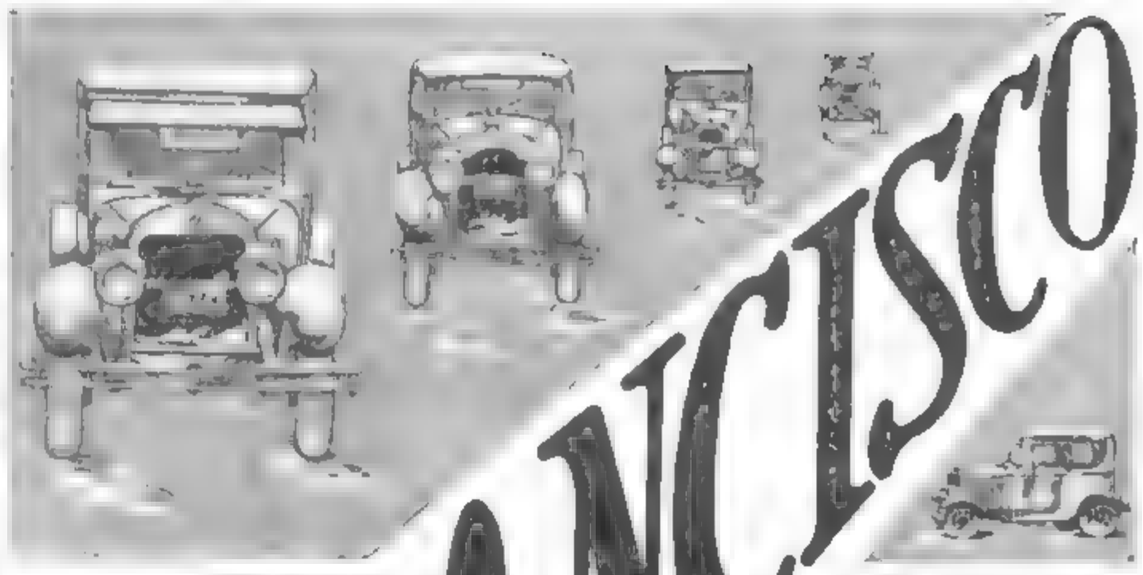
For nearly three months this incredible flood—double that of Niagara Falls—raced and swirled and eddied across the land. Now it is gone—and leaves exposed a hideous wreckage.

At the upper edge of the overflow stands a cabin on Egypt Ridge—a four-room whitewashed negro shack. Circling its walls, about three feet from the ground, there runs a line of dirty yellow—the high-water mark. According to tradition, Egypt Ridge had never before gone under water; nor did the 1927 crest rise very high. And here it soonest fell. Therefore the family in this cabin was one of the first to be rehabilitated.

Where Nothing Matters

The place is a picture of wretchedness. A barefooted black woman in bedraggled gingham slouches across the mud, apparently bent with age, weary and sullen. Yet, in years, that woman is young. Listlessly she moves away, then halts, undecided; stops and hesitates, with a vacant stare. Go or stay—it is all the same. Nothing matters.

An old, old hag totters to the doorway and leans against it. Her hair is grizzled, the lines of her face deep furrowed. She wavers and trembles. Without a smile to the white folks, this ancient crone nods that I may enter and see what the Red Cross has given them. They have been rehabilitated. The younger woman turns back, empty faced. Inside their cabin, amidst the squalor of such belongings as did not float away, I see a new cheap washstand. The paper sticks in splotches to its varnish. Already they have a bed—a smelly old bed with water-drenched bedding—a tattered mosquito bar, two creaky



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An unheated car is as out of date today as an automobile without a starter. Hundreds of thousands of motorists have had their cars equipped with the genuine FRANCISCO Heater—and they ride in perfect comfort, even on the coldest, most blustery days of midwinter.

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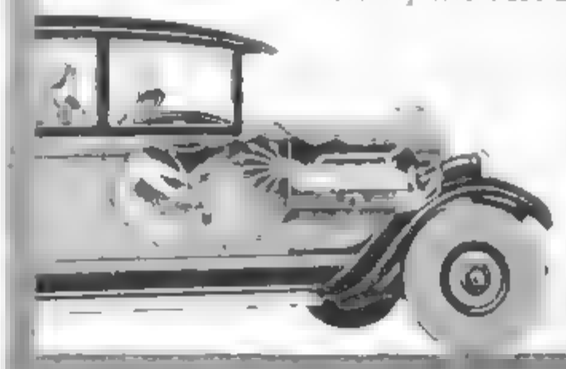

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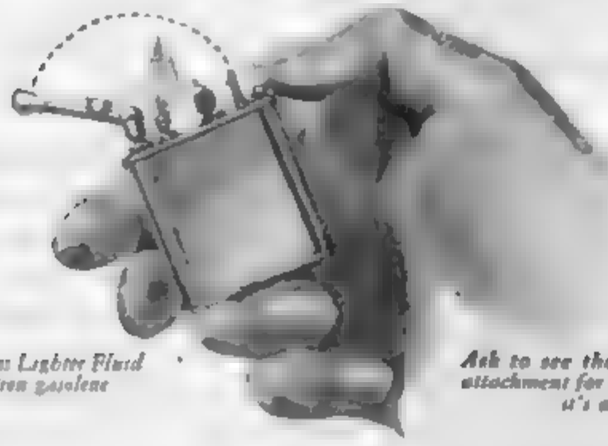
The Douglass Lighter

Press the trigger—there's your light



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skeletons of chairs. On the kitchen floor is a new cookstove, unbelievably tiny. It looks like a toy, a grim sort of joke. Two or three pans, a bucket, with several knives and forks, complete their rehabilitation. The Red Cross would gladly give more, but this task is of such colossal magnitude that only the rudiments of camp equipment can be supplied.

Silently, stupidly, the two women stand and gaze upon their tragic possessions. Now I observe that both of them are afflicted with pellagra. The backs of their hands seem scalded as by hot water, skin and flesh apparently peeling off. Newspapers quote the physicians as saying that pellagra is due to lack of milk, because all the people's cows have been drowned. That may be true—I'm not a medical man—but on Egypt Ridge few if any cattle were lost; and these women seem of the kind that would never have bothered with a cow.

Lack of green food, improper nutrition, may also bring on pellagra. Think of that! Imagine human beings suffering from lack of peas and melons and potatoes on a soil where vegetables sprout like magic and flourish more luxuriantly than Jack's bean stalk. It does no good to preach that these poor creatures and many others should not have pellagra. They've got it because—it may be only partly because—they raise nothing but cotton.

Plenty Without Extravagance

Half a mile away I sit down with a certain planter—such a varied, excellently prepared meal as might be difficult to surpass in any country. Nothing imported. Aside from his tea and coffee, every dish is furnished by his own garden, by his own barnyard. Chicken, ham, potatoes, butter beans, snaps, preserves—even to a marvelous corn bread, a succulent golden bread, raised in his own field and ground at his own mill.

The stranger who marks this pitiful contrast might suppose it merely another instance of Dives and Lazarus, the world-old inequality between pampered plutocrat and starving poor. That's not true—not even fractionally true. The miserable condition of those negro women is utterly without excuse, has no connection with either riches or poverty. Nor does the planter's plenty represent extravagance. On the contrary, it means that the white man is economical, that he feeds his family at home.

The vegetables on his table were raised, perhaps, by the very same tenant whose wife and children are suffering from pellagra. That negro was paid so much a day for labor in the garden to produce the planter's juicy melons. That negro built arbors for the tender snaps and tied up the glowing red tomatoes. Maybe he was the same tenant who also tended the hogs and helped to cure the planter's hams. He knows how to do and can do those things—for ready cash to buy gasoline.

But Isom declines to make a garden for his own family. Vegetables would not cost him a cent, and home-cured meats need cost but little. There's no reason why the tenant's table should be less wholesome and abundant than the planter's, with every dish as tastily prepared.

A negro woman cooks at the Big House for wages; but Isom's wife prefers to get their dinner from the store because that is easier. Every negro on every plantation in this broad Empire of Alluvia might have all the land he wants, free, to raise a truck patch, with miles of open commons for his stock to graze upon. Then, besides living better, the planter would be glad that Isom owed less money for rations at the store. And the planter, in his turn, need not be wrestling with a mortgage.

The time essential to raise green food, poultry and livestock would not diminish Isom's money crop by one solitary nickel. In spite of this, he refuses to cultivate anything except cotton. Many, many Isoms spend 100 days in the cotton patch and 265 days fixin' de flivver.

These pellagra women live on the northern edge of the overflow and are better off than thousands of others farther south. Their cabin still stands and they can possibly make half a crop, while more southerly unfortunates cannot hope to earn a dollar until cotton is ginned in the fall of 1928.

Barely to keep alive, their temporary dependence lies in the Red Cross. Amongst our valley people this organization has done the noblest humanitarian work in American history, with a sympathetic helpfulness beyond all praise. But the Red Cross can't do everything.

First we must realize the cardinal principle that Red Cross aid is extended to relieve immediate distress, not to compensate for losses. Although a refugee may have had $50,000 worth of property destroyed, unless he be destitute, unable to buy the barest essentials, he is not entitled to assistance. On the other hand, Isom has lost his skimpy effects that wouldn't sell for twenty dollars. Yet, as he cannot provide for his family, the Red Cross steps in.

When big black Isom and brood were shipped home on a barge from the concentration camp at Vicksburg, Red Cross officials took pains to discover whether Isom's cabin had been destroyed, with household furniture, mule and cow. They learned a lot of things about Isom and tabulated their data on a card. They know that Isom has only a nice soft patch of mud to live on, therefore they allow him to carry home one government tent, with sufficient camp bedding, for temporary shelter. Or he may be made a happy colored person by the presentation of a portable cabin, one of those take-apart-and-put-together contrivances that Isom would dearly love to prank with. The Red Cross intends to supply 5000 such cabins, quickly set up, to replace houses that were swept away.

In addition to a residence of his own, the Red Cross gives Isom three weeks' rations, costing not more than $1.50 a week for each mouth. On top of that, Isom gets provender for his mule, if old Beck has managed to scramble out of the overflow. Now Isom is fixed!

But if Isom happens to have been born under a hoodoo, if he chances to live upon a plantation of more than 200 acres whose owner is supposedly able to care for his tenants, then Isom and his tribe get no help from the Red Cross.

A Premium on Shiftlessness

That seems a proper discrimination, but how does it work out? Isom's landlord, Mr. Bigrich, is erroneously regarded as solvent, with credit to buy supplies and furnish his tenants. On the adjoining plantation, which belongs to Colonel Deadbroke, lives another colored person named Wash Johnson. The finances of Wash's boss are so shaky that he cannot acquire a canceled postage stamp without laying down cash upon the counter. Therefore Wash and fellow tenants are rehabilitated by the Red Cross, while luckless Isom must look to his own landlord.

What happens? Mr. Bigrich, who furnishes his tenants, must of course charge them with rations, to be paid for out of their crop. This piles up a debt against Isom; at the same time Wash Johnson, on Colonel Deadbroke's plantation, draws free grub from the Red Cross. Wash likewise gets a mule, a flock of chickens, a cow, a hog, all free.

"How come?" says Isom as he scratches his kinky head and begins to ponder. Every week he owes Mr. Bigrich more money and still more money. Interest runs on while Isom sleeps. Then Isom considers that he had better call his dog and move to Colonel Deadbroke's plantation. By this perfectly obvious maneuver Isom wipes out his debt and starts the new year with a clean slate. Other negroes do the same thing—so many of them that when plowing time comes Colonel Deadbroke has every cabin full, every acre cultivated, while the lands of Mr. Bigrich lie idle and

(Continued on Page 201)

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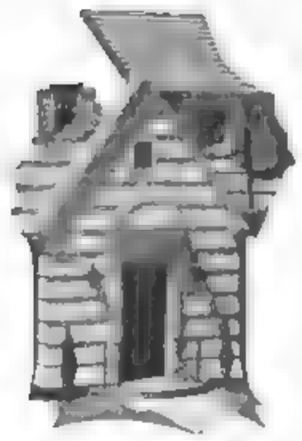

Notice the deep shadow lines, as beautiful as if portrayed by an artist's brush.

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To advertise the superior merits of this product and to identify it from all others, every bundle will bear the trade mark "EDGWOOD" . . . . a name registered in the Canadian and United States patent offices for your protection.

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Jabez Gorham gathered about him the first of the Gorham Master Craftsmen 93 years ago. With them he established the traditions of rare skill and those standards of excellence which are now the code of the modern Master Craftsmen.

Like the early Master Craftsmen—like all true artists—the Master Craftsman of today works with only the simplest of hand tools, relying upon his genius and inborn feeling for design.

The exquisite service above was wrought in this manner by these men: *the same men who produce the lovely creations in sterling silver displayed by your jeweler.*

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

(Continued from Page 198)

he loses whatever he has advanced for tenant feed.

This is no criticism of Red Cross methods. It only serves to illustrate that life is not all beer and skittles with those who try to work out a scheme of rehabilitation.

Consider the problem of a solvent planter: Will he kindly send in his photograph to be published? Assuming that such prodigy exists, with $50,000 cash, what will he do? Compare him, for example, with the owner of an apartment house. Imagine a city landlord having 100 tenants, each of whom owes him for six months' supplies in addition to past-due rent. By some calamity the building is wrecked, every apartment requires immediate and expensive repairs. Tenants must be fed, clothed, doctors' bills and taxes paid. But the tenants have simultaneously lost their jobs, with no possibility of finding employment that brings actual money until November, 1928. The landlord hasn't a Chinaman's chance to collect his rent for this year. Neither can he procure other tenants who will pay.

If the owner of that apartment house be a business man, does he forgive his tenantry twelve months' rent, wipe out their back debts for supplies, continue to feed, clothe and pay their living expenses until November, 1928—all in the hope that they may get employment and settle up?

Assume that a solvent planter does that. Assume that he carries his tenants until the spring of 1928. He realizes that most of them will then desert him for some other plantation on which they have no accumulated liabilities. Against this fact the planter cannot protect himself. His sole security is the faith that tenants may remain and make a crop. Therefore if he sees his negroes through he is practically certain of adding to his flood losses whatever it may cost to support them during a year in which no cash crops can be grown. After which experiment, instead of recouping in 1928, he will find an abandoned property on his hands.

The Red Cross plan is to help each tenant and each small independent farmer toward a new start—a minimum and meager start that enables them to carry on. This aid is not extended to the planter, but direct to the tenant. To make sure of reaching real distress and preventing imposition, the Red Cross maintains a local committee in each county composed of business men who are familiar with the status of every resident. They personally scrutinize all applications for assistance. So, if Isom's cow actually got drowned the Red Cross will replace her, provided Isom has young children in his family. But if Isom, before the flood, had never taken the trouble to tend a cow he is not to be saddled with a novelty.

Too Fertile to Abandon

Concerning a mule there are no ifs. Isom always had a mule, just as each Siamese twin always had a sparring partner. Every family that previously possessed a work animal will have a mule of good moral character presented, also one pig. Or if Isom has been in the habit of raising hogs, a gilt will likewise be donated. Possibly Isom—not probably—possibly Isom had also produced chickens and eggs, in which event his barnyard will be stocked with six hens and a rooster.

At this point a nightmare jars upon Isom's dream of bliss. The Red Cross worker thrusts into his hand one package of assorted garden seeds and insists that he plant them to feed his family through the fall.

Omitting this joy killer of garden seed, let some inspired artist paint his idyllic masterpiece of Isom, of Isom rehabilitated and rejuvenated, of Isom living in a government tent, sleeping under government blankets, surrounded by Red Cross elementary furniture, a mule, a cow, pigs and chickens, and drawing free rations every two weeks. Idealism can soar no higher.

Leave that vision of Isom and drop back to earth again—back to soggy dirt on which it is too late for cotton. The Delta has long cherished a tradition that cotton started after June tenth will not mature, especially under boll-weevil conditions, when it becomes necessary to grow a quick-fruiting variety and rush cultivation ahead of the bugs. Against all precedent and proverb, however, some planters take a gambler's chance by planting their seed with prayers for a dry season, a late season.

Some 50,000 people in our Delta alone are now without means of subsistence from August first until March first, when next year's cotton can be put in the ground and form a basis of credit. To keep breath in the bodies of this population, at the Red Cross rate of twenty cents a day—with an additional $500,000 for their stock—will cost more than $2,500,000.

These people, white and black, must be enabled to remain upon the farms. Habit and inclination fit them for no other occupation. Already our agricultural sections have been stripped of too much unskilled labor that goes to congest the industrial centers. Some of our farming men will find employment near home, building bridges and levees, repairing damaged highways and railroads. By this makeshift they stay in the neighborhood of their families until time to start the crop of 1928. Otherwise thousands will be forced to evacuate the country, and America cannot afford to abandon lands that yield annually $20,000,000 worth of produce. Being aware of these facts, the Red Cross, that crystallized spirit of national sympathy, promises not to desert a prostrated people until they are strong enough to rise and go forward on their own feet.

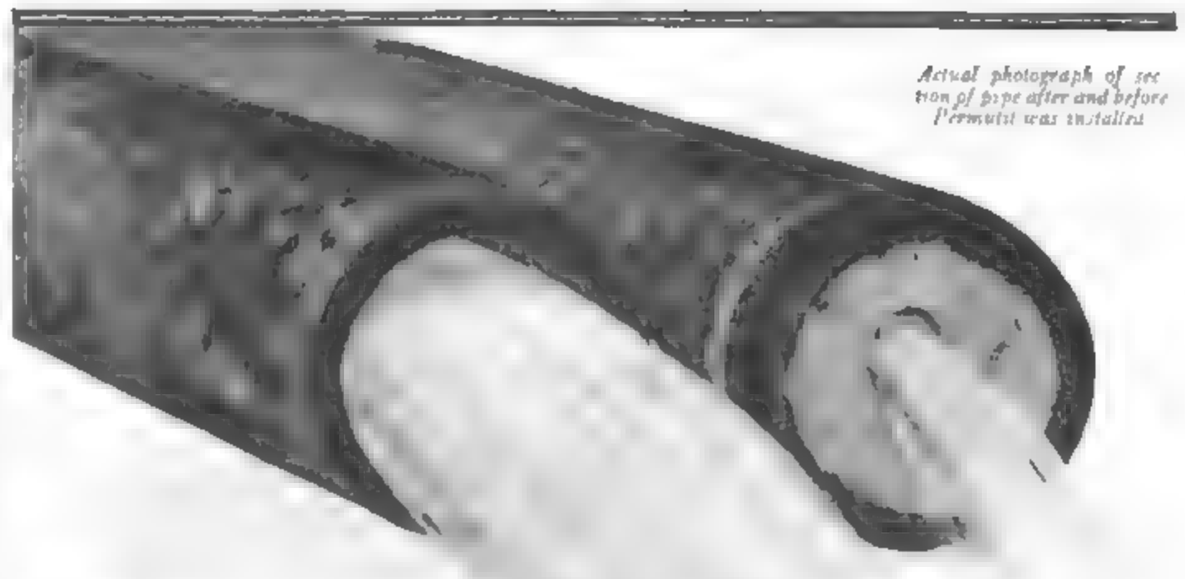
Efforts at Financial Aid

As Red Cross aid applies solely to the tenant and small farmer, our mythical rich Southern planter, now splendid in his poverty, butts against a stone wall. He sees no way out. Low-priced cotton for six years, losses, overhead charges and interest mounting up, properties mortgaged far beyond the limit. Upon a certain plantation, out of 285 buildings, only five now stand upon their blocks. A typical case, and practically no planter has money to rebuild his cabins or put his acres in tillable condition. The usual sources of credit are dried up.

It has been suggested that present creditors should extend the interest period, as well as supply more cash to defray taxes and operating expenses. With calculating eye, the mortgagee squints two ways at this proposition. Further advances might save his security from becoming valueless, uncultivated and reverting to jungle, and might result in the collection of his entire debt. On the contrary, the lender might be throwing good money after bad—although there can be no possible doubt that the country itself will come back on a far more solid basis.

Thousands of American investors, from Maine to Texas, are financially concerned in this comeback. They hold the bonds of drainage districts, highways, levee boards and municipalities. They are stockholders of life-insurance companies and various institutions that have supplied money for improvements. Every cent of these obligations will be discharged if our acres are made to yield their wealth.

Another emergency makeshift now being urged is that the Federal Government itself should establish a bank, lending sufficient funds to repair plantation houses and help the farmers to help themselves. Already we have two nation-wide agencies through which farmers may procure loans, neither of which uses a penny of government funds. The Federal Land Bank lends at a low rate of interest on long terms. Its assets are derived from the sale of bonds to the general public. The Intermediate Credit Bank is a crop-production plan, lending to agricultural credit corporations or to banks that handle farm paper. Their business in this



Save Money *save trouble with* SOFT WATER

Few people realize how insidious and destructive hard water really is, and what wastage and losses are caused by it. Pipes become clogged with scale and must be replaced. Boilers and heaters have to be cleaned with much trouble and expense, manufacturing processes of scouring, washing, dyeing, finishing, etc., are made more difficult, more costly, less satisfactory. Fuel is wasted, materials destroyed, extra labor expended, all because of hard water.

That is why Permutit Water Softeners have enjoyed such growing popularity. They prevent all these hard water wastes and losses. They save money—save trouble. For example:—

This Manufacturer Saved $12,920.80 In One Year With Soft Water

In 1920, the Hammersley Manufacturing Company of New Jersey, largest makers of waxed and waterproofed paper in the world, installed Permutit Water Softening equipment. Their cost records show that in boiler repair materials and labor alone Permutit Softened Water has made a net annual saving of $12,920.80.

Soft Water Saves $4,500.00 Annually for Ohio Valley Hospital

Prolonged trouble with hard water at the Ohio Valley Hospital, Wheeling, West Virginia, resulted in the installation of Permutit Water Softening apparatus. The report of the Superintendent, summarizing the savings resulting from the use of soft water, shows that economies of fuel, soap, soda, cleaning and repairs of boilers, etc., totalled $4,500.00 a year.

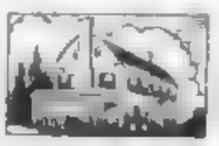
Imperial Laundry Saves Over $8,000.00 A Year With Soft Water

In December, 1919, the Imperial Laundry, operating fourteen wash wheels, installed a Permutit Water Softener. The annual saving in coal, water, soda and soap exceeded $8,000.00; within seven months after its installation, the entire investment in Permutit equipment had been paid for by these savings, plus 6% interest, plus an allowance of 10% for depreciation.

It will pay you to investigate Permutit. Write for interesting booklets showing how Permutit will save money for *You*—write today, mentioning whether your water problem is a manufacturing plant, textile mill, hospital, hotel, laundry or home.

Capable agents for household apparatus are wanted in some districts

In the Home



Special Permutit apparatus is built for the home—connects into main water supply pipe, softens all the water in the house. Compact—extremely simple—costs 5 to 10 cents per week to maintain. Write for illustrated booklet "Soft Water in Every Home"

The Permutit Company

APPARATUS FOR REMOVING IMPURITIES FROM WATER

Main Office: 440 Fourth Ave., New York—Branch offices and agents everywhere

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

At the big games in the Stadium, and in the big game of life, FLORSHEIM Shoes are worn by those men whose achievements are in keeping with their appearance.

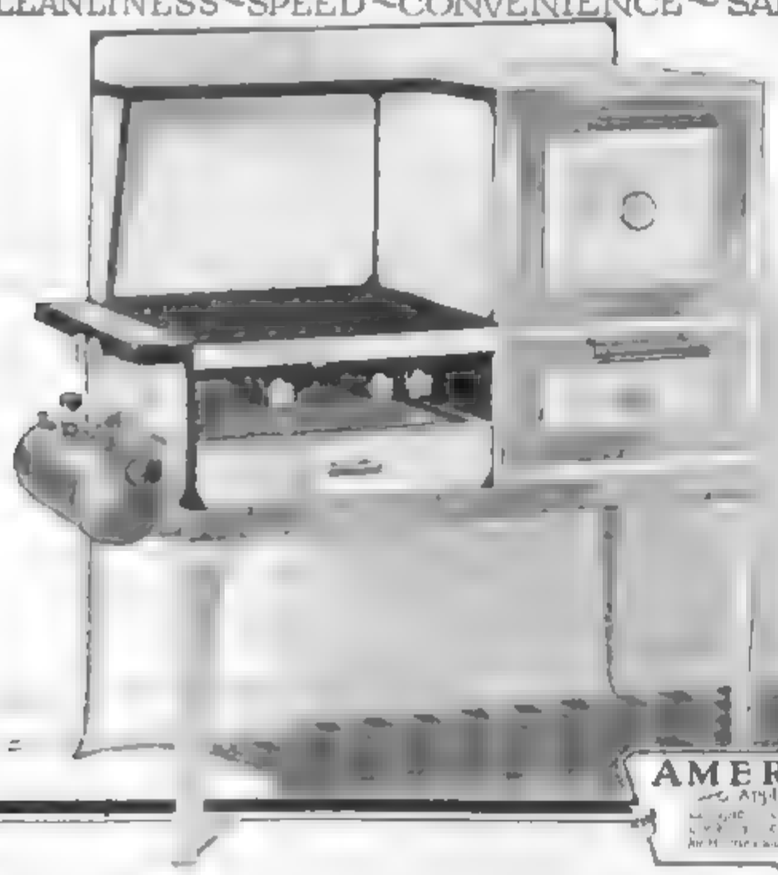
The FRAT — Style M-259

Most Styles $10

Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" on request

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Chicago

AMERICAN
KITCHEN KOOK
CLEANLINESS~SPEED~CONVENIENCE~SAFETY



KITCHENKOOK—the GAS RANGE for the MODERN RURAL and SUBURBAN HOME

Kitchenkook is, in fact, a gas stove making its own gas from gasoline. This beautiful white porcelain range shown here has four cooking burners, a roomy oven and a real broiler. Like all Kitchenkooks, it lights with a match; no other generating required; all burners ready in one minute. Has oven thermometer and handy cutlery drawer. A porcelain enameled tray under the burners and the absence of exposed bolts make it easy to keep clean.

A booklet describing this fine range and fifteen other models in detail, and name of nearest dealer where you may see the Kitchenkook in operation, sent on request

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
NEW YORK N Y ALBERT LEA, MINN. OAKLAND, CALIF.

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO., INC.
DEPT. C. 3, ALBERT LEA, MINN.
Send me full particulars about American Kitchenkooks
Name
Address
Town and State

territory is conducted through the Staple Cotton Discount Corporation, which deals directly with the farmer, each loan being secured by first mortgage upon stock and crop, together with a second mortgage on the land. Smooth sailing, if the farmer had any stock or crop; or if he possessed an acre not already strangled with mortgages.

The deplorable fact is that our farmers are not solvent, not bankable. To tide over this crisis, the Agricultural Finance Corporation was organized by local banks, industrial enterprises and public-spirited citizens, who supplied its capital of $500,000. The institution was conceived by Mississippians of integrity and ability, high-minded gentlemen with no thought of personal profit contributing both time and money to a patriotic service.

Their plan was to make farm loans and discount their paper at the Intermediate Credit Bank on a basis which gave them a borrowing power of four to one. By this arrangement they procured, theoretically, $2,500,000 for prompt rehabilitation.

At the outset great results were expected from the A. F. C.—a hope born largely of misapprehension. Farmers in the devastated area had a vague feeling that cash would be distributed among those who needed it to make a crop, not exactly as a gift, nor yet as a strict commercial proposition. It is difficult to get at what the people thought—stunned and bewildered farmers, then incapable of clear thinking. Anyway they hoped that they were going to be helped right now, from a flexible fund of $2,500,000. Not being financiers, they failed to grasp the nature of this fund or the trusteeship of those men who must administer it.

For example, a country bank in Northeast Mississippi, far from the overflowed district, advances 1 per cent of its capital to the A. F. C., and though the small bank was more or less prepared to take a loss, the money was not donated to charity. Bank officials have no power to give away cash belonging to stockholders. Their assets were not donated but subscribed to the stock of another corporation, and the officers of that other corporation are without authority to bestow gratuities. They are supposed to lend trust money with a reasonable expectation of being repaid.

Furthermore, should the A. F. C. make such loans as would not be rediscounted by the Intermediate Credit Bank, then its borrowing capacity ceases. Instantly it becomes restricted to its own resources—the original $500,000. Even this semiphilanthropic corporation must require some sort of security, and the farmers have none.

Uncle Sam on the Job

At this writing—July twenty-fifth—my information is that total loans of the Agricultural Finance Corporation amount to some $3500.

All talk of rehabilitation is naught but idle wind, every dream of comeback a vapory delusion, unless the country gets protection from floods. That's the first essential. Now we are going to get it, for good is coming out of Nazareth. Flowers begin to sprout upon the stony soil of Golgotha. Times will turn better, because Uncle Sam has lost patience and got riled at the river. His levee machines and dredges are already moving dirt to close the Mounds Landing crevasse. Levee builders are working with a wartime rush, for, as Gen. Edgar Jadwin said, our rebellious river constitutes "a threat and a challenge to the entire nation. It is less serious only than war itself and must be met squarely and without delay by the nation as a whole."

That's the way a soldier, the chief of engineers, speaks out. And Vice President Dawes made a like declaration in his recent speech at Greenville:

"The great Mississippi River flood of 1927 was too extensive to be passed by as a periodical occurrence, one of a series that has come and may be expected again. . . . The people of the flooded districts are justified in not only a hope but a demand that something be done to prevent a recurrence of this disaster. . . . No halfway measures should be tried and no political considerations should be permitted to intervene. . . . You are entitled to action and I do not believe you will be disappointed."

These are unequivocal statements from high authorities, and Mr. Herbert Hoover, who has come to be regarded as a real friend of river people, says very plainly:

"Reconstruction is not solely a question of returning the flood refugees to their homes. No reconstruction can be complete that does not give them assurance that there will not be a recurrence of the flood. We have been assured by our engineers that the floods of the Mississippi and its tributaries can be controlled. The problem must be solved. We cannot longer live with so many of our citizens in jeopardy."

Each of these gentlemen has visited the overflowed area and studied its conditions. Possibly no one man in the United States has covered the entire region more thoroughly than Mr. Hoover. Therefore his whole-hearted assurance bucks up every dweller in the valley and strengthens him to carry on his ancient feud with Father Mississippi.

Money Worse Than Wasted

The great handicap heretofore has been lack of money and lack of concerted effort at a pinch. Because of levees being too low and too weak, we have frittered away prodigious sums while struggling to hold our line when a raging river beat against it. Emergency work has probably cost many times an amount of money that would have paid for strong and sufficient embankments. The waste of $1,000,000 in emergency work does not add one cent to the permanent value of a levee—exactly the reverse. It creates an additional charge of from 10 to 15 per cent for removal of the débris. Now every man who lives behind a levee is congratulating himself on the end of halfway doings when Uncle Sam takes hold.

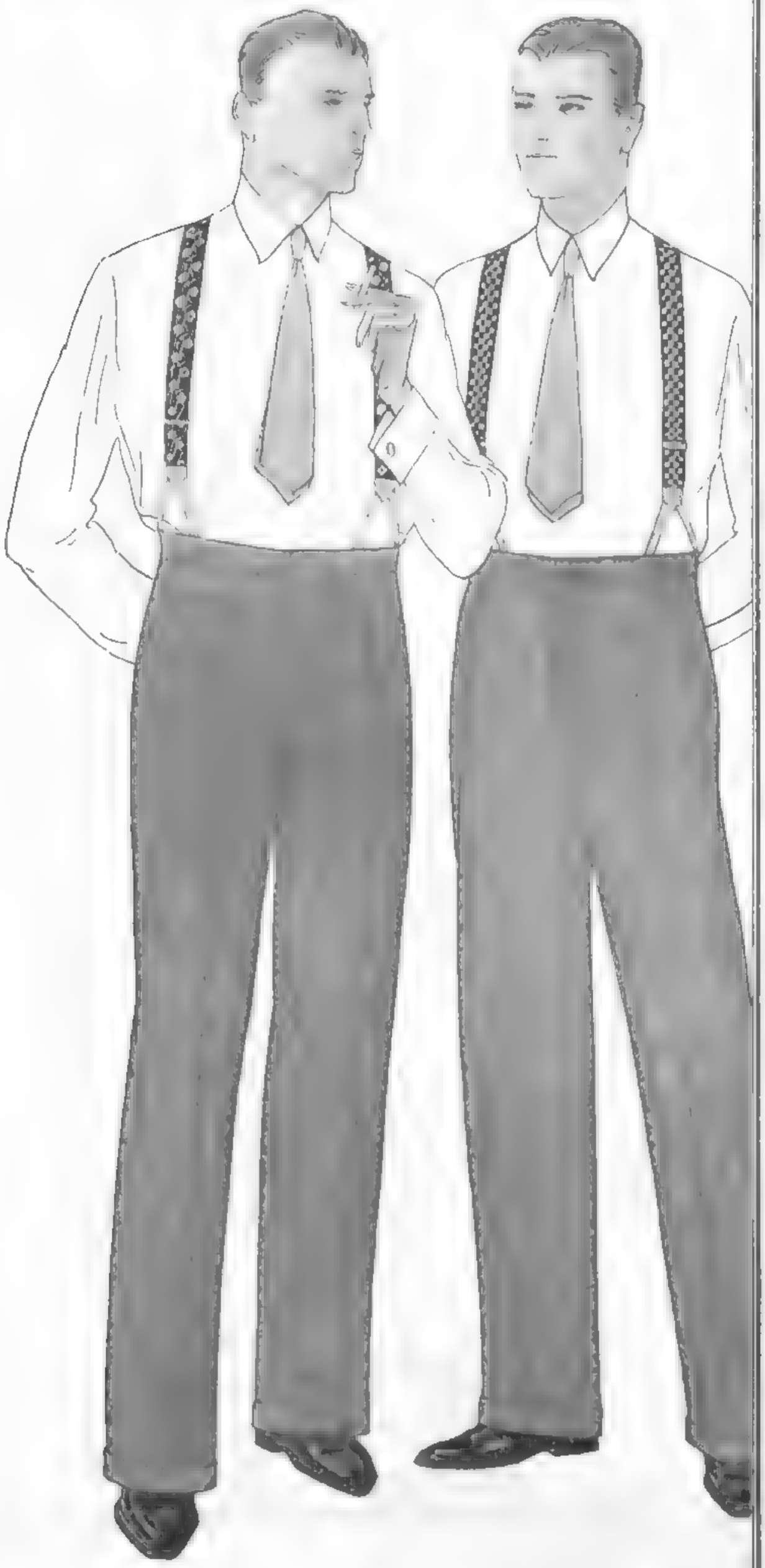
For much more than a century river folks, single-handed, warred against the Mississippi, paying all the cost, bearing all the loss. Since Uncle Sam became a limited partner in '82, we have stood 71 per cent of the expense, while continuing to carry the entire load of destruction. During that period Uncle Sam's greatest annual appropriation was not large enough to build half a battleship. In this forty-odd years his average annual contribution has been rather less than the standard alimony demanded from movie stars. To be accurate, our official statistician computes that local losses by this single flood would cover national expenditures from the birth of Sir Walter Raleigh to the drowning of Isom's cow.

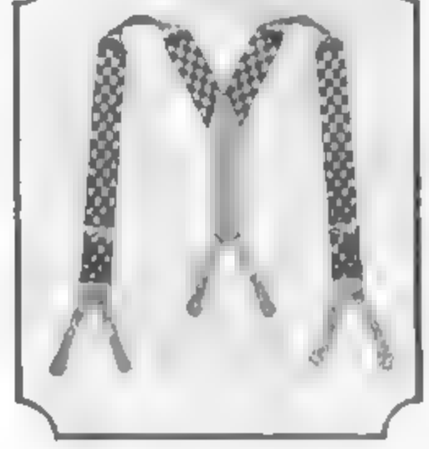
However, that's ancient history. Isom's cow has departed and wailing cannot bring her back. Lay her in the earth, and from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring. She died nobly, doing her bit to rouse the nation and wake Uncle Sam from a comfortable siesta. Isom yet lives—in a government tent, drawing Red Cross rations. Even the bankrupt planter peartens up and begins to take notice when giant machines dump dirt upon a levee to defend him.

Out of it all must come an enduring rehabilitation, though nothing short of divine omniscience can now foresee the when and how. In my poor prophecies, this much I know, and here I pin my faith: Never has the Anglo-Saxon conquered lands from any wilderness and then abandoned them to the wilderness again. Nor does the Anglo-Saxon desert his brother who makes a gallant fight.

These Delta folk are brave, these Delta folk are resourceful. Their lands are the richest on earth, not yet having touched a tithe of their productiveness. America needs such men and needs such land. Now they both need America.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS





Suspenders are in Style!

NO longer just "pants supporters" for elderly men—decidedly not!

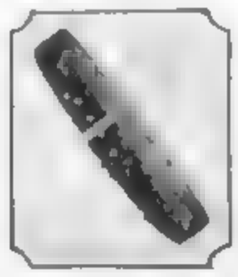
Suspenders are *the vogue for young men* —in colorful webs that are just right for wear with present trouser styles. Suspenders now are more than a matter of comfort—they are style necessities.

Pioneer Suspenders, for 50 years, have been the criterion of fine suspenders. And Pioneer today is creating just the styles that are so tremendously popular.

Insist on Pioneer Suspenders at the men's wear counter.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
315 to 323 North Twelfth Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 50 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Belts Pioneer Suspenders Brighton Garters



Your Waist Will Thank You!

Your Legs Will Thank You!

© P. S. Co., 1927

NOW TROUSERS WILL HANG AS THEY SHOULD

Quality Saves 210 Paint Dollars

EVEN if you save more than a dollar per gallon by using cheap paint, you save, as the cost chart shows, less than four dollars on the average house—and, in five years lose $210.24! Study the cost chart!

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint

—gives your building a moisture-proof armor that keeps out moisture and decay—prevents depreciation—saves repair bills—protects your investment!

Send for booklet — *"Swat the Cheap Paint Hum-Bug"*

WHATEVER you need—Glass, Paint, Varnish, Lacquer or Brushes — the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, with its international distribution, has a product that exactly fills your requirements. Sold by quality dealers—used by exacting painters.

What Cost To Paint This House?

1st. Grade Paint *vs.* 2nd. Grade

300 painters and dealers from 50 typical cities give figures resulting in these averages and comparisons:

1st. Grade Paint	2nd. Grade Paint
Average Price per Gallon $3.91	$2.70 Average Price per Gallon
Average Coverage per Gallon 40 Square Yards 2 COATS	30 Square Yards 2 COATS Average Coverage per Gallon
Required for 500 yd. House (500 ÷ 40) 12½ Gallons	16⅔ Gallons Required for 500 yd. House (500 ÷ 30)
12½ × 3.91 = $48.87	$45.00 = 16⅔ × 2.70
Labor [illegible] $97.74	$97.74 Labor figured same on these grades of paint
Total $146.61	$142.74 Total

2nd Grade Paint saves average of only $3.87 first cost

But—how long will each job last?

These same painters and dealers state

1st Grade Paint 5 Years | 2 Years 2nd Grade Paint

Quality Paint lasts 2½ Times longer

1 × $146.61 = $146.61

2½ × $142.74 = $356.85

$356.85
146.61
$210.24 Greater 5 Year Cost of 2nd Grade

Forget "gallons"—figure in years of economy and protection!

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint
Standard Value Since 1855

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Factories, Milwaukee, Wis.

Newark, N. J., Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, Cal.

PITTSBURGH Proof Products

IN THE WHEAT PIT

(Continued from Page 25)

himself, chartered a score of the biggest lake vessels—those graceless boats with pilot house and bridge away forward, and the machinery that drives their propellers way aft. One of them can carry a large cargo of grain. These boats were sent to Duluth to load with the grain his agents had concentrated there. He contracted with a towing company, at fifty dollars a day each, for five tugs to keep plowing through the forming ice of Duluth harbor where the surface water was constantly turning crystal hard as though by some magic chemistry of Joe Leiter himself.

From another company he chartered tugs to keep the water open in the Soo Canal; and three tugs were breaking up the ice in Thunder Bay, where others of his cargo boats had gone for the wheat stored, by his command and money, at Fort William. As the big ships started for Chicago, each was convoyed by two tug boats, the prows of which rammed an open-water channel for the more vulnerable metal skins of the grain carriers.

Ten ships in the first fleet so convoyed to Chicago brought more than 1,000,000 bushels to be delivered by Mr. Armour to Mr. Leiter, and then many of them, after unloading, went crunching out into the lake on another perilous winter voyage for more wheat.

All of this was unprecedented. The Armour elevators had been constructed to receive from cars and load into boats. Now in winter they had to be made ready to receive from boats, and in the estuaries beside the sheer sides of the warehouses tugs snorted back and forth fighting the ice while the skippers and mates of the bigger boats cursed and jockeyed for places alongside the docks. It was then, as I recollect it, that P. D. built a new warehouse in thirty days, working an army of carpenters and other mechanics day and night to create a suitable receiving house for the grain Joe Leiter did not think Armour would be able to deliver. Armour had fulfilled his contracts, and Leiter had an immense corpse on his hands. Insurance and storage on his wheat were said to have cost him $4450 a day, the storage money, at the rate of three-quarters of a cent a bushel a month, going to P. D. Armour, who owned the elevators.

Europe was still hungry for more wheat, and Leiter came through the winter believing probably that he understood the forces that governed the price of grain. He bought heavily of May wheat and then, with all that grain on his hands, tried to carry over into July.

Leaving the Oatbin Full

It was then 1898 and the United States was involved in the war with Spain. May wheat touched $1.85, but by October it was down to sixty-two cents a bushel. The supply of wheat that came flooding into the market in July swamped Leiter. In the preceding January it had seemed as if he had a profit of $2,000,000, even though he had paid a storage bill of $500,000; but with the end of July the profits had been consumed, and the young man owed the banks somewhere between $6,000,000 and $8,000,000. Levi Z. Leiter, his father, had guaranteed his borrowings at the banks and had to foot the bill, which he did. But when he died he still left plenty of money for his children. There is said to be between $25,000,000 and $40,000,000 in the estate today, much of it in Chicago Loop real estate. A man who owned blocks of property in that square mile could afford to drop millions in the wheat pit. If young Leiter had known how to handle the corpse of his May wheat deal—but he did not, so there is no use to go into that.

Because I was in the cash-grain business I never was troubled by the possession of a great stock of grain at the end of a big deal. I knew how to sell grain as well as when to buy contracts.

One time I bought May oats along in the fall of the year. I had, or thought I had, all the facts in front of me. It had been too wet for the oat crop that year, and on top of that, the Eastern dealers had let their supplies run too low. They were getting down to bare boards because they thought the price was going down, while I thought the price was going up. I had purchased contracts for millions of bushels when along about Christmastime one of my friends who wanted to go to Europe asked me to go with him; and there I was, long all those oats.

It was considered a risky thing to go away from the market in the midst of a deal of such proportions as I was engaged in, but I announced that I was sailing for Genoa on January seventeenth. All the traders promptly began to sell short. I did not do a thing, nor change my plans. The boys all thought, of course, that I would sell out before I left. Instead I merely left instructions at the office for word to be cabled to me when my ship was due at Gibraltar as to the condition of the oat market. I knew there were just as many horses in the world to create demand, and I knew, or thought I knew, there was going to be a scarcity.

Helped by the Hungry Horses

I guess many of them expected I would sell when I got to New York, but there was never a word from me. I was keeping my oats. When the ship dropped anchor at quarantine in the harbor under the shadow of the Rock of Gibraltar and the medical and other authorities came aboard, among the papers they brought was a cable message for me. It said:

"Oats four cents higher."

I had known just what would happen. I had gone into the market because of a condition. That condition was operating to justify my foresight. Every horse with his nose in a feed bag was making my position more secure by decreasing the supply.

After several months in Europe I started home, timing my schedule so as to arrive about the first of April. Oats had gone way up. Because I had bought quantities of this grain? Not at all. Because there was a limited supply to feed all the horses. The yield had been low.

On the first day of May the men whose contracts I had bought delivered 6,000,000 bushels of oats to me. I paid them the low price that had obtained the previous fall. They had been compelled to pay much higher prices in order to get those oats for me. Some settled with me privately instead of delivering oats. I think the close was around fifty-one or fifty-two cents a bushel.

Now 6,000,000 bushels of oats is a tremendous quantity of grain. Many trains had hauled that feed into Chicago. It represented the harvest of thousands of farms and filled the bins of skyscraping elevators. The word had been going about, "Patten's got a corner," and everyone had been shifting oats into Chicago from the country.

The Eastern dealers, knowing I had all that grain on my hands, hoped the load would be too much for me and that I would be in such a hurry to sell that the price would drop. One of their agents came to me and said, "Patten, I suppose you want to sell some of your oats."

"No," I said, looking at the end of my cigar—"no, there's no rush about it."

The next day he was back. "How about selling some oats?" said he. "No use paying all that storage and insurance."

"Not ready yet," I told him.

The third day he tried again, but I still insisted I was not in a mood to sell any oats.

On the fourth day James Simpson came to see me. He was a good friend of mine and represented an Eastern firm. We called him Sawed-off Jimmy, as he wasn't shoulder high to most of us.

FAMOUS FEET

.how they're kept free from corns

BETH BERI's *Famous Dancing Feet*

"A good dancer should carry a kick in both feet. But I'd hate to think of the lusty kick I'd get from my feet if I tolerated corns.

So writes Beth Beri, the dainty dancer and popular Broadway favorite.

"With Blue-jay so handy to get, keeping a corn is keeping unnecessary trouble."

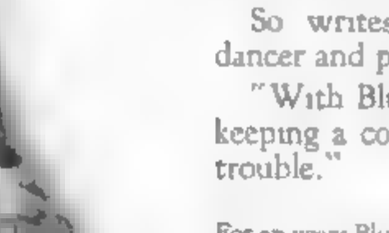
. . .

For 27 years Blue-jay has been favored by famous feet as the safe and gentle way to end a corn. And now for 1927 Blue-jay offers several new refinements . . . at no increase in price . . . A creamy-white pad instead of a blue one. A more flexible disc for the hard-to-get-at corn. And a sprightly new package . . . At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters*

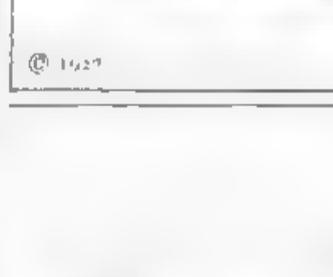
THE *New* Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1927



BULL DOG *Safety* ELECTRIC PRODUCTS

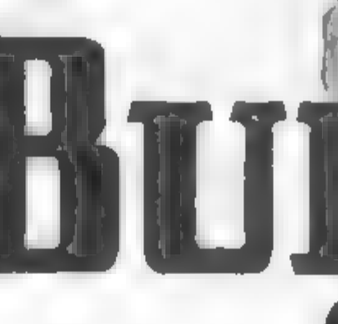


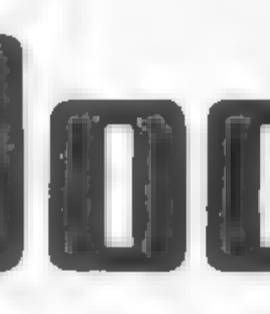
LEADERSHIP Gained and Maintained by over 25 years of Research and Development

BULLDOG ELECTRIC PRODUCTS CO. (MUTUAL ELECTRIC & MACHINE CO.) DETROIT MICH. U.S.A.

SAF TO FUSE

PANELBOARDS





FUSENTERS

SWITCHBOARDS

SAFETY SWITCHES

An Unqualified Endorsement

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is an efficient Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia."

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

And Then He Called It a Day!

"I earned about $15.00 in a single afternoon of Curtis work—and then called it a day!" wrote Alex Tygert of Texas. Still later he told us, "Today I received my BONUS check for $30.05, took out an insurance policy and started a Building and Loan fund. I call that *another* day!" Tygert is planning to buy a car and finish college with the aid of spare-time Curtis earnings.

Alex Tygert is a busy salesman and member of the local cavalry unit, yet he finds spare hours to earn Curtis dollars

Turn YOUR Spare Time Into Cash

Here is your chance. What Tygert does, you *can* do! Even if you have only an hour or two a week to spare, you can turn that time into cash by serving as our authorized neighborhood subscription representative

Every month, every year, should bring you bigger profits and easier work under our plan, because renewals pay you the same as new subscriptions. You need no experience to start. We even furnish everything you need to begin earning.

Send This Coupon Today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
976 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can make more real money in my spare time

Name (PLEASE PRINT) Age

Street

City State

"When are you going to sell?"

"Oh, I don't know"

"I'd like to buy 50,000 or 100,000 bushels," he said.

"You can have them," I told him.

"But I'm afraid you'll drop the price."

"I'll guarantee the price to you for ten days."

"I'll take 50,000," he said. Jimmy knew he could count on my word. By offering to guarantee the price I meant that if I sold any oats for less money during the succeeding ten days I would rebate the difference to him. In other words, I guaranteed that the price to him would be the lowest price at which I might sell oats during the next ten days, but I did not sell them any lower.

"Fuller," I said to one of our men, "you make this price down East, with the freight added." He did so, and back came the bids of the dealers there, a quarter of a cent under the price at which I had offered them. The next day and the next we renewed our same offer, and then they gave up and commenced to take oats. One day I sold 800,000 bushels.

They took them all, every one of my 6,000,000 bushels, and then the price went up ten cents more. Oats, you see, really were scarce.

Sawed-off Jimmy Simpson died not so long ago. Pneumonia carried him off after a few days' illness. He was a good friend. Jimmy and the other men who bought large quantities of cash grain in the Chicago district represented demand in my mental pictures of the situation, I suppose, rather more than any fantastic visualization of all the horses of the world munching oats and corn. A man in the cash-grain business knew that this firm would require so many hundred thousand bushels for its customers; and that one would require half a million, and so on. The demand was constant for oats in those days. Other men knew what the demand was, and many of them must have realized there was going to be a scarcity, but nobody else that year had the courage or the foresight to go in and buy oats on that theory. Perhaps there were some who saw the situation as I did, but if there were any, then they must have lacked the money to back their judgment.

Knowing When to Quit

It took money, nerve and courage, and fortunately for me I had plenty of money. I knew while I was carrying all that grain that if I had to, I could go and get some securities out of a safe-deposit box. I never had to though. As I have grown older I have accumulated experience; sound information is easier to get; and I suppose there is room for wonder as to why I don't try to confirm my judgment of the market by bigger deals than any I ever operated in the past. The answer is not hard to find: I have not the courage.

I have seen many men lose everything they possessed and seen others lose a large part of their fortunes by tempting fate too many times. A man should know when to quit.

Jim Keene lost a lot of his money in later life; so did N. B. Ream. Old Hutch went broke. One year there were seventeen failures. It hurt their pride too. Some of the failures drifted back to their home towns. A few hung around the Board, growing shabbier with each month. They had lost more than their money. When a man loses his nerve he does not always obey his judgment. John W. Gates had lost a lot before he died.

Many fortunes made in other fields of commerce have been lost in the markets of Wall and LaSalle streets by men who saw those intricate but convenient mechanisms of trading only as gambling devices. Some speculators beyond dispute are gamblers, but speculation is not gambling.

John W. Gates was a great poker player, and so were a number of his intimates—all of them rich men. Their chief enjoyment was in trying to make one another surrender to a bluff. If Gates succeeded in scaring one of his friends into laying down a hand better than his own, he regarded that triumph as a joke good enough for many a day's laughter. But it is not poker that is played on the floor of the exchange.

One time, I remember, Gates was long May corn when prices were pretty high. One of the uncertain factors of the corn market always is the amount of the grain that is being held in storage by farmers. Sometimes they hold their corn three and four years. There is no better place in which to store corn than a country crib, and no man is ever able to make an estimate more reliable than a guess as to the supply of corn being held by farmers. On a certain day 200,000 bushels of corn came flooding into our elevators. The high prices had tempted many farmers to release their corn.

It was a routine performance for us to inform our customers and the trade generally concerning the receipt of those 200,000 bushels. This news went out in a market letter, and not long after its dispatch, into our office came John Scotten, Gates' agent. He flourished our letter.

"I don't believe a word of this," he protested. He had told Gates that it could not be true, before coming to our office.

Best Friend and Greatest Foe

We showed Scotten the telegrams from our elevators—so many cars from this point, so many from that one. Finally he was convinced and returned to his office to tell Gates, who let go of his corn promptly. That 200,000 bushels of corn must have seemed like a flood to Gates.

I made money speculating, but I never bought on hunches. My position in the market was dictated by information painstakingly gathered by many men and elaborate machinery. I never confused the wheat pit with a poker game, and yet I knew a man who one time bought 40,000 bales of cotton on a hunch. Imagine trading that way! He lost his money of course.

I have known plenty of farmers who speculated when they thought they were merely farming. There are 20,000 country elevators in the United States, but there are 3,000,000 farms with corncribs. It is easy enough to learn how much grain is in small elevators, or stations, as we call them. Once I had a line of fifty or sixty of those along the railroads that cross Illinois. No man is ever in a position to make better than a guess as to the total amount of grain being held by farmers in their barns and cribs. It is the x quantity of supply.

One time when corn was selling at $2.36 a bushel, in August, 1917, our firm bid for the corn of a farmer who had 10,000 bushels in his cribs. He refused the offer. He was sure corn was going to $2.50 a bushel, but like a lot of speculators, he was wrong. When he sold his corn he got $1.10 a bushel.

Many of us would like to see higher prices for corn and oats, but the horses are gone—the factor that used to represent demand. I can remember when the farmers wanted to drive the automobiles off the highways. That was because the machines scared their horses, but those mechanisms were going to do something worse to the horses. They were going to banish them from the roads and streets. The farmers who used to jeer and rail at the first venturesome motorists never suspected that they were sneering at a mode of travel that was going to be, in a few years, at once their best friend and their greatest foe. The automobile has destroyed a great part of the demand for coarse grains, but in time it may carry the farmers around enough for them to discover that their salvation lies in diversified farming. The one-crop farmer is as much a speculator as anybody in the wheat pit.

In recent years the farmers have learned to chop up their oats or grind them and feed them to pigs and other livestock. That is helping demand. Oats are an easy crop to sow, and farmers plant them when they wish to rest a field from which they have been producing corn. We used to think, when corn was more than ten cents a

(Continued on Page 209)

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(Continued from Page 205

bushel higher than oats, that it was time to buy oats; that oats were too cheap. In 1927 oats have been selling for less than fifty cents, while September corn is quoted at $1.10. Yet the crop reports show that the farmers of the country are producing more oats than they were when most men's idea of success was the possession of a horse and a side-bar buggy. I know I used to long for the day when I could afford to drive horses of my own.

Then, as now, the world was mirrored for me each day in a blackboard in a broker's office. Half of it is used to reflect the price changes of important industrials being sold on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange; the other half is the one that has usually held my attention. A young man with a piece of chalk stands before that board throughout the trading hours of the day, writing down the latest prices at which grain contracts have been sold in that great market across the street. There, on what we call the bridge—a narrow structure raised above the pits—other young men have interpreted the hand signals of the yelling buyers and sellers, written down the price and passed it to telegraph operators behind them.

London traders have those prices posted before their eyes not many seconds later than we who sit in armchairs, as though we were in a theater, and separated from the actual trading only by two walls and a street.

By walking to a window of the office one may see across the street through the windows of the Board of Trade—see the cash-grain traders there fingering samples, and on warm days when windows are open, hear the roar from hundreds of throats. We, in Chicago, may hear the roar, but its meaning is interpreted almost as quickly for men in every city in the land where grain is bought and sold. Repercussions of that clamor from distant quarters of the earth occur there with amazing speed—that is, they are still amazing to me. Often, within two minutes after a man in London gives an order to his broker there to buy or sell grain in Chicago, that order is executed on the floor of the Board of Trade.

Hedging for Protection

Trading on that floor is by individual contract between private parties, in the open market, under rules that are known to all. It is the auction place for the grain crop, and if there were no such institution in the country, farmers would receive less for their grain, and ultimate consumers would pay more. The prices paid there represent the composite opinion of the world on the existing balance between supply and demand. A stream of 400,000,000 bushels of grain flowing from farms to bread boxes and feed bins is handled every year by the membership of the Chicago Board of Trade. The changes of property rights in that immense volume of grain are what is known as the cash market. Necessary to the cash market and inextricably involved with it, is the futures-contract market, which provides hedging. A hedge about a lawn or a farm is a living fence intended to give protection. That is the purpose of hedging in the grain market—to give protection. It is a form of insurance. Manufacturers, provision dealers, packers, livestock raisers, exporters, millers, country grain dealers and farmers, by hedging, insure themselves against price fluctuations. By making use of the speculative market they avoid speculating. Because they are able to shift the risk of ownership, they are able to perform their respective economic services on a narrower margin of profit. But if some men are able to shift the risks of ownership, it is only because other men are willing to assume them.

Suppose a miller buys five carloads of wheat at one of the cash tables on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade, to be shipped to his mill in Ohio. Experience has taught him that while there is a chance that wheat will increase greatly in price before he has manufactured that wheat into flour and sold the flour, there is an equal chance that it will decrease in price. The miller is concerned primarily with the profit that will come to him from his industry in transforming wheat into flour and selling that flour. Two transactions are involved there—the purchase of the wheat and the sale of the flour. He wishes to protect himself against a disastrous fluctuation in the price of the wheat he has bought, so he promptly sells five carloads of wheat for future delivery. His books then show that he is long five carloads and short five carloads. His books balance.

Shock Absorbers of the Trade

Later, when he has sold the flour—making the third transaction of his dealings—he buys back his short contract at the prevailing price of wheat, and that fourth transaction leaves him possessed of the profit on his milling operations, but without either profit or loss on any price fluctuations that may have occurred.

A farmer who has harvested his wheat, say 10,000 bushels, but who has been unable to carry that wheat to the nearest country elevator—his market—because of the condition of the roads, may reason this way: If I can get $1.50 a bushel for my wheat, I shall be richly content. If the prices go up to $1.75 before I get it to market, that would be fine, but if it drops to a dollar a bushel, I should be pretty nigh ruined.

That farmer, by giving an order to a broker, can sell 10,000 bushels for future delivery at the existing price. When he does so he has hedged.

Later, when he has delivered his grain to the country elevator, he buys back his future contract; but the proprietor of the country elevator, having assumed the risk of owning the farmer's grain, likewise wishes to hedge. He wants to get his profit as safely as may be, for handling the grain in the elevator and for storing it. He, too, sells an equal amount of grain for future delivery; and buys back his contracts when he has sold the actual grain to a big terminal elevator. The terminal-elevator owners are no more anxious than anybody else in the chain to assume the tremendous risks involved in carrying all that product of the soil. They are looking for the profit they will earn by handling the grain, by cleaning it, grading it and sheltering it. So they, too, hedge their purchase. Let the price of wheat go up or down then, they are protected.

It is the speculators who are on the other side of those important trades in contracts, and especially an important kind who are called scalpers. Some of the largest speculators began to operate as scalpers. Arthur Cutten was once a scalper, a wheat-pit trader, a bull one minute, a bear the next, glad to make an eighth of a cent a bushel profit, making a living by showing such a profit on three trades out of four.

Those scalpers remind me sometimes of a school of small fish nibbling at one another's fins and tails. You wonder how they exist; but they provide a service that is tremendously important in a commodity market. Because they are there it is possible for a merchant or a farmer to hedge at any moment he cares to, because they are ready to buy or sell. They are the shock absorbers of the grain trade. Drive them out of the field and the price of wheat would be less and the price of bread more.

They trade where they do—on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade—because more information about the many factors influencing supply and demand is available there than anywhere else on earth. I have supplied some of that information myself a great many times. Sometimes I have traveled as much as a thousand miles to look at a single wheat field to learn if there was truth in a report of the presence of black rust.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Patten and Mr Sparkes. The next will appear in an early issue.

Some of 'em didn't like snuff

THE gallant of white-satin-breeches days didn't necessarily *like* snuff. But what an elegant gesture it was to take out a beautifully inlaid box, tap it lightly and with a sweep of the hand bring the delicate brown powder within inhaling distance of his nasal protuberance (that's his nose) . . . The modern idea is to flash a Clark and with a graceful flick of the thumb produce a sure smoke light. For $7.50 you can buy one—or up to $200. For a Windodger (the lighter that works in the wind) $12.50 up. At almost any suitable shop.

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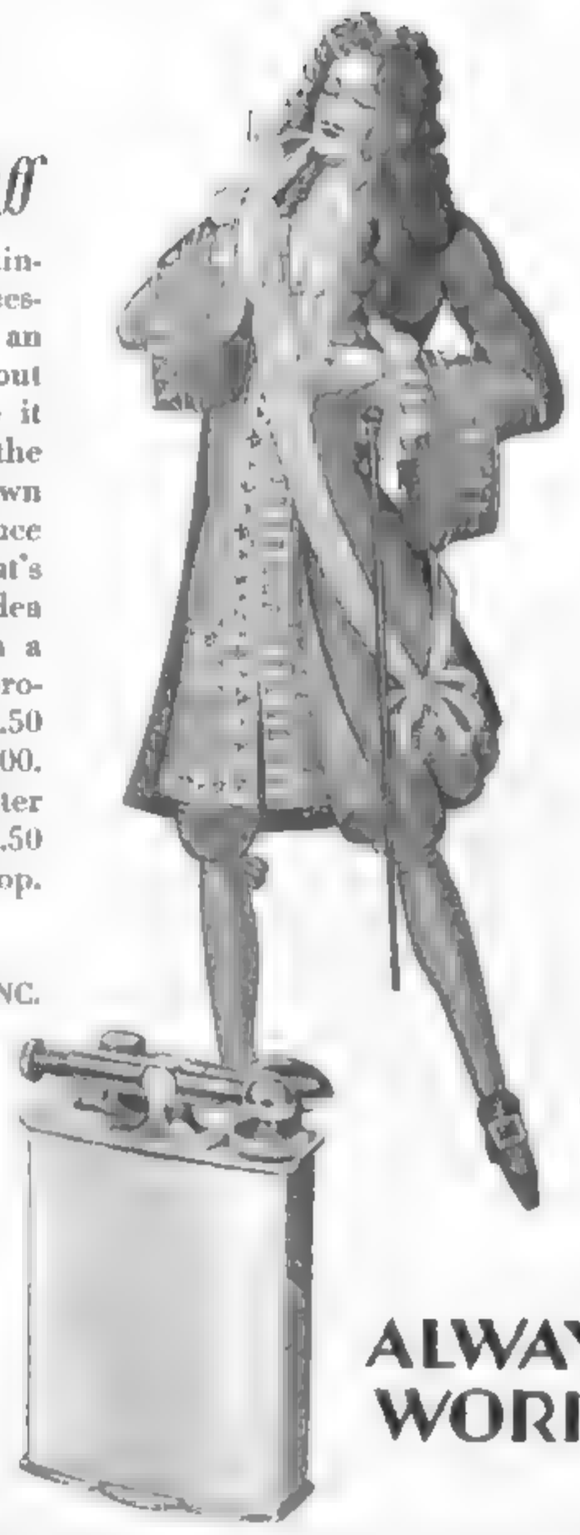

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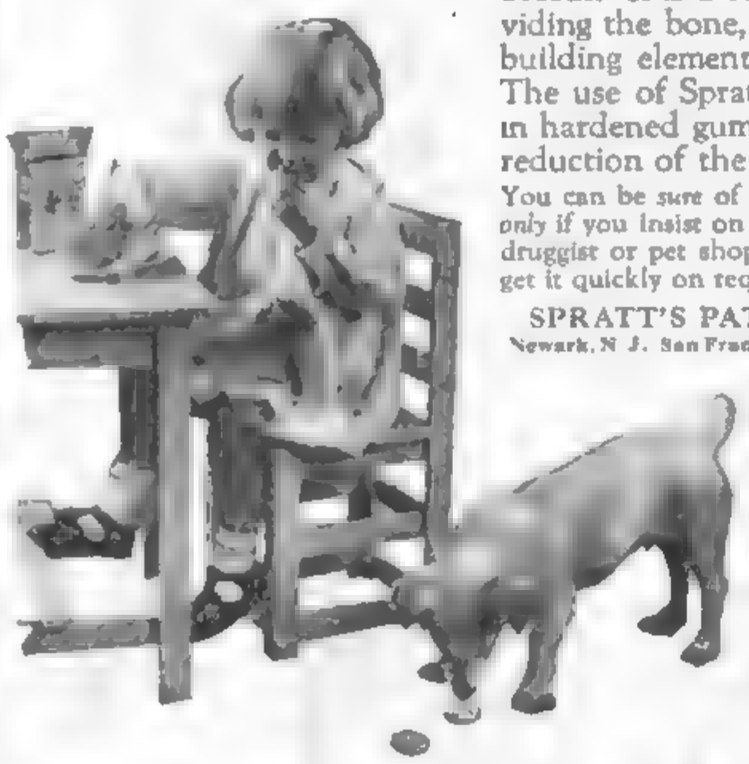

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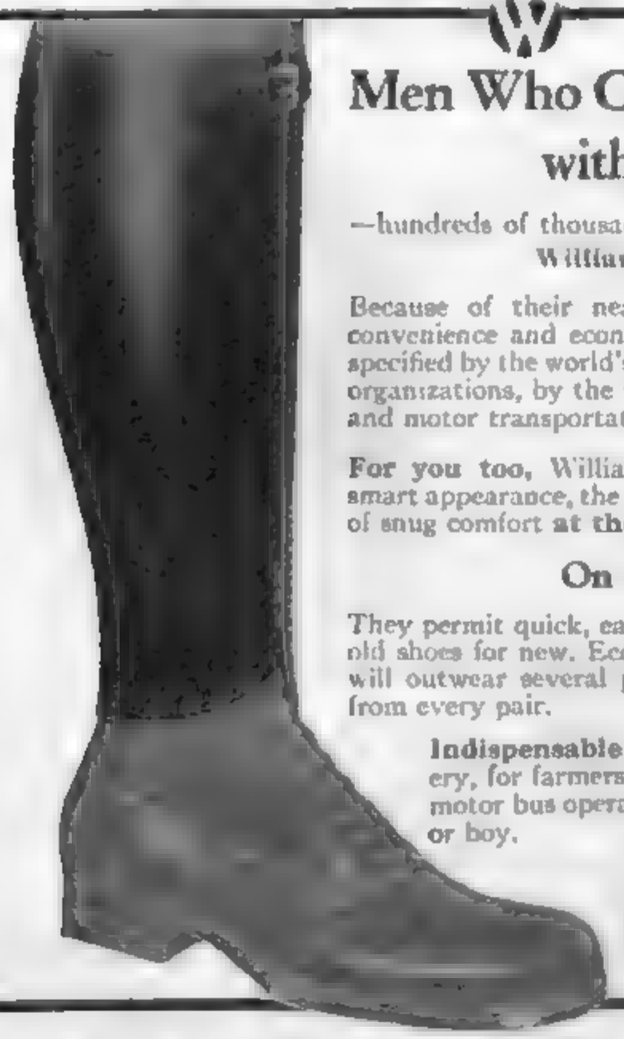

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CHECKING AN EDUCATION

Continued from Page 18

Actually this was unlikely to happen, but the student who was told to choose a major group which would help him in his life work was pretty sure to choose the group which would prepare him best for his particular graduate school. If he wanted to be a doctor he spent most of his time in the biological courses; if a lawyer, in the department of economics and sociology. The college was rapidly becoming only a preparatory school for the graduate departments, and the graduate departments were becoming more and more special branches of learning, not only for the usual professions but for technology, for business administration, for a definite job.

And the whole meaning of the change now coming over the college is that the job isn't enough. The college as just described is what my friends and I went through; most of us got jobs and have nothing against the college in that respect. What we feel is that we were not helped sufficiently to be good citizens and intelligent members of the human race. A year after I left college the education I got there helped me to a job which might easily have been called a position; in proportion to the value of the dollar I have seldom earned as much as in that first job; yet in that same time I became aware of such gaps in my education that after another year I was convinced—and still am—that I was not an educated man.

I had had four years of college and graduated with honors—somewhere about the twentieth man in my class, I recall. I had majored as ordered, and in addition, I had deliberately taken courses in as many fields as possible, thinking that if I became a bank clerk or an advertising writer I would be pretty busy for ten years, so I had better satisfy my curiosity while I had the chance. So I learned, and have never regretted learning, about the change from cottage work to factory work, about Michelangelo and Plato and Bach, and why bad money drives out good, and calculated the atomic weight of chlorine.

In addition, I had the rare luck to meet, as teachers, one very great man and several inspiring ones, and took a hand at sport and other undergraduate activities, and got rid of an awkwardness which might have developed into a serious drawback. After fifteen years these things still seem to me of significance; they are the great credit marks in my college life. And every one of them was an extra; they came by luck or because the college still permitted a little leeway to private fancy. Of the things that the college urged and asked me to do, nothing approaches these tremendous accidents.

All News to Me

The word "trenches," driving itself into my mind in November of 1914, woke me from the illusion of being educated. I do not mean that college ought to have prepared me for the war which was going to break out. After all, if we are to believe them, nine out of ten European statesmen were as surprised by the war as I was. What startled me was a military expert's comparison between the trenches of 1914 and those of the Civil and Russo-Japanese wars. Until that time I had fancied that the trenches were an invention of the German General Staff. I suddenly discovered that there is a continuity in human life, that very few things come out of nothing, that the past is connected with the present. If I had taken a course in military tactics I would have known about trenches, but some other event would have started me on the way to make the same discovery. And it was something which I had not learned. Intellectually I was at the level of a Zulu tribesman who imagines that a new sun rises every day. I had no clear sense of any connection between myself and my country, my country and the world, the world and the history of the past. The information I had acquired was not only departmentalized and isolated: it was somehow cut off from contact with the present.

By April of 1915 I became aware of another gap: I did not know what the war was about. As a rabid pro-Ally I accepted Asquith and Briand and Sazanov as authorities on the outbreak of the war, but I felt that there was something missing. I got a book on contemporary diplomacy and discovered that since the Franco-Prussian War a well-defined system of alliances had resulted from certain principles of European statesmanship, that these principles and their results were known to all men, and that my own confusion about Agadir and Algeciras was not necessary. I was almost terrified to learn that the United States had been a disquieting factor in European diplomacy for many years.

An Unbridged Gap

By accident I then heard that our War of 1812 was usually considered abroad as part of the Napoleonic Wars. The fact itself was not of importance; anybody could compare a few dates. But it reminded me that I had not studied American history since my grade-school days. High school was busy with Greek and Roman and medieval and European history; at college you took special periods. And your knowledge of the meaning of American history remained at the level which a child of twelve could grasp. The world significance of the American experiment in democratic government had been so neglected that it was still, in my mind, limited to a few patriotic phrases. That the American Revolution had an effect in France within a few years, in all of Europe in 1848; that it was profoundly influenced by and in turn exerted a terrific pressure on European thought could not be explained to a boy in grammar school; and it was never afterward considered necessary for him to understand these relations or to value the principles of his own government in their true light. To be sure, I could have taken a course in American history at college and these significant features would have been explained; but I felt that some great general principles ought to have been presented to me without special courses. I felt that there ought to have been a history of the world, not in terms of dates and battles but in terms of principles and experiments and ideas.

I was still far from the end. I became fanatically interested in America, and the discoveries I made opened chasms beneath my feet. Of course I had heard vaguely about the Homestead Act and about immigration, but the perfectly obvious fact that for nearly a century this country had existed with more land than it could use, and that later the free land had been exhausted—this was not considered worthy of mention, in spite of the fact that the existence of free land colored the thought of every American, made it possible for the factory worker to go West in Greeley's sense, and made America the natural home of European emigrants; nor was the fact mentioned that the vital changes in industry, finance, and in the character of the country when the free lands were exhausted had an effect on our literature, politics and international relations. I was as ignorant of this as I was of the underlying battle between agriculture and manufacturing in the Civil War. I really knew nothing serious about America, and it was natural for me to think, when I made out my first income-tax return, that this was a brand-new invention of the political devil, although the whole question had been before the Supreme Court years before; and when the Federal Reserve Act was passed I did not know that every point in it would have been familiar to Nicholas Biddle in the 1830's. Somewhere between the present and the

(Continued on Page 213)

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(Continued from Page 210)

past there was a great gap. It could hardly be filled up with shovelfuls of facts and dates; it could be bridged by the sense of continuing relationship between past and present, and that sense college had fatally failed to give me.

I was as badly off in practical affairs as I was in general ideas. I have little knack with my hands, machinery is rather mysterious to me; but I have the faculty of understanding diagrams, and if you give me the general principle upon which a thing works I can get the hang of it. Naturally I avoided technical courses in college, except the technic of my own profession. And today I do not know what the spark plug is for or the carburetor or why my radio worked without antennæ in the city and needs an aerial in the mountains. Set down the names of the Nobel Prize winners in physics and chemistry in the past five years and, except for the discoverers of insulin, I could not tell you what they had done, why they had done it, and why their work was important.

I do not want to be a garageman or a physicist, but it makes me feel like a fool not to have the faintest idea of what they are talking about. In the midst of the motor age I have no conception of the process by which gasoline is exploded—if it is exploded—and turned into energy which makes wheels go round. In an age of great events in science I cannot understand the simple primers about atoms or relativity or the quantum theory—not the great works written for specialists, but the popularizations for the masses. I had studied mathematics and I had studied physics and astronomy, but when it was suggested that these things were connected and that an eclipse of the sun would go far to prove or disprove the theories of Einstein, I knew of no possible connection. When I read on the first page of the newspapers that Einstein had upset the physics of Newton, I became aware, with some shame, that to me Newton was only the man who let an apple drop every day in the anteroom of his lecture hall to see whether the law of gravitation still worked. What his ideas were is as vague to me as the ideas of Thomas Aquinas.

The Idea of Sea Power

Yet from time to time in general reading I come upon ideas which illuminate a variety of special subjects. There is, for example, the idea of sea power. It is associated with the name of an American naval officer and it has a significance far beyond strategy. In grammar school I had learned to applaud Rochambeau for his generous assistance to the fighting colonies; in high school I had sympathized not a little with plucky Carthage fighting the Roman bullies; in college I studied the destruction of the Spanish Armada. But where was I to hear that from the moment men learned to put out to sea in ships there had always been conflict between land and sea empires, that Dewey at Manila and Nelson at Trafalgar had fought identical battles; and how was I to suspect that the conference for naval disarmament which followed the war was, in essence, an effort on our part to share the rule of the sea with the British Empire? It is conceivable that next year I may have to choose between a President following the American naval tradition and one opposed to it. If a hundred thousand educated men knew that tradition, knew what sea power had meant in the past, they could choose intelligently between two such candidates, and make their reasons known to ten million voters. Even more, a hundred thousand educated men might compel Congress to think about this supremely important subject if they themselves were aware of its bearing on the future. But these hundred thousand have only learned about isolated incidents, disconnected from one another and from the present. They have been prepared to live useful lives as lock manufacturers and chiropractors and playwrights, but the nature of the preparation has left them a little less than competent citizens and rulers and creators of public opinion.

There was one broad idea which was made clear to all college students: That the intelligent man did not let himself be swamped by details. It is an idea which the mail clerk of a large manufacturing concern knows perfectly well and uses when he sorts the incoming mail and refers letters to the proper authority for answer. In college it was frequently phrased as "recognizing the general in the particular"—that is, recognizing a Norway pine as a species of pine, and pine as a kind of tree, so that if you had to deal with Norway pine you could apply to it all the knowledge you had of trees in general, and then go on to pines in general, and finally to Norway pines in particular. It means also that the slave revolt led by Spartacus in Rome, the French Revolution, and the outbreak of Russian communism have something in common, and as soon as you see what they have in common you can understand their particular differences better.

The Parceling Process

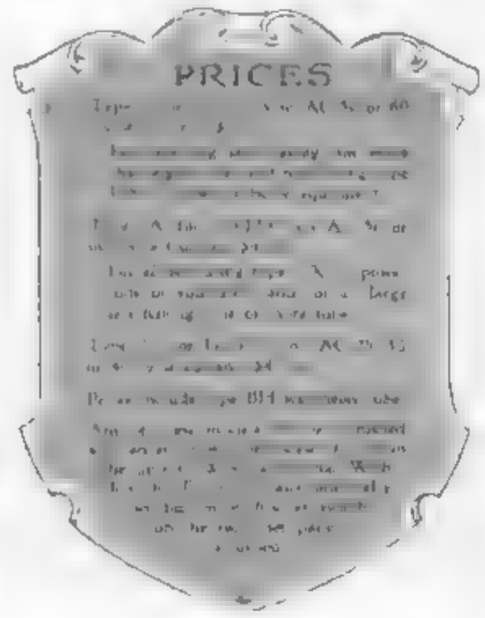
The theory I heard a thousand times, but looking back, it seems to me that that was the one principle on which the college refused to work. In America, for instance, the legal restrictions on the right to vote have gradually disappeared; the religious qualification was first to go, then property, then color, and now sex. They have one thing in common, in spite of their differences. It is the tendency in America to broaden the basis of suffrage; yet as far as they were mentioned at all they were treated as special instances, and their parallels in Rome and Russia and England were not noted.

Naturally Prohibition was not discussed in college before 1913, but anyone who had been properly educated at that time would have recognized at least one thing about Prohibition which is of vital significance: It can be supported only by believers in a certain interpretation of the purpose and function of the Federal Government. I do not mean supported now, in practice; I mean supported as an amendment to the fundamental law of the country. As a proposed part of the Constitution it was parallel to the amendment on child labor and opposed, in principle, to the spirit of some of the other amendments. In the typical college of fifteen years ago you might have heard the Prohibition Amendment discussed in connection with the dangers of alcoholism, and the Child Labor Amendment in connection with health and education; but the general idea behind them—whether it is the function of the Federal Government to regulate such things—would not have been mentioned. There was no course in general laws.

The parceling process in education touched everything and dried up whatever it touched. It was not only in politics and economics that the college failed us; it did not even illuminate those cultural branches which had been its pride for generations. At the time we were in college a considerable number of new composers of music were being heard; since then their works have been played by many symphony orchestras and there has been an amount of criticism, at first, saying that this new music is only noise. An educated man, even if he took no music courses, ought to know about that; not to be able to deliver a judgment on any piece of music, to say this one is a great composer and that one a faker, but simply to be able to say: There have always been two tendencies in music and one of them has always been called noise by the people who liked the other.

The mere historical facts that Mozart and Wagner were hissed in their time would be a good thing to remember, but the main thing would be a general notion of the development of music, showing why new music sounds like noise to people accustomed to the old.

Kingston



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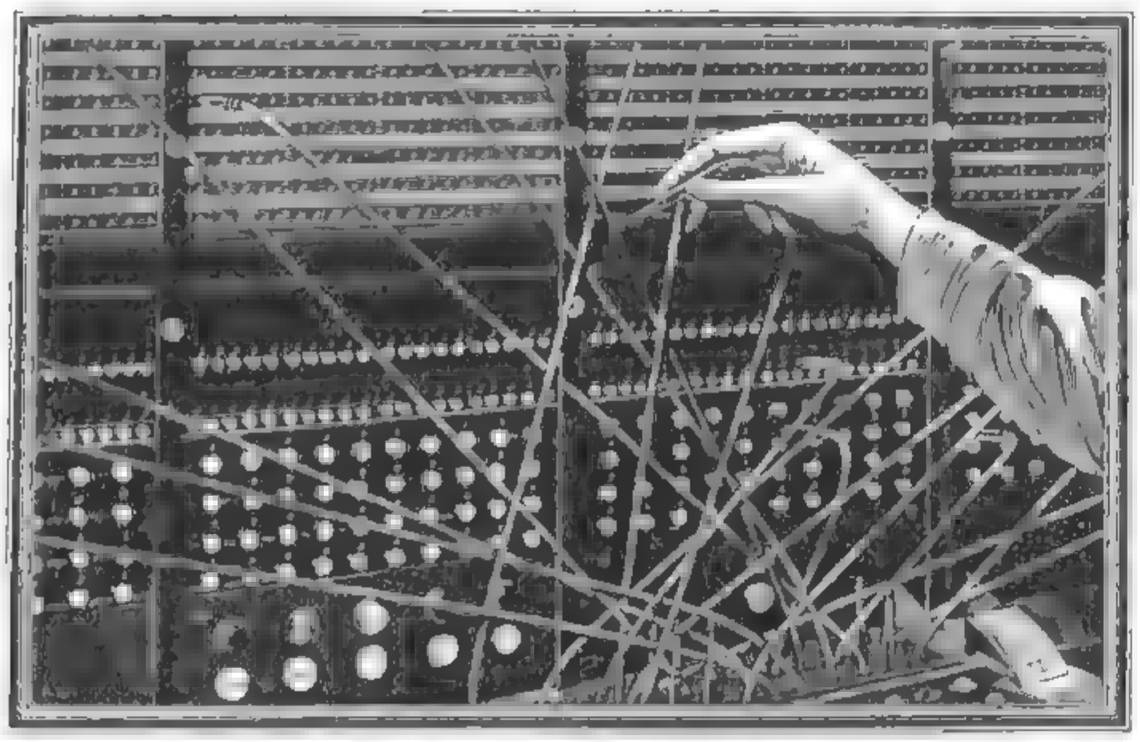

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Such knowledge would not prove any particular case, but it would make the controversy understandable. My friends in the music department had this knowledge; those out of it did not. And even the musicians were never allowed to suspect that what they knew about music was equally true about painting, except there the word used was not "noise" but "distortion." Music was a department fearfully remote from painting and literature and history and philosophy and language and science. Its job was to turn out composers of music, not educated men. So it was with all the other departments, all active in turning out little historians or economists or electrical engineers, and all leaving it to the others to connect the various branches and to show what they meant.

This was the condition in every college I have heard of. About the highest degree of correlation was when a student taking Economics 248A was advised to take History R at the same time or when a course was open only to such students as had already passed a particular other course—that is, at times the strings tying little bundles of knowledge were knotted together; but each bundle remained pretty much in its weatherproof wrapping. I have heard of a professor at Harvard who taught in three separate departments; his knowledge seemed to overflow the official boundaries, and he was an exception.

The boundaries were pretty strict. At the college I attended I believe nine-tenths of the faculty were liberal in religious views, neither agnostic nor fundamentalist. Probably all of them, if asked, would have said they believed in the doctrine of evolution and considered it the leading general idea of the past century. In the biological courses the theory was examined and carefully studied, but never in four years during which I studied literature, economics, history and philosophy was more than a passing mention made of Darwin. It was years after I left college that I understood the meaning of the title The Origin of Species correctly, and knew that it was not an account of the origin of the human species. No one had explained the relation between Darwinism and the economists and politicians who opposed paternalistic legislation in the Manchester school, or noted Darwin's effect on German philosophy, or his possible connection with pessimistic fiction. For seventy years ideas developed out of Darwin have been underlying all forms of activity, education, diplomacy, manufacturing, buying and selling; and yet a well-educated man by ordinary standards can know practically nothing about Darwin. As for the status of the Darwinian theory today, what modifications it has undergone, whether it is still accepted by scientists—that is all hidden in other college departments.

Further Shortcomings

In all this discovery of shortcomings I have never been at a loss for facts; I had been trained enough at college to know that facts are available—all you need to know is where to look. I can handle reference books and I can classify things fairly well. What I lacked was a series of connectives and relationships and general ideas. I had read enough Greek literature to be acquainted with Adonis, but that there was any connection between him and the Oriental Adonai I did not know. If it were put to me I could not explain clearly what the great Greek or Roman contribution to civilization had been or, apart from theology, what difference there is between the pagan and the Christian outlook on life, or why the Greeks always said that the past lies in front of you, whereas we always say it lies behind us. I did not know that in making machinery there is always a choice between moving the raw material to meet the teeth of the machine and moving the teeth of the machine to meet the material; and I cannot explain to this day what is characteristic of British, French, German and American industrial processes. I am foggy about the principles of art, economics, electrodynamics and social reform.

My ignorances do not make me actively unhappy. I make a living and I vote for the man who seems most honest and intelligent, assuming rather widely that he knows all the things I do not. He will not send me to the front because of wrong ideas about Renaissance painting, but if he thinks the earth is flat and orders all our steamers restricted to the coastwise trade so as not to fall over the rim of the sea—we will probably have to pay more for coffee and nitrates. I shall get on moderately well, just the same. But I feel that in my four years the things I lack might have been given to me, without taking away very much of the knowledge I have; and most men of my generation are hopeful that the new developments in college requirements will do just that.

Providing Background

Roughly, what some colleges have started to do is this: For the first two years they will give their students a broad background of general knowledge, leaving particular fields of exploration to the last two years. The boys of seventeen and eighteen will get not only a general outline of history, a general outline of economics, of literature, of art, of science and of philosophy; they will have in addition a specific sense of how these things are related to one another. They will not learn, as I did, of a battle in one course, a change in machinery in another, and a book on education in a third; they will have the battle and the book, the machine and the diplomat, and a hundred other elements all working together to cause the French Revolution. They will not think of Hamilton and Jefferson as two grasping politicians who happened to belong to opposite parties, but will see them in connection with principles of government, and will see those principles of government in action at the time of Cæsar and in the years of Wilson and of Coolidge. They will not think, as many of my contemporaries thought, that a turbine—or a sonata—is beneath contempt, but will have seen so much of the interdependence of human activities that they will have some standard of proportionate value.

The scientific students at my college jeered at the writers for the college monthly; the writers would not soil their hands in the chemical laboratory; and those who were going out for the degree of Master of Arts or Doctor of Philosophy were so absorbed in what Shakspere means by the word "eisel" or what Kant meant by the Categorical Imperative that they forgot that all poetry and all thought are human endeavors associated with the endeavors of boarding-house keepers and stokers and bank presidents, among others. The new students, if the ideas of the pioneers are worked out, will come out of that ignoble isolation; they will learn to connect things, not to separate them.

In principle it is assumed that the last two years of college are time enough to prepare specifically for a job or a professional school. There is the idea also that by giving the young student at least a glimpse at the variety of human activities the college will help him to an intelligent choice of a career. It is possible that he will never use any actual data which the first two years will supply, but the college thinks that he will be a better citizen and a more

(Continued on Page 218)

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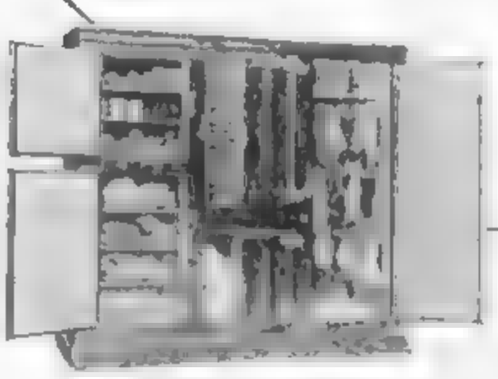

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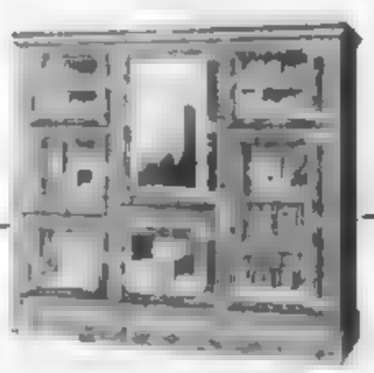

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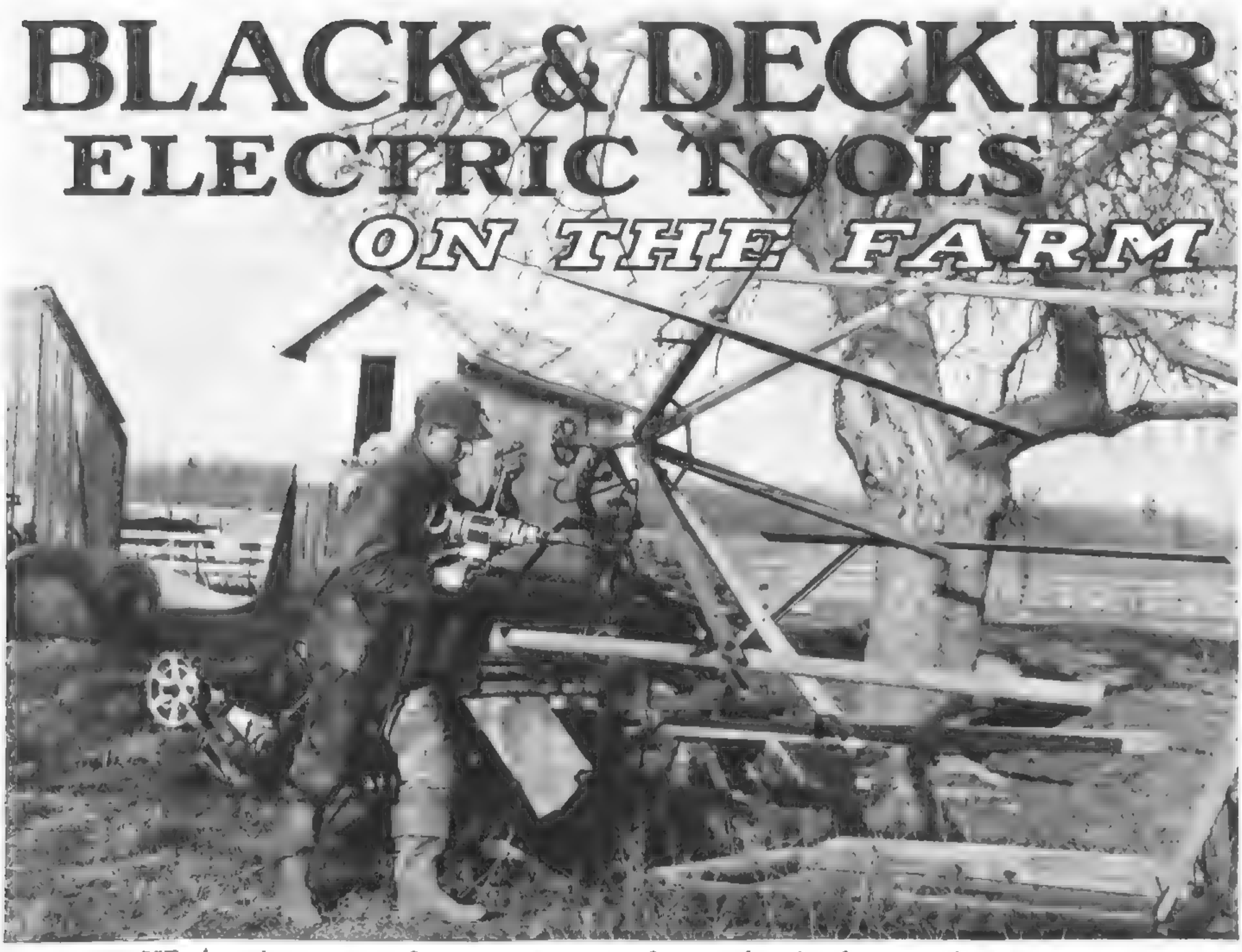

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(Continued from Page 214)

interesting human being because of the knowledge he will get. From my own experience I should say that he will get more out of life.

At one university—Wisconsin—a variant of the two-year-background method is about to be tried. President Glenn Frank has given Professor Meikeljohn, formerly president of Amherst, an opportunity to found the college, of which he has been dreaming for some time, as an independent unit within the university. From newspaper accounts it is not quite clear how this dual arrangement will work, but it is stated that in the first two years a small group of students will work under Meikeljohn and a specially selected faculty; in each of these years one civilization will be studied—a modern and an ancient. They will be studied not in the flat, as they usually are, but as complete rounded units. The student will not only learn the whole life and thought of an Athenian of the fourth century B.C., or of an Englishman of today—if these are the chosen examples—he will learn how all the activities combined, what the leading motives were, and what effect this civilization has had on the outside world. This is a more radical reform than most colleges will probably make. Behind it is the same principle of stripping away the insulation which now separates one department of knowledge from another.

The collegiate system of the past twenty-five years did what it set out to do—it prepared its graduates for a job. Those graduates have done the job and found that it isn't satisfactory; the college gave them just enough glimpses of more things of interest than even a successful professional career can supply. It is, in part, their dissatisfaction which has caused the new movement in the colleges. They are insisting that the meaning of the words "preparation for life" be interpreted on a larger scale than before. They have discovered that it is not enough to help a man make twenty thousand dollars a year at the age of thirty if he has no satisfying interests in life, if he cannot understand the exciting and important things going on around him, if he cannot bring up his children more intelligently than a savage or vote more intelligently than a ward heeler.

In England the two great universities theoretically produce scholars and gentlemen; in the English sense of these words neither is popular in America. Instead, the colleges have been producing pedants—not merely the scholastic pedant who knows nothing but Greek participles, but the business pedant who knows nothing but business and the legal pedant who knows nothing but law and the agricultural pedant who knows nothing but farming. It has, in short, yielded to the demands of the age of specialization and it is now veering about to another ideal. The specialized man has turned out too often to be a tree without roots. The new education proposes to send the roots deep down, so that the tree can stand without bracing in a heavy wind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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